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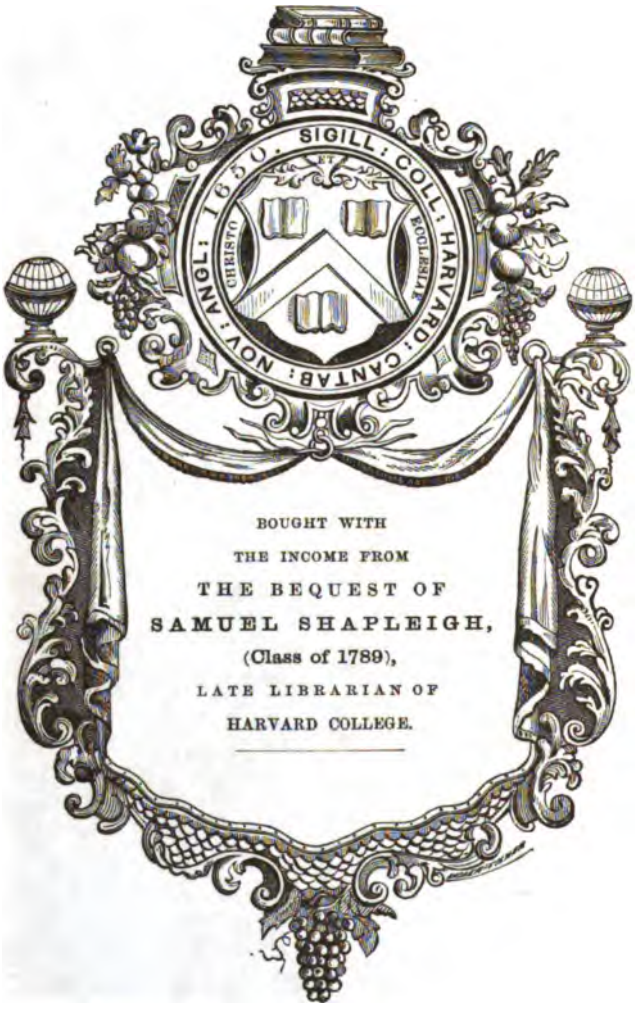
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THE SPY.

A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

"Stand or Die."

PHILADELPHIA

Published by Harrison Hall.

1822.

THE PORT FOLIO.

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INDEX TO VOL. XIV.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

I.—*Rebecca at the Stake.* (From "Ivanhoe,") to front page 1
II.—*Major Dunwoodie and the Pedlar.* (From "the Spy.") 136
III.—*A Sleeping Infant,* - - - - - - 177
IV.—*The First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia,* 339
V.—*The Tread Mill,* - - - - - - - 429
VI.—*William Pinkney, Esq.* - - - - - - 433
VII.—*The Skin Lodges of the Konza Indians,* - - 516

Adams John, reception at London, 142
Africa South, Campbell's Travels in, 265
Algiers, Bombardment of, - 202
America, incidents in the history of, 136
Anacreon, Memoirs of, 37, 89, 189
Anecdotes, 69, 157, 436
Animal Magnetism, history of, 17
Anti-parasites' ode to Dr. Mitchill, 443
Arabia, Desert of, described, 386
Aristogeiton and Harmodius, - 89
Arrowsmith, on the Deaf and Dumb, 112
Articles, Miscellaneous, - 520
Azais M. his singular invitation, 85

Bachelors' Elysium, the, - 449
Bankrupt law, advantages of a, 49
Blair Adam, life of, - - 320
Blind, instruction of the, - 112
Brazil, Prince Maximillian's travels in, 2
Byron, Lord, epigrams on, 78—and Mr. Southey, 85—and Sir W. Scott, 86—to his daughter, - - 355

Campbell's Travels in South Africa, 265
Canning Mr. wit of, - - 71
Catacombs of Paris, a visit to the, 148
Charlotte Augusta, marriage of, 134
Christophe, memoirs of, - 33
Christians, Nero's persecution of the, 379
Corbeaux, on Magnetism, - - 17
Crabs, how caught by the racoon, 437
Crayon Geoffry, his high reputation, 447
Crow, sagacity of the, - - 439
Cromwell, Oliver, memoirs of, 99
Cumberland Road, description of the, 121
Currency, the American, - - 426

Debt, the public, of the U. S. 45
Deaf and Dumb, instruction of the, 112
De Foe, author of Robinson Crusoe, 15
Dog, sagacity of the, 437, 439, 440
Dreams, influence of, - 32
Drunkard's epitaph, - - 437
Duelling, on, - - - 60

Egypt, state of religion in, - 329
Elizabeth, the age of, - 346
Endress, translation of *St. Paul,* 86
England, history of, for the year 1816, 130

Fisher, A. M., to the memory of, 163
Fox Mr., anecdote of, - - 72
France, Letters from the South of, 126
Franklíniana, - - 517
French Handbill, a, - 436
Friendship, M'Henry's, Pleasures of, 341
Florida, ceded to the U. S., - 51
Funeral, a Greek described, 191

Galvanism, applied to drawing teeth, 71
Gentleman, the Stout, - - 53
Gibbon, disingenuousness of, - 381
Goffaux's Trans. of Robinson Crusoe, 14
Good living, essays to promote, 312
Gout, Infallible cures for the, - 513

Graydon's Memoirs, commended, 447
Greek Schools, modern, - 334
Guille, on the Deaf and Dumb, 112

Habeas Corpus Act, how carried, 71
Halidon Hill, its character, - 447
Happiness, in what it consists, 408
Hare, on the Stomach, - 407
Horne, on the Bible, - 375
Hosack, Dr., splendid gift of, 86
Hunt, Orator, mob in London, 133

Isaac, mobbed in Philadelphia, 155
Indian Mound, description of, 125
——— Massacre, an Indian, - 137
——— Anecdote of an, - - 348
Italy, recollections of a voyage to, 207

James, Dr., see Rocky Mountains, 176
Jesus Christ, testimony of Josephus, 64
Johnson's poets, trans. into French, 448
Josephus, see *Jesus Christ*.

Kearsley, mobbed in Philadelphia, 155
Klaus, Peter, story of, - 144
Konza Indians, Skin Lodges of the, 516

Lands, public, concerning the, - 48
Lawyers, trick of some, - 139
——— patron of the, - 437
——— medical quackery, 405
Letters from the West, - 94
——— from the South of France, 126, 361
Literary Intelligence, *passim*.
Lord Byron's Sardanapalus, 487
Long's Exp. to Rocky Mountains, 496
Loxley, Capt. anecdote of, - 153

Macevoy, Miss, extraordinary case of, 26
Mac Henry, *Pleasures of Friendship*, 341
Magnetism, Animal, history of, 17
Magazine, writers, on, - 296
Maison Carree, description of, 366
Manners, Early on, in Pennsylvania, 152
Maps, new construction of, - 262
Martins, on the migration of, 263
Marriage, account of a Greek, 39
May you like it, a tale, - 141
Maximillian Prince, *Travels in Brazil*, 2
Maxwell, Sir Marmaduke, - 503
Mesmer, some account of, - 19
Miller's Letters on Unitarianism, 447
Milton, sonnet by, - - 199
Milman, Rev. H. H. ode by, - 73
Mirage, description of a, - 389
Miriam, the song of, - - 73
Missouri, admission of, - 45
Mitchill, Dr., life of, - - 415
——— ode to, - - 441
Monroe, Mr., election of, - 52
Montpelier, a visit to, - - 370
Morocco, letter to the Emperor of, 143

Napoleon in Exile, O'Meara's, 480
Nature, the Favourite of, - 243
Novels, on the influence of, - 256

Ohiopyle, the Falls of, - 306

Palmer's map of the Constitutions, 446
Pennsylvania, early manners in, 152
People, pleasant and unpleasant, 177
Pinkney, William, life of, - 433
Pirate, review of the, - - 286
Poet, farewell of the dying, - 81
Poetry, *passim*.
Pont du Gard, the, - - 373
Presbyterian Church, account of the, 339
Prophecy, accomplishment of a, 487
Pye, H. I., epigram on, - 486

Quacks, their arts, - - 405

Ramsdell Charles, gallant conduct of, 219
Redern, on Animal Magnetism, 17
Religion in the East, state of, 329
Representatives, House of, privileges, 52
Retrospection, a tale, Mrs. Taylor's, 147
Robinson Crusoe, Latin version of, 14
Rocky Mountains, Exp. to the, 496

Sansom J., letter to W. Tilghman, 125
Scott, Walter and Byron compared, 86
—— his Halidon Hill, - 447
—— Rev. Thomas, Sermons on, 393
Sharp, Granville, letter from, 422
Sheridan, his death and character, 135
Silk-worms, management of, - 129
Smith, Sir S. crusade against Algiers, 202
Somnambulism, on, - - - 36
Southey and Lord Byron, quarrel of, 88
Stewart, the Pedestrian, account of, 402
Stomach, Hare on the, - 407

Tacitus, perverted by Gibbon, 381
Tariff, the new, - - - 52
Taylor, Mrs., her Retrospection, 147
Toussaint, life of, - - 33
Tread Mill, account of the, - 428
Travels, Porter's, - - 457

Underhill, Capt. fined for Heresy, 137
United States, history of the, - 44

Valerius, songs by, - - 441

Washington, to Emperor of Morocco, 143
Wayne, Gen., letter from, - 486
Will, the last, and testament, 182
Wilson's Sermons on T. Scott, 393
Wine and Tobacco, a song, - 345
Winter, ode on, - - 349
Woman, - - - 493
Wright, Miss, on the U. S. - 446

THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
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And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. II. JULY, 1822. No. 1.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IVANHOE.

No. VI.—*Rebecca at the Stake.*

The Holy Order of the Temple of Zion having condemned Rebecca, the Jewess, to die as a Sorceress, by a slow, wretched and protracted course of torture, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order, appears to maintain the justice of the sentence, by wager of battle. This maiden, so high in mind, and so lovely in form, had already been driven to the brink of a dizzy battlement by the licentious passion of the knight, and when the sentence was passed upon her, he contrived to convey to her a suggestion that she was entitled to demand a champion. It was his intention to appear in this character, disguized as a roving knight, and avouch her innocence. He was, however, selected, by a mandate which he dared not disobey, to be the representative of his Order. The last moment being arrived, and the Grand Master having said that in this appeal to the judgment of Heaven, he should not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other, which might best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel,—the desperate Templar made one more effort to save the innocent Jewess. He conjured her to fly from her fanatic persecutors.

"Mount thee," he eagerly whispered, behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond—mount, I say, behind me—in one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my escutcheon!"

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone!—Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting place—surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly—avoid thee, in the name of God!" Vol. 2. p. 290.

See a review of Ivanhoe in our last number.

ART. I.—*Travels in Brazil*, in the years 1815, 1816, 1817. By Prince Maximilian, of Wied-Neuwied. Illustrated with Plates. Part I. 4to. pp. 335. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Colburn and Co. 1820.

WHEN the fugitive house of Braganza sailed down the Tagus for Rio de Janeiro, various amusing speculations were hazarded as to the causes and consequences of that remarkable event. Some persons contended that Bonaparte, with a view to the ultimate subjugation of Portugal and the prevention of England from seizing on her South American colonies, was an accomplice to the escape; being much too keen and sharp-sighted a politician not to have foreseen and prevented the measure, if he had not chosen to connive at it. Others as stoutly affirmed that the project was conceived and matured in the British cabinet; and some pains were taken to give our rulers the merit of an event in which they had no more concern than the man in the moon. One set of politicians prophecied that Brazil, from this momentous change in its political situation, would open a market of insatiable consumption for British goods; another beheld the distant prospect of long and ruinous wars, both in Europe and South America, in this transfer of the ancient seat of government from the parent-country to the colony; and, anticipating the successful intrigues of France to destroy our alliance, they wisely cautioned us against too sanguine speculations in commerce. Among these gay visions of advantage, and these gloomy vaticinations of misery and warfare, nobody seems to have bespoken that striking change of internal policy which actually took place, so beneficial in its consequences to science if not to commerce. This new plan led the court of Rio de Janeiro to abandon the jealous system of secrecy and concealment as to its American possessions that had before prevailed, almost to the exclusion of travellers; and to adopt the liberal determination of encouraging them, and even actively promoting their researches. Formerly, a traveller, on his landing in Brazil, was surrounded by soldiers, and narrowly watched, while every difficulty was thrown in the way of his pursuits. Confidence, however, succeeded to distrust on the arrival of the court. Mr. Mawe (of the Strand) traversed the province of Minas Geraes with a view to the study of its mineralogy, and obtained permission to examine the ancient gold mines of Jaragua, and the diamond mines of Villa Rica and Tejuco, of which he has given us a very interesting account; and many German and Prussian travellers have received the most liberal encouragement in the prosecution of their labours.

The journey, of which the volume now before us gives a detail, was performed by a man of a rank which seldom produces *writing* tourists, and cultivators of science amid scenes of hardship and danger. It extends along the east coast from the twenty-third to the thirteenth degree of south latitude, a portion less known or described than many other parts of the continent of

South America. Several tribes of the aboriginal inhabitants yet live here in their primitive state, undisturbed by Europeans, who are gradually spreading themselves in all directions. Prince Maximilian complains of the total want of good maps: that of Arrowsmith, he says, is full of errors; considerable rivers on the east coast being omitted, and others marked which have no existence. The Portuguese government, however, has ordered an accurate survey of the whole coast, pointing out all the dangers which threaten the navigator, and the work is already in execution by two naval officers of competent ability. A map of the east coast between the fifteenth and twenty-third degree, corrected from Arrowsmith, and enlarged, accompanies this narrative.

After a very short stay at Rio de Janeiro, the traveller and his companions* prepared for their journey into the interior, with sixteen mules, each carrying two wooden chests; and ten men, well armed, to act as hunters: orders having been given by the government of Rio de Janeiro to the magistrates on the coast to furnish every assistance, to provide beasts of burden, and to grant the aid of soldiers if necessary. Of the capital itself, the author has declined to give any more than a very rapid sketch, the term of his residence being insufficient to obtain materials for a full and accurate description. Brazilian manners, style of dress, fashions, and amusements, have gradually given way to those of Europe; while ambassadors from the European powers, and a general influx of foreigners from England, Spain, Italy, Russia, Germany, &c. &c. have introduced a great degree of luxury among all classes of the community.

The village of St. Lourenzo is the only place in the neighbourhood of the capital which still possesses remains of the native Indians, a small strong limbed muscular race, of reddish or tawny colour; with thick, long, coal-black hair, broad faces, eyes placed rather obliquely, thick lips, small hands and feet, and the men having thin strong beards.

Having crossed the great bay of Rio to the village of Praya Grande, the travellers bent their course to Cape Frio; and in order to *accustom* themselves to the night-air, they bivouacked in an open meadow on the first night, although they found habitations in the neighbourhood. The author, who is rather prone to the picturesque and poetical in his descriptions, is delighted with the novelty of the scene: 'the Cabure, a small owl, hooted among the bushes, luminous insects glistened on the marshes, *and the*

* Two Germans, Messrs. Freyreiss and Sellow, who intend to travel several years in the Brazils: they are acquinted with the language and manners of the country, and are represented as being particularly qualified to penetrate into the interior, to collect scientific information, and to communicate the result of their researches to the public.

frogs gently croaked around us:—our blankets and baggage were wet through by the dew, but the early beams of the sun soon dried them." The continent of South America, from the great fecundity which every where prevails, exhibits a most extraordinary luxuriance of vegetation, and forms a striking contrast with the bare and arid plains of Africa; while the splendid plumage of many of its birds, the brilliancy of its insects, and the great variety of its animals, unknown to Europe, furnish the naturalist with a rich and rare repast.

'A chain of mountains next rose before us, which bears the name of Serra de Inua. This wilderness surpassed every thing that my imagination had as yet conceived of the grand scenes of nature. On entering a deep hollow, we observed several large pools of limpid water, and a little beyond these an immense forest, of which no comparison can give an adequate idea. Palms and all the magnificent trees of the country, were throughout so interlaced with creeping and climbing plants, that it was impossible for the eye to penetrate through this species of verdant wall. All of them, even thin low stems, were covered with creeping plants, such as *epidendron*, *cactus*, *bromelia*, &c. many of which bear flowers of such beauty, that whoever beholds them for the first time cannot withhold his admiration. I mention only one kind of *bromelia*, with a deep coral-red flower, the leaves of which are tipped with violet; and the *heliconia*, a kind of banana resembling the *strelitzia*, with dark red calyx and white flowers. In these deep shades, near the cool mountain streams, the heated traveller, especially the native of northern regions, finds a temperature that is quite refreshing, and which increased the delight that the sublime scenes presented to our view in this magnificent wilderness incessantly excited. Every moment, each of us found something new that engaged his whole attention. Even the rocks are here covered with lichens and cryptogamous plants of a thousand various kinds: particularly the finest ferns, which in part hang like feathered ribbons in the most picturesque manner from the trees. A deep red horizontal fungus adorns the dry trunks; while a fine carmine-coloured lichen, on the properties of which, as a dyeing matter, some experiments have been made in England, covers the bark of the stronger trees with its round knobs. The colossal trees of the Brazilian woods are so lofty, that our fowling-pieces could not carry to the top of them, so that we often fired in vain at the finest birds; but we loaded ourselves with the most beautiful flowers of juicy plants, which we were unfortunately obliged to throw away afterwards, as they soon perish, and cannot be preserved in an herbal.'

The contributions here made to the science of natural history will be deemed extremely valuable, and constitute a principal and very interesting portion of this work. Indeed, to form an extensive and good collection of specimens in zoology and botany, and

to study the manners and customs of the native Indians, were the object of this laborious journey. At Cape Frio, the Prince obtained the skin of the great Boa Constrictor; which, instead of being confined to Africa, as many have erroneously supposed, is the most common of the Brazilian species of that genus; the varieties are generally known on the east coast by the name *Jiboya*. Many months afterward, as the author was in his canoe on the river Belmonte, he saw the living animal just as it had coiled round and killed a large *Capybara* (thick-nosed *Tapir*). His hunters shot at the animal, and placed an arrow in its body, when it quitted its prey, darted under water, and escaped. The shot had lost their force in the stream, and the arrow was found broken on the bank, where the serpent had rubbed it off.

'This reptile, the *sucuriuba* of the river Belmonte, or the *sucuriu*, as it is called, in Minas Geraes, is the largest kind of serpent in Brazil, at least in the above-mentioned countries; there are many errors in the descriptions given of it by naturalists. Daudin has mention it by the name of *boa anacondo*. It is found all over South America, and attains the largest size of any species of this genus, in that part of the world. All the denominations alluding to the abode of the *boa* serpents in the water belong to this kind; for the others never dwell in the water, whereas the *sucuriu* or *sucuriuba* lives constantly in and near water, and is therefore really amphibious in the literal sense of the word. This serpent is by no means beautifully marked: its back is of a dark blackish olive, and down it run longitudinally two rows of round black spots, in pairs, which are for the most part pretty regularly disposed. In solitary places unfrequented by man, it attains the prodigious size of twenty or thirty feet, and even more, in length. Daudin, in his Natural History of Reptiles, considers the serpent which he assumes to be the genuine *boa constrictor*, as a native of Africa, but this species, if it is also found in Africa, inhabits every part of Brazil, is there the most common land *boa*, and every where known by the name of *jiboya*. The Belmonte is the southernmost of the rivers on the east coast, in which the *sucuriuba* occurs; farther to the north it is universally found. Very fabulous stories have been related concerning the way of life of these immense reptiles; and even in modern times, they have been copied out of old travellers. The accounts also which are given of its sleep in winter are not precise enough. It is said, indeed, that they certainly become torpid during the hot season, in the marshy pools of the deserts, but this does not happen in the woody valleys of Brazil, which always abound in water, where they do not live properly in marshes, but in great lakes, ponds that are never dry, rivers and streams, the banks of which are cooled by the shade of the ancient forests.'

The coral-snake, probably the *coluber fulvius* of Linne, the most beautiful of its species, is very common here. A brilliant

scarlet alternates on its smooth body with black and greenish-white rings, so that this innocent reptile may be compared to a string of variegated beads.

From Cape Frio, we proceed to the Villa de St. Salvador, on the banks of the Paraiba. In all this country, sugar is very largely cultivated; and sugar-refiners are established here on so large a scale as to employ more than a hundred and fifty slaves: brandy is also distilled from it. Twenty years ago, the Paraiba, and the little river Muriahe which falls into it, had on their banks two hundred and eighty sugar-refineries; many of them very large and profitable.

A little higher up the river, apparantly not more than twenty or five-and-twenty miles from a populous and even opulent city, reside a tribe of savage Tapuyas, called Puris. St. Fidelis was a village selected for a mission, about thirty years ago, by some Capuchin friars from Italy; and one of the holy fathers still lives there. The Indians inhabiting this place belong to the tribes of the Coroados, Coropos, and Puris; the last of whom wander in a barbarous state in the great deserts between the sea and the north bank of the Paraiba, and extend themselves towards the west as far as the Rio Pomba in Minas Geraes. The two former are settled, and somewhat civilized: their houses are good and roomy, constructed of wood and clay, the roofs covered with reeds and palm-leaves; they are fond of finery, but are decently dressed, and speak the Portuguese tongue. At St. Fidelis is a light and spacious church, belonging to an uninhabited monastery; and these Indians are much indebted to the kindness and judicious attentions of the missionaries. The travellers, however, were desirous to become acquainted with the savage Puris in their forests on the other bank of the river, and accordingly forwarded a message announcing the arrival of some strangers who wished to speak to them.

'Scarcely had we overtaken the rest of the very numerous company assembled at the foot of the hill, when we perceived the savages issuing from a little valley on one side, and advancing towards us. As they were the first of these people whom we had seen, our joy was great as well as our curiosity. We hastened towards them, and surprized at the novelty of the sight, stood still before them. Five men and three or four women, with their children, had accepted the invitation to meet us. They were all short, not above five feet five inches high; most of them, the women as well as the men, were broad and strong limbed. They were all quite naked, except a few who wore handkerchiefs round their waists, or short breeches, which they had obtained from the Portuguese. Some had their heads entirely shorn; others had their naturally thick coal-black hair cut over the eyes, and hanging down into the neck: some of them had their beards and eyebrows cut short. In general they have but little beard; in most

of them it forms only a thin circle round the mouth, and hangs down about three inches below the chin. Some had painted on their foreheads and cheeks round red spots with *urucu* (*bixa orellana*, Linn.); on the breast and arms, on the contrary, they all had dark blue stripes, made with the juice of the *genipaba* fruit (*genipa Americana*, Linn.): these are the two colours which are employed by all the *Tapuyas*. Round the neck, or across the breast and one shoulder, they had rows of hard black berries strung together, in the middle of which, in front, was a number of the eye-teeth of monkeys, ounces, cats, and wild animals. Some of them wore these necklaces without teeth. They have another similar ornament, which appears to be composed of the rind of certain vegetable excrescences, probably of the thorns of some shrub. The men carry in their hands long bows and arrows, which, as well as all their effects, they at our desire bartered for trifles.'

After having given them some bottles of sugar-brandy and a few trinkets, the Prince and his companions took their leave, promising to renew their visit.

'We had scarcely left the house the next morning, when we perceived the Indians coming out of the woods. We hastened to meet them, treated them immediately with brandy, and accompanied them to the forest. When we rode round the sugar-works of the *fazenda* (country-house), we found the whole horde of the Puris lying on the grass. The groupe of naked brown figures presented a most singular and highly interesting spectacle. Men, women, and children, were huddled together, and contemplated us with curious but timid looks. They had all adorned themselves as much as possible: only a few of the women wore a cloth round the waist or over the breast; but most of them were without any covering. Some of the men had by way of ornament a piece of the skin of a monkey, of the kind called *mono* (*ateles*) fastened round their brows, and we observed also a few who had cut off their hair quite close. The women carried their little children partly in bandages made of bass, which were fastened over the right shoulder; others carried them on their backs, supported by broad bandages passing over the forehead. This is the manner in which they usually carry their baskets of provisions when they travel. Some of the men and girls were much painted: they had a red spot on the forehead and cheeks, and some of them red stripes on the face; others had black stripes lengthwise, and transverse strokes with black dots over the body; and many of the little children were marked all over, like a leopard, with little black dots. This painting seems to be arbitrary, and to be regulated by their individual taste. Some of the girls wore a certain kind of ribbons round their heads; and the females in general fasten a bandage of bass or cord tightly round the wrists and ancles, in order, as they say, to make those parts small and elegant.

'The figure of the men is in general robust, squat, and often very muscular; the head large and round; the face broad, with mostly high cheek-bones; the eyes black, small, and sometimes oblique; the nose short and broad, and their teeth very white: but some were distinguished by sharp features, small acquiline noses, and very lively eyes, which in very few of them have a pleasing look, but in most a grave, gloomy, and cunning expression, shaded by their projecting foreheads.'

These Puris have no weapons but bows and arrows, which they carry in their hands: the bows are six or seven feet long, and the arrows of an equal length, made of a firm knotty reed; and none of the tribes on this coast have yet learnt the art of poisoning them. At the request of the author and his party, the Puris conducted them to their huts, which were placed in the thickest of the forest. The sleeping-net, which is made of *embira*, (bass, from a kind of *cecropia*,) is suspended between two trunks of trees, to which a pole is fastened transversely by a rope of bind-weed (*cipo*); against which palm-leaves were laid obliquely on the windward side. Near a small fire on the ground, various fruits, arrow-reeds, feathers, &c. &c. were protected by lean, loud-barking dogs. Among all the Brazilian tribes, fire is regarded as so necessary a security against wild beasts, and against damps and colds, that they never suffer it to go out, day or night. The Portuguese on the Paraiba universally assert that the Puris feast on the flesh of the enemies whom they kill; though, when questioned as to the fact, they refused to confess it, and said that the Botocudos only had this custom. A story, however, is told (p. 137.) of a young negro, tending some cattle, being cut off from his companions by the Puris, who are at least confidently charged with having roasted and devoured him. These savages set a high value on their rude knives, which they fasten to a string round the neck, and let it hang down on the back: but, if a manufactured knife be given to them, they break off the handle and make another after their own taste. A single knife purchased the sleeping-net in which one of the Puris lay; and two knives, with a few glass beads and some other trinkets, bought *one of their children*, who heard of his fate with the utmost carelessness, and left his family without taking leave of them. An indifference to impressions of joy or sorrow is perceptible among all the American tribes, whose most urgent want is food, although they are capable of enduring hunger for a long time: yet they are excessively greedy and voracious. Among all the tribes of the Tapuyas which the travellers visited, evident proofs appeared that a religious persuasion existed among them. The savages of Brazil believe in various powerful beings, the mightiest of whom they recognize in the thunder by the name of *Tupa:* but no idols are seen among the Tapuyas.

The exploring party, with their attendant hunters, mules, and packages, now proceeded northward from St. Salvador to the river Espirito Santo. Throughout this district particularly, and indeed

in all Brazil, horned cattle are very numerous; they are likewise large, muscular, and well-proportioned; the hides of Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, Rio Grande, and other provinces of Portuguese and Spanish America, being celebrated for their great size. Numerous and immense herds of wild swine, too, inhabit these ancient forests. The Jacare, or alligator of this country (*crocodilus sclerops*), lives in all the rivers of Brazil, particularly in those which are sluggish; indeed they are to be found in all marshy places and stagnant creeks; in which situations they are so very numerous, that several of them may be seen at a time, with their heads above water, watching for prey, or basking in the sun among the roots and stumps of trees beside the banks. This animal is much smaller than the crocodile of the Old World, and even than those which inhabit the countries of South America nearer to the equator. That which was shot by one of the hunters measured about six feet; of a greenish-grey colour, with some dark transverse stripes, especially on the tail: the belly was of a bright unmixed yellow. They are sometimes eaten by the negroes; and the flesh of a large species of lizard (the *Lacerta teguixin* of Linn.) is much prized by the planters who live in these wildernesses. They are hunted by dogs, trained for that purpose, among the woods and thickets; at whose approach the animal darts with the rapidity of an arrow into its subterraneous hole, from which it is dug out and killed by the hunters. Including the tail, these lizards are about four feet long.

In these deep and pathless forests, the labour of hunting is much aggravated by the myriads of mosquitoes and other insects, which seize without ceremony on the intruder who ventures to molest "their ancient, solitary reign:" but still greater suffering is occasionally endured, when the heat is intense, by the inability to quench intolerable thirst. Nature, however, in her unbounded beneficence, frequently furnishes the vegetable as well as the animal inhabitants of tropical countries with a supply of moisture where it is least expected, and most required. The *Stapelia* is a genus of plants found in the interior of Africa, which, from its wonderful continence of water amid the severest drought, has been called with an elegant and happy similitude, the "camel of the vegetable world." Naturalists yet hesitate concerning the source of its supply in those torrid regions, where the air and the earth are equally destitute of moisture: but, like the camel, it occasionally imbibes large quantities of fluid, and retains them to supply the deficiency of drier seasons. The *Nepenthes distillatoria*, or pitcher-plant, indigenous in the island of Java, is found on the most stony and arid situations, where it would wither and perish but for the provident economy of nature.* Oppressed with thirst,

* Mr. Barrow thus describes it: To the foot-stalk of each leaf, and near the base, is attached a small bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same con-

our travellers were taught, by the young Puri whom they had purchased, an infallible method of allaying it; this was to break off the middle stiff leaves of the *Bromelias*, in the corners of which is found very good water, collected from the rain and dews; and this nectar is caught by applying the plant quickly to the mouth. A species of reed, too, is found on the coast of Brazil, near St. Salvador, but abounds particularly in the Capitania of Minas Geraes, where drinking vessels are made out of its stems. It is called *Taquarussa*, or the great cane. It grows from thirty to forty feet high: its colossal stems, which are as much as six inches in diameter, shoot upwards, and have a gentle bend at the top; the leaves are feathery; and on the branches are short strong thorns, which render it an impenetrable barrier: This bamboo, however, is extremely welcome to the thirsty hunter; for, on cutting the reed below a joint, the stem of the younger shoots is found to be full of a cool pleasant liquid, though of rather a flat sweetish taste, which immediately quenches the most burning thirst. This remarkable plant, likewise, loves mountainous and dry situations.

Proceeding to the north, towards the Rio Doce, the Creoles and Mulattoes disappear, and Indians are found in a state of civilization. Villa Nova is a large village inhabited by civilized Indians, founded by the Jesuits, who formerly gave instructions in the *lingoa geral*. The old convent yet serves for the residence of the priest, and still contains some works of that order; which is a rare circumstance, the libraries in all the other convents having been destroyed or dispersed. In this village are included about 1200 persons, and it has a large stone-church; and several settlements exist in this district which were founded by that wonderful society the Jesuits, who generally succeeded in civilizing the Indians in a greater or less degree. The sea-coast, from the Suanha to the Mucuri, is inhabited almost entirely by single families of Indians who speak the Portuguese language; their occupations are agriculture and sea-fishing; they have exchanged their bow and

sistence and colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with a lid, neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the contraction of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery or dews fall, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature; though the contraction is occasioned probably by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion of the fibre does not take place until the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher: when this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation. The water, being gradually absorbed through the handle into the footstalk, gives vigour to the leaf and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open to admit any moisture that may fall; and, when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.

arrows for the musket; and even their dwellings differ very little from those of the Portuguese settlers. The most formidable of all the native Indians for treachery, valour, and ferocity, are the Botocudos; who rove among the wilds and interminable forests on the banks of the Rio Doce, up to its source in the Capitania of Minas Geraes. Their hostilities with the Portuguese have been obstinate and suspended only by some occasional and treacherous truce. As they are believed to kill and to devour all those of their enemies who fall into their hands, the wars have, of course, been conducted on the principle of absolute extermination; and every imaginable cruelty, without regard to age or sex, has been exercised on both sides. It ought never to be forgotten, however, in extenuation of these savages, that the original ill usage was on the part of the invaders: for, whether we look at the shores of Africa, America, or the West India islands, we shall find the infernal thirst of gold extinguishing every feeling of humanity on the part of the European settlers, immense countries laid waste, and the native inhabitants butchered, or reduced to slavery, or driven back into the wilds and fastnesses and forests of the interior, while the scites of their once populous habitations exhibit the picture of frightful solitude and desolation. Very rarely, indeed, have the principles of humanity and justice been introduced without humanizing the parties on whom their benign influence is shed; and this fact is strikingly verified in the instance of these very Indians, the Botocudos. A tribe of them resides on the Rio Grande de Belmonte, who concluded a peace a few years ago with the governor, Conde dos Arcos, in the Capitania of Bahia; and in consequence of his equity and moderation, the inhabitants of the district are living with them on the most confidential and advantageous terms.

Between the mountains of Minas Geraes and the east coast are extensive wilds, in which rove many of these savage hordes: but roads are constructing along the rivers, and in different directions, to facilitate the carriage of the products of the Minas to the chief cities and the sea. Roads also, *such as they are*, have been opened on the Mucuri, the Belmonte, the Ilheos, the Espirito Santo, &c., through the forests to Minas; and surely the necessity of securing a safe conveyance of commodities must suggest the obvious course of civilizing and attaching the hostile tribes of Indians. Indeed the common Portuguese, themselves, along the coast, are almost as ignorant of the state of the rest of the world as the savages; which is here rationally ascribed to the pernicious system of entire exclusion from foreign intercourse, formerly pursued by Portugal with regard to Brazil. A stranger here is considered as a wonder, or as something only half human. Medicine, as a science, and surgery, are absolutely unknown; and in the hot climate of Brazil the inhabitants are subject to various cutaneous diseases, as well as obstinate fevers, which are not in themselves dangerous, but which here become fatal from improper treatment.

Schools, likewise, are wholly wanting: arrogant ecclesiastics, too indolent or too prejudiced to communicate education, rather encouraging superstition than dispelling it, and impeding the progress of intelligence instead of promoting it.

Of the Botocudos so much had been said that Prince Maximilian boldly resolved to become acquainted with them by residing in their neighbourhood for two or three months. He had gratified his curiosity before in a similar manner with other tribes: but the first sight of these savages astonished the party beyond expression, for they had never seen such strange and ugly beings. The more effectually to disfigure their countenances, they wear large pieces of wood, four or five inches long, in their lower lips and in their ears: the lip is thus made to project very much; and the ears of some of them 'hang like large wings down to their shoulders;' while their brown bodies are covered with dirt. The small-pox is extremely fatal to the Indians: several of the Botocudos were scarred and seamed with that frightful disease, introduced into these parts by the Europeans; and many tribes have been wholly exterminated by it. They go entirely naked, men and women: but some of them paint their dark brown skins, partially or entirely, with bright red or black, as taste and fashion vary. All these tribes, however, scorn any thing like dress. Father Ignacio, a worthy old priest, who resides at Trancozo, a town near Porto Seguro, to the south of the Rio de Belmonte, assured the travellers that some of the Patachos Indians frequently came to barter for provisions, who were always naked; and that, when he has tied a handkerchief round the waist of the women, they have always instantly pulled it off again.

These Botocudos, like country-gentlemen of large estates in England, are very tenacious of game. It seems that one of their leaders, Captain June as he is called, had been tresspassing on the grounds of another chieftain, Jerapack, and killed some wild swine; all sporting-gentlemen must feel this to be an unpardonable insult, and so it was considered by the party aggrieved in this instance. A challenge was accordingly sent, and accepted; and the following account of the combat, though not given with the slang of the *Fancy* among us, may amuse those of our readers who like to see how these affairs are settled on the Rio Grande de Belmonte:

'When we landed on the opposite bank, we found all the savages standing close together, and formed a half circle about them. The combat was just beginning. First, the warriors of both parties uttered short rough tones of defiance to each other, walked sullenly round one another like angry dogs, at the same time making ready their poles. Captain Jeparack then came forward, walked about between the men, looked gloomily and directly before him, with wide staring eyes, and sung, with a tremulous voice, a long song, which probably described the affront that he had re-

ceived. In this manner the adverse parties became more and more inflamed: suddenly two of them advanced, and pushed one another with the arm on the breast, so that they staggered back, and then began to ply their poles. One first struck with all his might at the other, regardless where the blow fell; his antagonist bore the first attack seriously and calmly, without changing countenance; he then took his turn, and thus they belaboured each other with severe blows, the marks of which long remained visible in the large wheals on their naked bodies. As there were on the poles many short stumps of branches which had been cut off, the effect of the blows were not always confined to bruises, but the blood flowed from the heads of many of the combatants. When two of them had thus thrashed each other handsomely, two more came forward; and several pair were often seen engaged at once; but they never laid hands on one another. When these combats had continued for some time, they again walked about with a serious look, uttering tones of defiance, till heroic enthusiasm again seized them, and set their poles in motion.

'Meanwhile, the women also fought valiantly; amidst continual weeping and howling, they seized each other by the hair, struck with their fists, scratched with their nails, tore the plugs of wood out of each other's ears and lips, and scattered them on the field of battle as trophies. If one threw her adversary down, a third, who stood behind, seized her by the legs, and threw her down likewise, and then they pulled each other about on the ground. The men did not degrade themselves so far as to strike the women of the opposite party; but only pushed them with the ends of their poles, or kicked them on the side, so that they rolled over and over. The lamentations and howlings of the women and children likewise resounded from the neighbouring huts, and heightened the effect of this most singular scene.'

The combat lasted about an hour; when both parties being exhausted, but neither being disposed to make peace, it was at length effected by the mediation of the travellers. The combatants, covered with gashes and glory, immediately afterward sat or lay down with their open bleeding wounds, and ate as heartily of some Mandisca flour which the commandant gave them as if nothing had happened.

All the sugar-refineries, factories, &c. on the coast of Brazil are wrought by negro-slaves; and the author observed that these wretched beings were fond of any thing which brought to remembrance their lost and beloved country, by retaining its customs as far as it was in their power. For instance, they have all the musical instruments mentioned by travellers in Africa, among which the drum holds a distinguished place; and the drum of the poor Brazilian slave often breaks upon the ear through the stillness of evening. Wherever many negroes live together on a Fazenda, they celebrate their festivals; painting, dressing, and performing

their national dances, as in their native country. The government of Rio de Janeiro likewise brought over several Chinese, with the view of cultivating the tea-plant; and Prince Maximilian fell in with some of them in his journey from Rio Doce to Caravellas, where they are employed as day labourers: but they are too indolent to perform any other than very light work. These poor creatures, too, live together, and cherish the memory of their country by preserving its customs and festivals. The author paid a visit to a family of them in a miserable reed-hut, the interior of which presented a striking contrast with its external appearance. Every thing was clean and neat: their beds had white curtains, prettily festooned, and fastened up on the sides with handsome brass hooks: they had a fine rush mat on which they slept, and a small round pillow for the head: they ate their rice in the Chinese manner, with two small sticks: in broken Portuguese they talked about their dear native country; and, for the inspection of the travellers, they opened their trunks, in which they had carefully preserved some Chinese porcelain, and a few fans which they had brought with them for sale.

The present volume carries us no farther than Belmonte: but we hope soon to receive, in a continuation of the work, an invitation from this scientific and enterprizing traveller to accompany him in his journey northward, where he will add to the collection of natural history which he has already acquired at the expense of such great personal fatigue and peril. The book merits and requires a better set of plates; and some drawings from the new specimens collected in natural history would be extremely acceptable. We have at present, besides the map, only six mezzotinto engravings, representing Puris in their huts, an excursion up a branch of the Rio Doce, the opening of the new road along the Mucuri, Patachos of the Rio de Prado, a family of Botocudos on a journey, and the single combats of those people: but the German edition, is very handsome, and accompanied by large and fine plates and maps.

Art. II—*Robinson Crusoeus. Latine scripsit* F. J. Goffaux, *Humaniorum Litterarum Professor in Lycæo Imperiali. Editio Nova, cui accedunt Annotationes.* 12mo. 5s. Boards. Wilson. 1820.*

We consider this as a very good idea. Boys of some imagination, and of some attainments in Latin, may possibly be attracted to read this work as a voluntary task; and, if so, we think that they will find it converted into a pleasure. If we speak for our-

* This book has lately been republished by Mr. James Maxwell, Philadelphia. It has been introduced into several of our schools, where it is found to be very useful. The price, we have just room to add, is 50 cents.

selves, we can say that it has revived all our early fondness for one of the most delightful of boyish books; and we sit down with thankfulness to acknowledge the gratification which this German translator of it has conferred on us.

We are far, however, from allowing that, in the arrangement of his abridged Robinson Crusoe, he has preserved all the charm of the original story; on the contrary, we object to several alterations, and particularly to the omission of the wreck, from which Robinson derived so many comforts in his *solitary* state: but, on the whole, the Latin is still very entertaining, and grows in interest as we advance.

It is late indeed to panegyrise Robinson Crusoe: but we must take this opportunity of maintaining, with all our might, that no subsequent writer has succeeded so well in making the imagination the high road to virtuous feeling, and sensible reflection, as De Foe did in his Robinson Crusoe. The rational piety of this excellent narration; its warm, simple, and beautiful reference of all the events of life to a gracious and over-ruling Providence; patience under misfortunes; the whole circle of such Christian duties as could be practised in so contracted a sphere;—all this, and how much more!—where is it all combined with such entertainment, with such universally interesting details? This charming tale has awakened, we have no doubt, the dormant fancy of thousands; and who that reflects on the share that fancy takes, in stirring up the wonders of the human mind, can refuse highly to appreciate the works that contribute, so largely and so safely, to the development of that preliminary power?

The mention of De Foe, honoured as his name is in the annals of fictitious lore, suggests a question which we should be glad to have satisfactorily answered, as to the authenticity of the first volume of Robinson Crusoe. It has been said, we hear in print, and has often we know been repeated in literary conversation, that De Foe was *not* the author of the first and best volume of this interesting work: but that Harley wrote it during his confinement in the Tower. Who can satisfy our natural curiosity on this head?

The translation of this history into Latin must have been a work of very considerable difficulty; executed, as it is, in a highly creditable manner, of which our classical readers shall be enabled to judge by a few specimens. We shall be very glad if (by any recommendation from us) we not only increase the popularity of this book among English scholars, but encourage them to attempt what we think might be very useful to students in Latin:—to take advantage, we mean, of the interest which the best English novels naturally excite even in the most *dense* boys; and, by turning some of them, or parts of them, into Latin, to multiply the chances of tempting the unwilling into unconscious scholarship. It is easy to suggest tales of a proper kind:—"Rasselas," "The Vicar of

Wakefield," or "Sanford and Merton" possibly; or any other works of a higher or lower class, provided that they were entertaining, might furnish good subjects; so as to effect the desirable object of rousing *voluntary* attention. The knowledge gained in this way is so obviously superior to that which is acquired in any other, that we shall not waste our metaphysics on the proof.

The first passage that we shall select is that in which Robinson discovers the footsteps of men on the sand*; and the subsequent sights of horror.

'Primam noctem Robinson in arbore egit, ut tutus a feris esset: et postera die iter persecutus est. Nec multum viæ confecerat, cum extremam insulæ partem versus meridiem attigit. Solum nonnullis in locis erat arenosum. Dum autem tendit ad tractum terræ in mare procurrentem, ecce pedem fert retro; tum pallescere, contremiscere, oculos circumferre, et subito hærere quasi fulmine repentino ictus. Videt nimirum quod hic visurum se nunquam speraverat, vestigia hominum arenæ impressa!

'Tum ille territus undique circumspicit; audito vel levissimo foliorum strepitu stupet, sensusque adeo perturbantur ut stet inops consilii; tandem collectis viribus fugam corripit, quasi instarent a tergo, nec præ terrore respicere ausus est. At ecce repente substitit. Metus in horrorem vertitur. Videt nimirum fossam rotundam atque in medio ignis extincti focum. Quem circa, horresco referens, crania, manus, pedes, aliaque corporis ossa aspicit, execrandas reliquias convivii a quo natura abhorret.'

We are perfectly aware of the possibility of finding fault with this translation: but, on the whole, we think that it is well and classically executed. The name of *Robinson* must sound odd and uncouth to classical ears; yet we question whether more would not be lost than gained by making it *Robinsonus*, and we are sure that *Robinso* would never succeed.

The next scene that we shall extract is that in which Robinson, accompanied by his man Friday, having built a boat, is launching to sea:

'Robinson, arce relicta†, in tumulo imminente restitit, secum paulisper meditaturus, sociumque præire jussit. Tum vitæ solitariæ hic actæ vicissitudines mente repetit ac recordatus quanta accepisset a supremo numine beneficia, lacrymas grati animi indices effundit, manibusque expansis, ex intimo pectore summa cum pietate Deo gratias agit.

'Tum regionem illam, eo sibi cariorem quod eam mox relicturus erat, oculis perlustravit, hominis instar qui patriam linquit nulla cum spe illius unquam revisendæ. Oculi tristes madentesque in arbore quavis cujus umbra olim recreatus fuerat, in opere quolibet quod propriis manibus multoque sudore confecerat, defixi hærent. Ab amicis disjungi sibi videtur. Cum vero tandem lamas ad imum montem pascentes conspexisset, faciem avertit ne carissimorum sibi animantium aspectu ipse a proposito consilio avocaretur.

'Tandem vicit caritatem animi constantia; ad fortitudinem se ipe exa-

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* In the original it is the trace of a *single foot.*

† This would be better *relicta arce;* and we observe other instances of substituting the rhythm of verse for that of prose.

cuit, ulnisque ad regionem totam, veluti eam amplexurus, expansis, clara voce exclamavit: Valete o calamitatum mearum testes! Valete! atque hoc ultimo vale inter singultus elnisso, in viam quæ ad littus ducebat, se contulit."

Much feeling is displayed in this description, and it is well maintained by the translator.

We shall finish our extracts and remarks with one other citation. Robinson is about to quit his melancholy but dear solitude: and, on his departure, he gives the following excellent directions to the English and Spaniards whom he left on the island:

'Quibus convocatis suam Robinson declaravit voluntatem, his verbis: "Neminem fore spero, qui mihi jus deneget de rebus meis, id est, hac insula cum omnibus quæ in ea sunt, arbitrio meo statuendi. Opto autem ut omnium cujusque vestrum qui hic remansuri estis conditio sit beatissima; atque ad id assequendum, certas leges non habentibus meum est instituere, vestrum autem sequi.

'"Hæc igitur accipite.

'"Hos ambo Hispanos ego meos in insula vicarios constituo. Hi præcipient, vos parebitis. His committo apparatum omnem bellicum, variaque instrumenta, ea tamen lege ut illi vobis necessaria præbeant; vos autem cum iis honeste in pace vivatis.

'"Ac principio Deum colite; nulla enim civitas firma, nisi fundamentum sit pietas.

'"Proxima pietati sit justitia. Jus suum cuique tribuatur; ac ne cui quis noceat.

'"De cæteris ambo Hispani viderint. Illi fines agris assignabunt, juraque, prout res postulabit, privata publicaque statuent.

'"Forsan et olim dabitur de vobis audire, aut me aliquando juvabit extremum in hac insula mihi carissima vitæ tempus agere. Væ illi qui interea instituta mea transgressus fuerit. Ego hominem in cymba impositum fluctibus sævissima tempestate agitatis tradam haurriendum." His auditis, assensere omnes obedientiamque polliciti sunt.

A little bald Latinity is here discoverable; as in the phrases '*declaravit voluntatem;*' '*in cymba impositum*;*' '*obedientiam polliciti;* but let us remember, "*Verum opere in longo,*" &c.' and the difficulty of representing so much vernacular idiom in an ancient language is very honourably overcome. As we have already said, therefore, we hope that the attempt will be *handsomely welcomed,* and the example judiciously followed.

ART. III.—*On the Sentient Faculty and Principles of Human Magnetism, translated from the French of Count de Redern, and elucidated with Notes.* By FRANCIS CORBAUX, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 217.

SOME years ago, when engaged in a quest concerning decayed knowledge and obsolete studies, we met with a venerable book of a very philosophical appearance, the name of which we dare not

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* This, indeed, is wrong; it should be *cymbæ* or *in cymbam*; and perhaps *nisi fundamentum*, &c. would be more correct than *fundamento*.

charge our memories with at this moment, wherein it was cogently set forth that there was a progression in all organized life. We will not go so far as to say, that the author absolutely maintained that man was originally an oyster; but his opinion certainly had a tendency to some proposition of that sort; for he stated, that in all likelihood, certain animals which he named, were at one time much inferior to what they are at present,—instancing, that we might yet see about some, the indications of members, the use of which it would be difficult to describe. We do also recollect, that in the merry days of our juvenility, the sapient members of the household sex, in rebuking us at our *daffing*, imputed to us the loss of our *seven* senses, being two more than philosophy ever allowed us to have been endowed withall. But, without contesting the grounds of these respective opinions, experience has really taught us to believe with Hamlet, that there are more things in the heavens and earth than are dreamt of in philosophy; and, joking apart, the whole of our sympathies and antipathies are of this occult nature. Let the metaphysicians say what they will, all the doctrines of the association of ideas that have ever been promulgated by all the professors that have ever lectured, will never afford a satisfactory commentary on the well-known epigram—

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But 'tis a thing I know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

Being of this opinion, and observing that his Majesty of Prussia, together with other sagacious potentates of Germany, has been extending his royal patronage to the cultivation of animal magnetism, we were induced to look into the grounds of the opinions concerning that curious pretension, with the view of giving some account of its history and progress; when a learned friend presented us one day, in order to cure our unbelief, with a copy of the book, the title of which heads this article. Whether the power of the superstition of the magnetizers, for we know not any fitter name to give it, have its foundation in the sympathies or antipathies, or merely in the imagination of their subjects, we shall not presume to determine; but we may venture to affirm, that the history of the science, as they call it, presents a singular view, not only of the folly but of the ingenuity of man.

The magnetizers find evidences of the antiquity of their profession, in the mysteries of the ancient Pagan religion, and especially in the rites attending the consultation of the oracles, asserting that the ecstacies of the Pythia were nothing but the consequences of a high magnetic state, the power of producing which had been discovered by the priests, who preserved the secret among the holy traditions communicated to the initiated only F. A. Wolf, one of the most distinguished of the magnetic writers, says that the Egyptians cured diseases by *Contaction*, and

that this was particularly the case at Memphis, where the patients, being conducted into the Temple of Serapis, were reduced to a kind of lethargy, and in that state cured by the touch, which, says Professor Kluge, is very like what has been practised in modern times, under the appellation of magnetizing. He adds, that among the Egyptian hieroglyphics still extant, two human figures are sometimes met with, represented sitting precisely in the attitude which the magnetizers assume. Schelling surmises that the Romans were acquainted with the art of inducing sleep by a certain application of the hands; and Plautus, in his Amphitruo, makes Mercury say, "Quid si ego illum tractim tangam ut dormiat?" According to the report of the French missionaries in 1768, the Chinese were for ages in the practice of healing diseases by the imposition of hands. From the year 1060, the faculty of healing the scrofula by the touch was ascribed to the kings of Europe. Edward, the Confessor, of England, is said to have possessed this faculty in a very eminent degree, and, in consequence, the disease in England was denominated the King's Evil. His cotemporary, Philip I. of France, is likewise said to have possessed the same power for a time; but lost it in consequence of changing his way of life. Under the succeeding kings, both of France and England, the custom of imposing the royal hands to cure scrofula was practised till a very late period,—in England, till the reign of Queen Ann, by whom Dr. Samuel Johnson was touched. At the consecration of a new king in France, he was anciently instructed in the manner of *Contaction*; and it is to this ceremony that the Duke d' Espernon alluded, on being told that Louis XIII. had appointed Richelieu Generalissimo against the Spaniards. "What!" exclaimed the duke, "has Louis reserved nothing to himself but the power of curing the king's evil?" Amongst the German princes, the counts of Hapsburg pretended also to be possessed of this miraculous power.

But the art of curing by contaction was not confined to the sacred race of princes. About a century and a half ago, in London, one Levret, a gardener, practised with some reputation; Greatrakes, an Irish gentleman, acquired still more renown; and lastly, Dr. Streper, soon after, is described as having been singularly successful in his operations.

But in all this there was nothing that laid claim to the dignity of a scientific name. The pretensions of princes were considered as a peculiar endowment of the regal nature bestowed in the act of consecration, and those of Greatrakes and the others, as a peculiar and a divine gift,—a species of instinct which they alone possessed, and the faculty of which could neither be taught nor communicated.

The first who in modern times affected to treat of it as an art dependent on philosophical principles, was Anthony Mesmer, a Swiss by birth. He went to Vienna with the intention of study-

ing medicine. After he had attended the lectures of Swieten and Haen a few years, and obtained the degree of Doctor, he practised as a physician, and married a lady with a considerable fortune, which relieved him from the drudgery of following a profession entirely for subsistence. H was naturally of an enthusiastic temperament, prone to recondite lore and mystical studies. In fact, he chose for his thesis in 1766, when he took his degree, a topic at variance with the whole practice of medicine, being nothing less than a disquisition on the influence of the plenets on the human body. The consequence was that by most people he was derided, though a few saw in his enthusiasm and selfpersuasion the vagrant elements of a singular genius. Instead of being deterred by the ridicule of the one party, or dissuaded from his opinions by the advice of the other, he only laboured with the more assiduity in the hope that he should finally overcome the prejudices of both.

Agreeably to *his* notion of the influence of the stars upon the human frame, there must be a substance diffused universally throughout all nature, and which serves as the agent of that influence. In this, certainly, there is nothing contrary to genuine philosophy; and, if we do not mistake, the celebrated La Place, in his great work, maintains something of the same opinion. But Mesmer proceeded to discribe this hypothetical fluid, and supposed that it was electricity. Repeated experiments convinced him of the insufficiency of that fluid to account for the phenomena.

After spending many years in this sort of conjectural science, he thought the magnetic fluid answered better to his idea, his attention being directed to it by the astronomer Maximilian Helle. Accordingly, in November 1773, he began a set of experiments by rubbing his patients in certain directions with artificial magnets prepared hy Helle. He afterwards tried the effect of placing the diseased parts of the body in constant communication with his magnets, and, according to his account, obtained the most gratifying results. He now made the public acquainted with his discoveries, by which he got into a dispute with his friend Helle, having called on him to bear testimony to the production of some phenomena, which the other asserted he had never seen. But, after the interchange of some bickering, they were reconciled, the difference between them having originated in a misconception. We cannot enter into all the details of the controversies which this magnetic method of curing diseases excited at the time. Suffice it to say, that several persons of the most respectable character did declare that they received great benefit, and were cured of inveterate maladies by the treatment of Mesmer; while others, equally respectable, who tried it, derided these as credulous, and asserted that they themselves had experienced no benefit whatever from it. The regular physicians of Vienna treated Mesmer as a quack and impostor, and rendered his situation so disagreeable that he resolved to abandon his practice in that city. In the years 1775 and 1776, he made several journeys into Bavaria and

Switzerland; and it is said, that in the hospitals at Berne and Zurich, he effected several remarkable cures. On his return to Vienna he established in his own house an hospital, into which he received indigent patients, and secretly subjected them to his magnetic experiments.

Hitherto he had always made use of magnetic bars, but happening one day to observe, that with people of weak nerves, he could occasion many singular phenomena, which seemed to have no sort of resemblance to the common effect of the tractors, he was led to suppose that his magnetic bars did not operate by attraction only, but served at the same time as conductors to a fluid emanating from himself. This supposition became to his own mind a certainty, when he had convinced himself that he could produce the same singular phenomena without a magnet, and by only applying his bare hands. He also found, he says, that he could impart his influence to inanimate things by frequently rubbing them with his hand, and that they produced similar effects to himself on nervous people, who came in contact with them. After having discovered, as he maintained, the existence of the fluid which he called *animal magnetism*, he became every day more mystical, wrapped up his observations in awful obscurity of language, resigned the use of his metallic tractors, and affected to possess in his own person that wonderful virtue which he was able to communicate, not by his personal contact only, but even from a distance by the volitions of his mind, and by which he now affected to cure the most complicated diseases. Whether he was an impostor or a fanatic, was the only question now between those who had ridiculed his pretensions or deemed him a man of genius.

In 1777 he quitted Vienna, and we hear nothing of him till 1778, when he appears to have been at Paris, and in connection with Dr. d'Eslon, a member of the medical faculty in that city, and the most devoted of his disciples—the most strenuous advocate of animal magnetism. Encouraged by this individual, he published in the following year a treatise, it which he states the substance of his system in theorems. The work on its appearance, was treated by the learned as chimerical, but when Dr. d'Eslon published his tract on the same subject, his brethren of the faculty, in order to protect the honour of the profession, which they thought implicated by the promulgation of such doctrines, deprived him of his vote in the faculty for a whole year, and threatened eventually to erase his name entirely, if he did not publicly recant his errors. This was not either the wisest or most philosophical course of proceeding. It would have been more to the purpose, if they had calmly and patiently examined the cures that Mesmer and d'Eslon pretended they had made; for, by becoming their persecutors, they exalted their fame with the public, and it is inconceivable with what avidity the two quacks were in consequence sought after, merely because they had thus, without examination

or evidence, been so injudiciously proscribed. Mesmer was looked upon by the Parisians with awe and admiration. He was considered as a man replete with Egyptian wisdom, and a chosen benefactor of the human race; his dwelling was beset with patients pressing to receive the miraculous virtue of his touch; and persons of all ages and degrees were found to be enrolled in the list of those who had faith in his doctrines. His patients are described to have been placed in a circle round a covered tub; a profound and mysterious silence reigned in the chamber, which was obscured to the dimness of twilight, and at the same time ornamented with a great number of mirrors; while soft and solemn music cherished the voluptuous drowsiness which all these artifices were so skilfully contrived to produce.

That Mesmer was originally an enthusiast, cannot, we think, be doubted, but that, like many others of that temperament, he afterwards became an impostor, is no less certain. We shall not follow him through all his adventures, nor swell our article with the enumeration of his tricks; but Dr. d'Eslon having formed an independent establishment for himself, they became rivals, and quarrelled, and Mesmer, for a time, left Paris. He was, however, soon invited to return to read lectures on his discovery. Among those who joined in this request, we find the names of Bergasse, the two Counts Chastenet, and Maximus de Puysegur, the Marquis de Puysegur, M. de Barres Kornman, and Father Gerard, all persons of some note and eminence in the world. He accepted their invitation, and formed a society under the appellation of *the Harmony,* in which he initiated the members in his magnetic secret, *upon being paid* a hundred louis d'or. By this means he quickly amassed a large fortune, but the members of the harmony would needs show their skill, and the rage for magnetizing infected all ranks to such a ridiculous degree, that the most extraordinary things began to be imputed to the initiated. At Charenton they attempted to magnetize horses, and it is said actually threw them into convulsions. In 1784 there were associations of magnetizers, not only in Paris, but Versailles, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Grenoble, Metz, Nancy, Strasbourg, and several other places, of all of which Mesmer was the supreme chief. In the French dominions in Europe, the number of these harmonic, societies was estimated to be not less than thirty, and in the French West India islands it was also very considerable. The parent society of the former was in Paris, and of the latter at Cape Francois. At Malta and Turin there were also similar associations. Among these societies there were three principal schools, which deserve particular notice.

The Mesmerian school at Paris made use chiefly of the strong contaction of the hands or metal and glass conductors. In this method, forehead was usually placed to forehead, and foot to foot. At this school they also employed the magnetized tubs, and trees,

and baths, recommended the drinking of magnetized water and the wearing of magnetized glass plates on the stomach. The convulsions which were produced by their influence, whether morally or physically, were considered as salutary, and were denominated the crisis. It was the sole object of all the experiments to bring them on, and chambers were prepared for the patients, the walls and floors being covered with matresses, so that in the violence of the convulsions they might not hurt themselves.

The second school was at Lyons, under the direction of the Chevalier Barbarin, who admitted no other agents of animal magnetism than WILL and FAITH; and the students were known by the name of the Spiritualists.

The third school was formed at Strasbourg, under the direction of the Marquis de Puysegur. Here the patient was touched very gently, fixing the mind at the same time, and the crisis produced is said to have been extremely pleasant.

But while the trade was thus thriving and proselytes were daily made, on the 12th of March 1784 a royal ordinance was issued, addressed to the medical faculty of Paris, commanding them to appoint commissioners to inquire into the subject. These, justly indignant at the barefaced nature of the quackery, ascribed all the phenomena produced by the magnetizers to the power of imagination, to imitation, and an excited sensual instinct. Jussieu alone refused to sign the report, alleging that the effects were not producible by the causes assigned for them.

It should also be observed that Mesmer was not examined, and he protested against all the inferences which might be drawn from the communications of his disciple and rival d'Eslon, who himself, after the report was published, also protested against its validity. A keen controversy ensued, and an article, entiled Imagination, in the *Encyclopedie Methodique de Medicine* for 1787, was supposed to have closed the debate; but the fact is that it was only the deeper interest of the political questions which about this time began to agitate Paris, that occasioned it to be lost sight of in France.

About the time that the royal ordinance was issued at Paris, Lavater carried an account of the practice, as improved by Puysegur, to Bremen, and communicated it to the physicians Bicker, Olbers, and Weinholt, by whom it is alleged that it was still more purified from the quackery and juggling of Mesmer. In England, Holland and Italy, animal magnetism does not appear to have made any considerable progress; in Sweden it fared no better than in France; in Russia it was only known among the literary; and in Scotland, we believe it was never practised at all except by some itinerant mountebank exhibitor of Perkin's metallic tractors. As for Mesmer himself, he was alive in 1815, and residing at Franenfield, in the Canton of Torgau. He was then old and infirm, being in his seventy-sixth year, and had retired both from

business and the world. That this extraordinary man, for such he must be considered, whether he be called a quack or a man of genius, is the great *inventor* of the magnetic practice, cannot be questioned; but that he is entitled to the merit of a discoverer, admitting that there is any foundation in nature for the opinion entertained by him and his disciples, we are strongly disposed to deny; and when it is considered that he was much addicted to obsolete and curious literature, before he entertained any opinion on the subject, we think that the probability is, he derived his first notions from some of those obscure and ancient works in which many singular truths are lost amidst a mass of mysticism and fancy. The old doctrine, for example, of curing wounds by sympathy, is in its principle, we conceive, essentially the same as that of animal magnetism.

We shall now proceed to give some account of the magnetical phenomena, on which the whole evidence of the existence of the principles of the doctrine rests.

It appears that two subjects are requisite for the process o magnetizing. The one active and the other passive; the magnetizer and the magnetized. It is also affirmed that the phenomena are seen only on the latter, but that the former also undergoes an alteration in this process. The magnetizer must possess a superiority of energy and vital power with respect to the patient. But if the reverse be the case, either no perceptible effect will take place, or the phenomena will be seen in the magnetizer and not in the patient. When the magnetizer operates on a susceptible subject, he experiences a warmth and gentle *flowing out* from the flat of his hand and finger ends; but if he wears silk gloves, or covers his hands with any other electric substance, he experiences none of this genial outstreaming, and his operations are of no effect; and if he wear linen or leather gloves, the result is different. After an effectual application, the magnetizer feels a general weakness in the organs of digestion, attended with debility, which is said to be in proportion to the degree of susceptibility in the patient. When the magnetizer is isolated with the patient, by electric bodies, the waste of power is said to be not only less, but the effect of the operation greater,—the inference from which is, that the weakness or debility is not owing to fatigue or weariness, but is occasioned by the loss of communicated matter. The effects of the operation on the patient are the reverse. He is invigorated, the sense of life brightens throughout the whole region of his sensations, and he seems to have received an augmentation of vital energy. But we must not trust ourselves in attempting to adopt the mystical language in which the magnetizers have described their science, nor indeed should we either do them or our readers justice, were we not to quote the sublime mysticism of what we have no doubt are considered truth by the faithful.

Professor Kluge divides the different stages into which the patient may be excited, into six different degrees!

"The higher he advances in these degrees," says the learned Professor, "he leaves the sensual world, and approaches the intellectual. These degrees cannot always be produced by art in all patients; nor is an ascent to the ultimate requisite for the recovery of health, for many patients, during the whole course of the cure, until their perfect recovery, remain in the lower degrees only—others become susceptible more and more by every new operation, and gradually rise to the highest state; others, again, though but few, pass over to the higher degrees at once, and in this they continue during the whole of the cure. As they get better, however, all lose their susceptibility!

"In the first degree, the usual channels of access by which the soul is connected with the external world remain unimpaired. Sense remains open, and retains man within the usual sphere of things. This is called the waking degree. The second degree is denominated the half sleep, or *the imperfect crisis;* the eye is closed, but the other senses are not entirely shut. The third degree is *the megnetic sleep,* in which the patient is in the condition of a person stunned; but it is remarkable, that while he thus stands on the verge, as it were, of the world of sense, in darkness and mystery, he still retains the recollections of real life. The fourth degree is called *the perfect crisis,* and is distinguished from the third by the presence of consciousness; it is commonly called Somnambulism. The fifth degree is known by the name Clairvoyance, or self-inspection more properly, and in it the patient obtains a luminous knowledge of the inward state of his body and mind, calculates the diagnostics which will arise as a natural consequence, and determines the most effectual remedies for their removal.

"In the sixth degree, the patient steps out of himself into a higher connection with universal nature. The faculty of self-inspection is extended over things near and far off in space and time, and this state is denominated the degree of general vision, also the ecstacy or disorganization. The patient is abstracted from all things mean and terestrial, and exalted to more grand and noble sensations. He undergoes, as it were a transmutation of being, a spirit speaks through him. His connection with the magnetizer is so intimate, that he knows all his thoughts, and obeys his will, and yet the sensations of this state are said to border on beatitude."

Beyond these, degrees there are other stages, but they have not been so accurately described.

Whether our readers are able to form any distinct ideas from this account of animal magnetism, by the most learned and intelligent of all the writers on the subject, we shall not pause to

consider; but proceed to add a few instances of the phenomena peculiar to the different degrees or stages of the operation.

Pezold asked one of his patients during her magnetic sleep, if she would walk about the room with him; to which she replied. 'Yes, if he would have it so.' 'No,' said he, 'that must depend on you, if you are strong enough.' 'I have strength sufficient,' said the somnambulist, 'but my will is dependent on yours.' Pezold having awakened her, he asked her again, and also what she meant by saying that she had no will of her own. But she had no recollection of their conversation. Next day, when she was again cast into the magnetic slumber, he resumed the conversation, and she recollected in that state what had passed during her sleep the day before, and repeated that without his concurrence she could do nothing.

The public were sometime ago a good deal amused, and we may say even interested in the pretensions of a Miss Macenvoy, (or, some such name,) a young lady of Liverpool, who affected to see by the touch, if we may use the expression. But hers was nothing to the miraculous sense of some of the somnambulists of the Continent. Professor Nasse placed on the eyelids of a female patient in the magnetic sleep, a couple of sticking plasters, tied firmly and closely, covering the whole region of the eye. He then exhibited before her some stained papers, and she recognized their colours, even while in her magnetic trance. Caullet de Veaumorel states, in his Aphorisms, that the somnambulist can see objects through opaque bodies, (millstones for example,) provided the intervening body is not electrical, such as silk, sealing wax, &c. Potetin relates, that he know a somnambulist who could tell what he held in his clenched hand, as soon as he placed the back of his hand upon the pit of her stomach. She also recognized any solid or liquid substance in a closed vessel, when it was applied to the same part. She could even read letters in the same manner, and she also knew how much money the persons who were near her had in their pockets. Similar experiments were made by Gmelin on one of his most susceptible patients, and the results were similar. In the Strasburg Courier for 1807, there is an account of a cataleptic lady, who fell at certain times, into the magnetic sleep naturally, during which she not only could read letters doubled up and placed on the pit of her stomach, hut could also read writings at a distance, when the sense of her eyes was shut, yea even while another person, with the book in another room, covered the page with the flat of one hand, and with the other touched one of the people present, who, by reciprocally joining hands with several, formed, as it were, an electrical chain to the patient.

But the somnambulist, in his trance, say the megnetizers cannot only see those things which, by the sense of sight, he could not see, but also things which are altogether beyond the common fa-

culty of vision. In some states of the trance, he perceives a splendour issuing from the body of the magnetizer, like the glorious halo with which the painters surround the heads of saints in their pictures; and he describes it, according to Landsperge, Le Blanc, and others, to be like the colour of the electric spark. From some parts, such as the hair, the eyes, and especially the finger-ends, this splendour is said to issue in regular currents, and their intensity to be in proportion to the energy of the magnetizer. Fischer relates, that a somnambulist whom he knew, did always, during the magnetic operation, observe a sphere of dense mist about himself and his magnetizer, and which streamed forth upon him principally from the finger ends, and surrounded him to a distance beyond the reach of his arms. Tardy professes to have made several experiments relative to this phenomenon. He held the end of his thumb at some distance in a direction towards that of a female somnambulist, upon which she saw luminous streams issuing from the two thumbs in straight lines—that which proceeded from the thumb of the magnetizer being intensely stronger and quicker in its motion than her own. When Tardy took a steel conductor in his grasp, the fluid streaming from the conductor appeared to the somnambulist to be augmented in brilliancy and rapidity. When, instead of a steel rod, a bar of the mineral magnet was taken, the patient beheld, independently of the stream which issued from the point in a straight line, another stream proceeding from it in spiral volutions. When Tardy directed the steel conductor towards the plane of a board eight lines thick, the somnambulist saw the fluid going through and coming forth again on the opposite side, but with diminished velocity and splendour. All his experiments are exceedingly curious; and if they have no foundation in fact, he has unquestionably the merit of a most ingenious invention.

Nasse, whom we have mentioned above, is said to have been the first who discovered that the magnetized, like the natural somnambulist, has no recollection, after he awakes, of what took place during his trance. But one of the prettiest ancedotes upon this subject is related by Mouillesaux. This magnetizer ordered one of his patients, whilst she was in a crisis, to pay a visit next day, at a fixed hour, to a particular person, knowing that the charge would be disagreeable to the patient, owing to certain private considerations. She, however, promised to do what the magnetizer required, upon which he immediately disentranced her, but took care that in her waking state she should not be remained of her promise. At the time appointed he went, with some of her friends, to the house, and presently the patient appeared at the door, and passed it several times with anxious irresolution; at last she entered in visible perplexity. Mouillesaux pacified her immediately by acquainting her with the transaction, and she then told him that from the moment she had awoke, a thought had continually

haunted her to pay the visit, and that although she had struggled against it, she found herself constrained as it were by fate. Weinholt mentions an ancedote of the same kind, but less remarkable.

The ancedotes of cases of the fifth degree are still more singular. Fischer mentions an instance of a clairvoyant or self-inspector, who minutely described all the interior parts of his own body, and yet knew nothing of anatomy, but only affirmed that he saw them. Kluge states, that a physician, a friend of his, was convinced of the truth of the doctrine of animal magnetism, by a description which a clairvoyante gave in her trance of the construction of her own eyeball, even to its smallest parts, which she described with perfect anatomical correctness, though in illiterate terms. Heineckens relates of a female patient of his who said, "I beheld the interior of my own body: all its parts appear to me as it were transparent, and pervaded by a warm current of light. I see the blood flowing in my veins. I observe the disorders, and I am thinking of the remedies; and then it seems as if some being called out to me, 'Use this thing, or that thing;'" and the inference from this is, that what is thus described as a voice, is an instinct which suggests the remedy that the disease required. Sometimes, in this state, the clairvoyant will so describe the properties, though he cannot tell the names of the drugs his case requires, that the physician can order them with the most perfect confidence. In addition to this the clairvoyant, in his trance, will prognosticate with the greatest precision, for months to come, the course and development of his disease.

The mysteries of animal magnetism are of course according to the degrees; and the phenomena of the sixth degree are of course more wonderful than all the others. "The patient in the sixth "degree," says Kluge, "bursts the inclosure of external dark-"ness, and enters into a more sublime contemplation of univer-"sal nature. His sight penetrates the hidden things of time "past, and he sees the distant and unknown as the present, and "the fruit of the future while it is still slumbering in the germ. "He will describe persons that he has never seen, to those pre-"sent, who but think of them, and tell the situation which they "are in at that moment?'—We have ourselves been told of a magnetic lady, formerly of Exeter, who on one occasion, in London, on being asked respecting an absent friend, by a gentleman, described him as in the water. Some days after, being again in a trance, she was asked the same question, and replied that she saw but his bones, and the fishes swimming about him. It subsequently appeared that the person was shipwrecked about the time the question was first put to the lady. This ancedote we have from one of the persons who was present on both occasions—a gentleman of great honour and integrity; but we should add, disposed to be a believer.

Having said so much about the magnetizers and their patients,

it may be expected that we should give some account of the magnetism itself. But here we are at fault. It would seem, however, from all that we can learn "by tale or history," that this unknown fluid, in some of its properties so analagous to electricity and galvanism, is supposed to operate by means of the nerves—those organs by which the soul holds its intercourse with the external world through the doors and windows of the senses. According to the magnetizers, it circulates by the nerves within the body, and by them affects the mind; just as electricity chooses the bones for its conductors, and galvanism the muscular fibre. One thing, however, of no small moment, is clear, namely, it is by no means distinctly made out, that there is any such fluid at all as animal magnetism, and that the argument which the magnetizers urge in corroboration of their belief in its existence, though exceedingly ingenious and curious in itself, is by no means conclusive.

In the animal kingdom, for example, they say we have many phenomena which cannot be explained otherwise than by admitting a sensible sphere of action around the body, by which independently of any exercise of the ordinary faculties of the animal, it enjoys a knowledge of things at a distance, and also of events to happen, to say nothing of that agent within, commonly called instinct, which directs the diseased animal to choose the best remedies for its malady. By what means do shell fish, entirely deficient of sight, exercise their powers of perception? or what is that curious distant feeling discovered in the bat by Spallanzani? Then there is one presentiment of most animals, and especially insects, with respect to changes of the weather, to say nothing of those calendars or barometers which men who have been wounded often carry in their bones for ever after. What are we also to make of the still more curious faculty by which horses have a distant perception of danger? To what sense shall we ascribe those sudden cataleptic affections with which many warm-blooded animals are seized, when near some particular amphibia; or that power beyond their bodies which the electric fishes possess? Cotugno mentions, that when he was going to dissect a living mouse, he took hold of the skin of its back with two of his fingers, and held the little animal up, but the tail in the same moment touching his hand, he experienced a violent shock and spasm, which extended through his arm and shoulder to the head, and left behind it a painful sensation. But man himself is not free from unaccountable sympathies and antipathies. The celebrated Real relates that he knew a young man who, by a kind of anguish, always perceived at a distance every obstruction that was placed in his way in the dark. And the antipathy to cats with which many people are affected, and by which, without any sensible perception, they know when that animal is near them, is one of those mysteries that have never yet been explained. In men who are deficient in one of the nobler senses, the peculiar excellence of another occasional-

ly serves as a proxy. The blind have sometimes a sense of colours by touch, and the deaf and dumb, it has been remarked, have something like the distinct perception of things at a distance. Reil mentions two remarkable instances of this faculty in a lady who possessed it to a very great degree. One evening, when she was sitting cheerfully in company, she became uneasy and began to wail and point continually with her hand in a particular direction. The persons present came to the door, and beheld a neighbouring country seat in flames. On another occasion she leaped out of bed in the night with every expression of joy, and made signs for the people of the house to put the tea-kettle on the fire, and running to the gate, pulling her mother along with her, met her brother, who had that moment arrived from Petersburgh.—This, to be sure, is very like Highland second sight. The perception of things at a distance is not limited to objects of sight, but reaches far into the future, both with respect to hearing and smell; and although none of the magnetizers seem to have acquired any facts of this phenomenon arising naturally, yet there are several within our own knowledge singularly inexplicable. In one of Lord Byron's excursions in Greece, an Albanian explained to him a remarkable persuasion, prevalent among that mountain race, as to events being forewarned by sounds resembling those which would accompany their actual occurrence; and in a respectable family of our own acquaintance, there was an ignorant maid-servant, who for some days made them all alarmed with her own distress, arising from smelling a corpse in the house—and about a week after one of the children died. Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?

Next to these phenomena which tend to establish the existence of a sensible sphere of the body in man as a perceptive faculty; or, in other words, the existence, according to "the wisdom of our ancestors," of our seven senses; there are also some which seem to prove its active power, and it is upon these that the magnetizers lay the greatest stress. In early antiquity mankind were persuaded that the living animal body possessed the property of transferring to others a part of its fulness or abundance of vitality, and they founded upon this a medical treatment to which they gave the name of Gerocomic: It consisted of placing the debilitated and infirm old, close to and within the corporeal atmosphere of the fresh young. The well-known instance of king David will present itself to every mind; and the common persuasion that vigorous children, by sleeping with old people, visibly decline and fade, requires no particular illustration. Both Kluge and Gmelin record instances of nervous patients being refreshed and invigorated by changing their solitary couches, for beds which had been previously warmed by healthful children. But the whole of our sympathies are inexplicable by any known principle of medical or anatomical science, from the infectious yawn to the transferable

spasms. Upon the latter subject, instead of adducing instances, we beg leave to refer to Boerhaave's experiments in the Foundling Hospital at Haerlem, in order that we may have room for an impressive and will authenticated fact respecting the sympathetic affinity of individuals. The romance and beauty of the tale are extremely dramatic.

When the Count de la Tour Laudre was in London, we believe ambassador from Louis XIII., a young shoemaker, in taking his measure, become strangely agitated, was seized with a violent hemorrhage at the nose, and fainted away. This was considered at first as accidental, but when the man returned, to fit on the shoes after they were made, he was immediately, on approaching the Count, again affected as before. De la Tour was much struck with the circumstance, for at that time the doctrine of sympathies was more in vogue than at present; he inquired into the history of the young man, and learned that he was born in France, but taken at a tender age to Bohemia, and afterwards to Holland, whence he had come to England. The Count was the more interested by this narration, for a child of his sister, who died in giving it birth, had been stolen, and never heard of, and he began to think that there was something providential in the phenomena which he had witnessed in the young man. He in consequence directed inquiries to be instituted, and in the end traced effectually and completely that the youth was his nephew; established his right to the title and estates of the Baron de Vesins, the husband of his sister, and in perpetual commemoration of the event, founded an hospital at Rochelle, which Louis XIII., in 1637, endowed with particular privileges.

But we have already adverted sufficiently to the many curious effects of inexplicable sympathies, or by whatever other name such mysteries of our nature may be called, otherwise we might inquire from what experience it has been formed, or how it happens, that we so often think of absent persons involuntarily, and presently they make their appearance, or why it is that when we sometimes approach the door of a friend with the intention of paying a visit, we are inwardly informed that he is not in the house. All these, and many other marvellous things, the magnetizers discuss with much ingenuity, and explain with surprising plausibility.

The facts which the magnetizers have collected respecting the influence of dreams, are even more curious than any thing we have yet stated, and they are the more deserving of attention, as they are not at variance with any established principle of metaphysical science. We need not refer our readers to the exposition of the phenomenon of dreams by Dugald Stewart, in which he traces it to associations excited independently of the will, as Darwin concisely and poetically expresses it, "The will presides "not in the bower of sleep." There is no difference between their doctrine and his, but the ancient opinion of inspiring par-

ticular dreams, has been revived by Schmid, with considerable plausibility; and what is the more remarkable, the method he prescribes is exactly similar to the description which Milton gives of Satan, whispering to the sleeping Eve. Milton, it is well known, was a great student of recondite literature, and doubtless formed his description from some ancient treatise on *the art* of forming dreams. Kluge mentions that he had himself received an account of a young man that obtained the affections of a girl who disliked him, while awake, by " whispering soft nonsense in her ear" as she lay asleep. When she afterwards became his wife, she informed him that her aversion had been changed by the influence of pleasant dreams. Not having the book at hand, we cannot refer to it particularly, but Beattie, in his Critical and Moral Dissertations, mentions a story of an English officer, whom his companions, by softly whispering in his ear, could make dream what they pleased, in so much, that on one occasion they made him, in his slumber, go through all the particulars of a duel, from the beginning of the quarrel to the firing of the pistol. But enough of all this. Granting to the magnetizers that all their ancecotes are true, we can still regard their doctrine but as a sort of medical fanaticism, and it may be briefly and rationally described as assuming a number of acknowledged facts, uniting them with suppositious excitances, and deducing from the combination a systematic exposition of phenomena, which, although unquestioned, are not explicable by the principles upon which the practice of the magnetizers is founded. We should apologize to our readers for the length to which we have carried this article, but we were desirous of presenting such an account of animal magnetism as might be referred to, there being as yet no general view of the subject in the English language.

The essay on the sentient faculty is written by a Swedish nobleman, a member of the magnetic Society established by the Marquis de Puysegur, and the translator states in his preface that " several continental sovereigns have publicly acknowledged its " validity, (*i. e.* human magnetism,) and among the rest the King " of Prussia, by a solemn decree. To prevent abuses, he has " limited its practice as a profession, to members of the faculty; " he has appointed a professor of it (Dr. Wolfart,) in the Royal " Academy of Berlin, and has founded an hospital for the cure of " diseases by the magnetic practice."

Of the essay itself, we shall only say that it seems to have been the object of the author, chiefly to domonstrate that our *five senses* bear upon a common point of analogy, indicative of a primary and general form of perception, modified by each sense in a specific manner—and that merely as a metaphysical disquisition, it is highly curious, and well deserving the attention of students addicted to that science.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Henry the First, late king of Hayti.*

CHRISTOPHE, alias HENRY I. late king of Hayti, was born in 1767. The place of his birth is not exactly known: some imagine it to be the Island of St. Christopher's, whence he was conveyed to Cape Francois, and sold to an English merchant, whose name was Bedeche: others, that he was born at St. Domingo, on the plantation of Limonade, which then belonged to the celebrated transla tor, Dureau de la Malle.—However this may be, Henry Christophe began to render himself remarkable at the very beginning of the troubles of St. Domingo, for his great stature, his harsh and fierce disposition, and a certain strength of character, which has since been the cause of his elevation. Being at first appointed as superintendant over the negro slaves, he employed in this office a rigorous severity: but when the revolution broke out Christophe changed his character, and from a persecutor of negroes became a persecutor of the whites. He was, nevertheless, but little known before the arrival of General Leclerc, in 1802. In the insurrection of the blacks, he followed their troops, pillaged, massacred the whites, and bought, at a low price, the booty of his comrades. He thus acquired a considerable fortune, and was enabled to become the chief of the band. Having assembled a small troop, he overran the country, encouraging the rising of the blacks, and supporting them with his arms: he thus acquired a species of renown.

Toussaint Louverture, who was then General-in-Chief of the negroes, made him General of Brigade, and sent him to fight against his nephew, General Moise, a young officer not destitute of courage, but who aimed at supplanting him. Christophe had recourse to stratagem.—He went over to Moise, pretended to enter into his resentment and succeeded by this atrocious dissimulation in obtaining his confidence, of which he took advantage, arrested him in the midst of his army, and sent him to Touissaint. Moise was massacred by his uncle's orders, and Christophe obtained the command of the northern province in his stead.

Moise had a great number of partizans, who openly aspired to avenge his death. In the evening of the 21st October, there was an insurrection at the Cape, and the insurgents began to massacre all those who were noted for their attachment to Toussaint. Christophe instantly mounted his horse, attacked the insurgents in person, killed two with his own hand, dispersed the multitude, and got the chiefs arrested. The plan entered into by Christophe on this day was executed with such precision and prudence, that on the next day a great number of the inhabitants were ignorant of what had passed, and the warehouses were opened as usual. The following days news was successively brought of the rising of the quarters of Acul, Limbe, Port Margot, Marmelade, Plaisance and Dondon. Christophe, at the head of a detachment of infantry and some dragoons, rushed forward to all the places where the

insurgents had risen, alarmed the mutineers, and made them lay down their arms, while he ordered the chiefs to be shot.

In the beginning of 1802 he was still commander of the Cape. Being compelled, after a vigorous resistance, to yield to the troops of General Leclerc, he set fire to the town before he left it, and went to join Toussaint Louverture, with three thousand men. Soon after this he negociated with the French, gave them apparent proofs of submission, and succeeded in disarming the insurrectionary districts. But perceiving the army of Leclerc weakened, he again went over to the blacks, after the carrying off of Toussaint, leagued himself with Dessalines, powerfully contributed to his successes, and obliged the French to evacuate the colony. —Dessalines remaining now the tranquil possessor of St. Domingo, took the title of Emperor of Hayti, under the name of James I.; and Christophe, whose services had been so useful to him, became one of his generals, and one of the first men of his court. But this new empire, established by force and violence over an ignorant and barbarous people, was to experience no less vicissitudes, than governments established among nations more enlightened by philosophers.

As it has happened in all ages and all countries, the lieutenants of the black Emperor soon became jealous of his power; and those who had contributed the most to establish him, Christophe and Petion, were not long before they declared themselves his enemies, they exclaimed against despotism and tyranny, excited the negroes to rebellion against Dessalines, under a pretence of a tax that the latter had established on the exportation of sugar and cotton; led him into a snare laid for him, and murdered him in the midst of his troops, on the 17th October, 1806.

Christophe was immediately proclaimed President and Generalissimo of the state of Hayti, and Petion was his Lieutenant and Governor in the south. A national assembly was convoked at Cape Francois to form a constitution. This was the period of the first divisions between two men who, until then, appeared to have the same aim in view. Petion put himself at the head of a party who wished for a senate and representative system of government. Christophe wished no authority to counterbalance with his own; and seeing himself at the head of a more numerous party, he declared in a proclamation he issued as sovereign against the rebel Petion, that authority belongs to the strongest. In order to prove the truth of so incontestible an axiom, the President Christophe assembled all his troops, made active preparations against his rival, who on his part had assembled considerable forces, and had taken his station at Port-au Prince. Petion being attacked several times very severely he was at last beaten in several rencounters, but was never entirely defeated; and it happened that at the moment when he was outlawed, and even when the report of his death was

spread throughout the island, that he reappeared, with new strength. Christophe never reigned over the whole island of Hayti.

Christophe at last assumed the title of king and was crowned in the month of April, 1811.—A capuchin friar, named Cornelius Boell, crowned him in the church of the Cape; and consecrated him with some oil of the cocoatree. The new Sovereign framed his court on the same footing as that of Bonaparte. In imitation of the Corsican the black King changed his name and took that of Henry I.; attributing to himself likewise the power of creating titles, he established a number of Negro Dukes, Counts, and Barons, and distributed among them the principal plantations of the Colony, which he erected into Fiefs or Lordships. Thus there was a Count of Limonade, a Duke of Marmelade, a Prince of Sale Frone, Barons of Jeremy and Seringo, knights of Coco, of Jaco, &c. &c. all these were decked out with ribands of the Legion of Henry, a proper caricature of the Legion of Honour. In short this martial black King had even an almoner; but he in vain requested of the Pope to make an Archbishop of this man, who was no other than the capuchin friar Cornelius Boell; the latter, was the only white person at the court of Hayti, and the only one of the lords of the court who knew how to read or write. His title is that of the duke de l'Anse.

The dominion of the king of Hayti extended over the whole of the northern part of the island, and in the interior, as far as the mountains of Ciboo and the plains of St. Yago. Petion, who declared himself independent, commanded, under the title of President, all the Southern part.

Christophe seemed not to be wanting in skill in the art of governing, generously recompensing his partizans: he displayed great firmness against the enemies of his power, and spoke wonderfully well of liberal ideas; he succeeded latterly also in forming commercial relations with several European nations. He could not read, and wrote just enough to be able to sign his own name.

After the fall of Buonaparte, the treaty of Paris having restored to France its former ultramarine possessions, one of the first cares of his majesty Louis XVIII. was to endeavour to recover them. This Prince immediately sent agents whose mission was to sound the disposition of the inhabitants, and to ascertain whether there were not means to enter into arrangements with their chiefs. According to their report, Petion expressed a willingness to acknowledge the authority of the mother country, Christophe at first expressed great joy on hearing of the fall of Buonaparte, and loudly proclaimed the desire which he formed of entertaining amicable relations with France, now restored to her lawful Kings. He declared consequently that he would respect the white flag, and that his ports should be opened to French vessels, but he expressed at the same time a firm resolution never to renounce the

sovereignty of a country, which the people had conquered over Buonaparte's armies. Hearing afterwards that France was preparing an expedition to reduce him to submission, he made every preparation for an obstinate and formidable resistance; and, in a kind of manifesto, he declared that his troops would make no prisoners.

At the first account received of the disembarkation of the French envoys, he took measures to secure their persons, and one of them having fallen into his hands, he issued a proclamation to the blacks, in which he congratulates the Haytians on the discovery, as he calls it, of the most atrocious and criminal intentions of the cabinet of France, informs them that one of the French agents had fallen into his power, at the moment he was fulfilling his abominable mission; and that in order to investigate the matter more fully, the French traitor should be publicly exposed, that every person might interrogate him as he should think proper, with respect to the documents seized upon his person. He finishes by exhorting the Haytians to unanimity in the cause against their enemies. "Let us exterminate our enemies, he says, the whole universe are spectators of our conduct; never was a cause more just than ours; place confidence in your King, and prepare yourselves to follow him to victory. We will consolidate our rights, our liberty, and our independence, on the carcasses and ruin of our enemies."

This conduct destroyed all hopes in the Cabinet of the Thuilleries, of succeeding by means of conciliation; and the return of Buonaparte in 1815, prevented a recourse in arms. Thus it is probable that it will be long before the French will be masters of this colony, formerly so rich and so productive to the mother country.

Christophe neglected no means to strengthen his power, and he sent agents to several parts of Europe and the American Continent, in order to procure men capable of directing his administration, which was certainly regularly managed. His revenues arose from direct and indirect taxes, laid on rather largely; and the population of his kingdom rose to three hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, forty thousand of whom were always armed. He had a numerous Court, and six Palaces richly furnished. In England he had numerous, enthusiastic admirers. The African and Asiatic Society created him their hero, and in July 1816, Mr. Wilberforce, President of this Society, at a philanthropic dinner, where the greater part of them were blacks, collected from the harbours, gave the following toast.—"Christophe, the honour of the human species, the most liberal, the most enlightened, and the most beneficent of men: a sincere and pious christian, one of the most august Sovereigns of the universe, raised to the throne by the love and gratitude of those whose happiness he makes." The toast was drunk standing, with enthusiasm, whilst the health of the king of England was given, all the guests were seated

At a dinner given at Cape Henry, to the foreign merchants, by the Duke of Marmelade, Governor of the Capital, on the occasion of the festival of the Queen of Hayti, after having drunk to the healths of Geo. III. and the prince Regent, the following toast was given: "To the friend of the human race, the immortal Wilberforce, who undertook and defended the most sublime cause that ever existed!" About the same time Christophe being informed that a great number of learned and military men of all ranks were quitting France for their opinions, lost no time in addressing an appeal to them, and offered them an asylum in his States. It is not exactly known how many and who those persons were who accepted of this invitation, The Royal almanack of the kingdom of Hayti contains a long list of Chamberlains, Marshals, &c.; and the army of King Christophe is there stated to amount to twenty-four regments of infantry, two of cavalry and two of artillery.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of Anacreon.* By J. E. Hall.

THE following, being the eleventh day of the month Anthesterion, we joined in the Anthesteria, those festivals in honour of Bacchus, which are celebrated in Athens on this and the two succeeding days. On this day we tap our barrels, and it is sometimes designated by a word derived from that circumstance. By the Cheroneans it is called the day of good genius, because it is a day of mirth. On the second day every one drinks out of his own vessels, and it is therefore called Choes. Every one then indulges in copious draughts; and, those who have been blessed with an old age by the bounty of the Gods, are honoured with crowns of leaves or sometimes of gold, and a vessel of wine. On the third day, or chutroi, we assemble at the theatre to behold the comedians, and the slaves are released from their toilsome tasks.

Some of the festivals in honour of this divinity, which are innumerable, are observed with great splendour. They are conducted under the management of the chief archon, assisted by the priests. On these occasions, the citizens give themselves up to every extravagance which the exhilaration of the moment suggests. They dress themselves in skins or fine muslins and imitate Pan, Silenus, and the satyrs: some ride on asses, and others, of either sex, run about the hills and deserts, like insane persons crying aloud *Io Bacche.* These are followed by persons carrying sacred vessels, the first of which are filled with water. Then follow a select number of honourable virgins, carrying baskets of gold filled with fruit; others, crowned with violets and ivy, carry poles on which certain figures are represented, and men, dressed in the apparel of women, with garlands on their heads, and flowers in their hands, imitate drunken men.

On the day after the conclusion of these festivals, I arose when the first blushes of the morning beamed forth its refulgent glories,

and proceeded on my journey to the residence of Myrilla, for I resolved to be no longer the prey of distracting doubts.

The sun had just began to gild the summits of the mountains as I entered the delicious valley of Pedion, which is watered by the various streams of the Ilyssus, the Eridan and the Cephissus. As the glorious luminary darted its rays, the soft breezes of the morn gently chased the mists that lingered on the sides of the mountains. The numerous forests of olive trees were now in full bloom and appeared like a white veil sustained by branches of dark green. The birds which had migrated to more genial climes, to avoid the rigours of the past season, were returning, and in their gayest notes, they expressed the joy with which they revisited their former abodes. Here the murmur of refeshing streams, the fragrance of the variegated mead, the rich exuberance of the entangled vines, and the verdant foliage of lofty trees, might have tempted me to loiter. But the beauties of nature had then no charms for me. I scarcely heard the babbling of the brook, or saw the rich embroidery of the fruitful fields.

I journeyed many weary miles on the meandering banks of the Ilyssus, and breathed incessant prayers to the Gods and the Muses who preside over its sacred waters,* to favour my undertaking with their auspicious influence. The placid undulations of the waves afforded a striking contrast with the tumultuous agitation of my breast; and though the birds awakened their sweetest melody they infused no harmony into my soul. However wit may riot in the successes of the convivial board, or wisdom boast its superior dignity, they afford no solace to the mind of the lover whose breast is disturbed by doubt. To him no eye sparkles but that of her for whom he sighs, and no rules excite his meditations but those which are taught by the son of the Cerulean goddess. His soul though unappalled by all the dangers of contention, is softened to tenderness by the influence of female charms: sensibility usurps the place of courage, and man, with all his pride, is more timid than the fawn that flies before the mountain breeze.

Alternately cheered by the hope of success, and dismayed by the fears of disappointment; with a heart throbbing under all those conflicting emotions, which agitate the reflections of youthful love, I arrived, on the evening of the third day, at the mansion of Telesicles, the uncle of Myrilla. As I passed, with hasty step, through the groves that surrounded the house, I saw her seated in an arbour on a gentle eminence which was denominated Ida. A mild breeze wantoned through the ringlets of her hair, and as it wafted the delicious odours of the violets upon which she reclined, it bore also the soft sounds of her melodious voice. But oh! what rapture thrilled my veins when I recognized in those tones, which

* "The Athenians are of opinion that the Ilyssus is sacred to other Gods, and to the Muses." Paus. Att. Lib. 1 Cap. 18.

I almost feared to hear, the music of one of my own songs. It was that last adieu, which breathed the despondency of a hopeless mind, when I believed her to be devoted to another! An expression of melancholy stole over her face and her blue eye glistened with the tear of sadness as she feebly struck the unwilling strings. The scene was too affecting—I ran to her, and in an instant she was encircled in my arms!

Blessings on thee, oh Ida! thou witness of the most delicious moment of my existence! May the Graces select thee as the scene of their disportings, and the Muses celebrate thy charms in their sweetest songs of praise. May the luxuriant lentiscus and the blooming rose, diffuse their fragrant odours through thy romantic shades in perennial vigour, and the lotus spread its hospitable branches, to entice the weary to thy pleasant places!

Let delicacy draw the veil of concealment over this hour. Mutual recriminations but occasioned reciprocal forgiveness, and in the endearments of virtuous and unfeigned affection, we forgot the anxieties of the past, and contemplated with eagerness the flattering promises of the future.

When we entered the house, I was cordially received by the venerable Telesicles, whose hoary head had been blanched by the winters of many Olympiads.

He was one of those heroes who distinguished themselves by the conquest of Salamis, in conjunction with Solon, whose patriotism never yielded to the vile clamours of Athenian democracy. He was among the first who dared to second the advice of the legislator when he exposed the absurdity of that law which condemned to death, the citizen who should propose to renew the war against the Megarians. In the council of five hundred, his wisdom justified the hope of his earlier years, and Attica aknowledged in him the undaunted soldier, the disinterested patriot, and the discerning statesman. The death of Solon deprived him of the last friend of his youth, and in the peaceful shades of retirement he now experienced, and enjoyed, the reward of a virtuous life.

In a few days after my arrival I communicated to him the object of my visit. He embraced me with the cordiality of a father and signified his entire approbation of the preference of Myrilla. Thus, after a tedious banishment which was lengthened by the anxious thoughts that had perplexed my mind, was my happiness completed in the success of my ardent wishes. I despatched a courier to Anacreon, with the joyful tidings of the felicity of his friend; and the alacrity with which he obeyed my summons attested the sincerity of his attachment.

At the dawn of a serene and cloudless day, in the month of Gamelion, the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet, were making sacrifices to the Gods for our happiness. When the proper hour arrived, accompanied by Anacreon and a few other friends, I re-

paired to the house of Telesicles.* We were met at the door by a person appointed for that purpose, by our host,† who was then engaged in offering homage to the tutelary divinities who preside over matrimony and friendship. This person welcomed us by joining hands with some; of others he kissed the lips, hands, knees, or feet, and some received the χυτρον or pot-kiss.‡ When we entered we did not immediately sit down, but walked round the room, and examined the pictures and furniture. Over the door was inscribed, *let no evil enter:*

μηδεν εισιτω κακον.

The tables were decorated with garlands of wild asparagus, which, being covered with prickles, and affording pleasant fruit, signified the difficulty of courtship, and the reward with which perseverance is crowned in the possession of a virtuous woman. The friends who accompanied me threw upon my head, figs and other fruits as omens of future plenty. While we were thus engaged, Myrilla was led into the room by her uncle, and followed by her friends.

A notary read a long and tedious instrument which stated that Critias of Athens, being above thirty-five years of age, and Myrilla being above twenty-six, and Critias having made a present to Telesicles her guardian, who had settled a dowry upon his neice which was to be returned to him in case of the death of Critias in the life-time of Myrilla, or if they should separate by mutual consent;§ they were now to be married, &c. If the dowry was returned, I was bound to pay her nine oboli a month, or be subject to an action of maintenance in the Odeum.‖ The blooming bride was attired in a flowing purple robe embroidered with golden spangles. The violet curls,¶ which vainly strove to con-

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* It was contrary to law to invite more than thirty to an entertainment at Athens, and it was the business of certain people who were called γυναικονομοι to go to the houses and expel all above that number. The cooks were obliged to give a list of the names of the guests where they were hired to prepare an entertainment. Athenæus lib. 6. cap. 11. Men and women were never invited together to dinners. Cic. Orat. 3. pro. Verr. Corn. Nep. Præfat. in Vit. Imp. *Har. Ant. Græc.*

† When the guests arrived at the house of entertainment, the master of the house or one appointed in his place, saluted them. Schol. in Aristoph. Plut.

‡ This was when they took the person kissed, like a pot, by both ears, which was chiefly used towards children. Tibul. lib. 2. Though sometimes by men and women. Theocrit. Idyl. 8. v. 132.

§ Homer makes Telemachus say that if his mother should be sent from the house, he would be obliged to return her dowry to her father Icarius. Odys. 11. Isæus de hæred. Plut. in Alcibiad.

‖ The action of σιγλ δικη. Demosth. in Neær.

¶ *Violet curls.* The expression occurs in Pindar.

ceal her beautiful neck, were perfumed with odorous essences, and loosely bound with garlands of plants which are sacred to Venus. We walked in procession to the Temple, the bride carrying an earthen vessel, filled with parched barley, to signify her intention of attending to household affairs, and our garments were of different colours. At the door we were met by the Priest, who presented to us a branch of the twining ivy that indicated to us the intimate union which we were about to form. A sacrifice of a milk white heifer was then made to propitiate the pure Diana, the virgin Minerva, and those divinities who are supposed to be unfriendly to matrimony, from their never having bowed to the dominion of Hymen. The Priest and the people also implored the protection of the Fates who spin the thread of life—of the Graces whose influence embellish social intercourse, and of the Queen of Beauty, who gave birth to Love, and added strength to the silken bands of the God of marriage. The entrails of the animal being inspected, and the omens appearing propitious,* Telesicles placed the hand of Myrilla in mine, and at the same time pronounced these words: "ATHENIAN! I bestow this maid upon you, that you may give legitimate children to the republick."† We then interchanged vows of fidelity, which being ratified by fresh sacrifices, we prepared to return to the house which I had provided for this occasion.‡ Anacreon, who acted as παροχος, and myself, ascended a car, and the blushing bride was placed between us.

By this time the shades of night were beginning to descend, and our path, was illumined by the glare of many torches. We were preceded by a band of musicians and dancers, whose joyous notes and nimble actions added to the festivity of the scene. When we arrived at my house, the axletree of the car was broken, by which act it was signified that the bride would not return to her former home. The banqueting hall was decorated with green garlands, emblematical of cheerfulness, and the nuptial entertainment was now to be celebrated in honour of the God of marriage, and that the marriage might be made publick by the assemblage of friends. The table, which was covered with tapestry, was placed in the middle of the room and surrounded by couches. The guests were arranged according to their respective ranks, and then were called to their places, by a person appointed to that office. The first reclined the upper part of his body upon his left side, his head raised, his back supported by a pillow, and his feet thrown behind the next person below him. In this manner four or five per-

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* Achill. Tat. lib. 2. Plut. de Conjug. præcept. † Menander.

‡ Before his marriage a man was obliged to provide a house: hence women whose husbands died soon after this event, were said to be widows in a new-built house. Catul. Epig. ad Mall. *Hom.* Il. B. 700. ρ 66.

sons were accommodated on each couch, on which odorous flowers were profusely scattered. Some preferred lying on their breasts, that their right arm might more easily reach the table.

First we offered a part of our provisions to the Gods, and particularly to Vesta, the chief of the household deities. The first meal was *a repast before supper* (Δειπνα προοιμιον) which consisted of bitter herbs, eggs, oysters, and other things which create an appetite. The second, or supper (Δειπνον) was a repetition of the former provisions, with bread (μαζα) made of flour, salt, water and oil, baked under the ashes, and compositions of rice, cheese, eggs, and honey wrapt in fig leaves, and of cheese, garlic, and eggs. We had also almonds, figs, peaches, and other fruits. The third part of the entertainment, which was the second course, was composed of a variety of sweetmeats. These were furnished in great profusion and luxury, although the guests were very frugal in their use of them. A list of all the dishes was given to me by the cook and handed round the table, that the guests might select those which were most pleasing to their palates.

Our drink was wine and water. The latter had been cooled by ice, and the wine was four years old.* While we were eating, a little boy entered who was covered with acorns and boughs of thorns. He carried a basket full of bread, and sung the song, *I have left the worse and found a better state;*

φυγον ακαλον ευρον αμεινον,

in allusion to the superior joys of matrimony.

Then Anacreon sung the Epithalamium, on his Barbiton.†

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* Old wine was then, as it is now, in best repute. Hom. Odys. B. 340. γ 392. Pind. Olymp. Od. 9. The Spartans drank it at the age of four years. When first made, it was boiled until a fifth part was consumed, Athen. lib. 10. cap. 7.

† The Barbiton, say the authors of the "New Cyclopædia," is an ancient musical instrument, of which nothing is known but the name; and Rousseau has not even ventured to give us that. Complaints are frequently made of the darkness in which critics, commentators and historians leave the subject of ancient music; which none have more cause to lament than those who have spent most time and labour in its investigation. But as no record or memorial has been found, which ascertains the invention, form or species of the instrument called the barbiton, would mere conjecture satisfy the inquisitive?

Framery and Castilhon, more courageous than the citizen of Geneva, have told us in the new Encyclopedié, all that is pretended to be known about it, though the former begins by telling us that it is an instrument of which nothing is known. The ancients and moderns have frequently confounded it with the lyre. Dacier conjectured that it was a stringed instrument; and, deriving its name from *barumiton*, which implies, *thick strings of flaxen thread*, he concludes that it was an instrument with thick strings. It is certain that flax was in use for strings to musical instruments before the art of making them of the bowels of animals was known. Horace calls this instrument, Lesbian, *Lesboune barbiton*, Od. i. lib. 1. and od. 32. of

EPITHALAMIUM.*

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, thou blushing young desire,
Who rul'st the world with darts of fire!
And oh! thou nuptial power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
Breathing our souls in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild our votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! we wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young desire!
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial power,
Come and illume this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Oh! Critias, Oh! impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
To those bewitching beauties turn,
For thee they mantle, flush and burn!
Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose where all are roses!
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

This was received with great applause by the company and the singers who were among us repeated it several times. When the dances were ended, we were conducted to the nuptial chamber, in which the bed was richly adorned with purple coverings

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the same book *Lesbio primum modulate civi*—"Thou, oh barbiton, first touched by a citizen of Lesbos," meaning Alcæus, to whom he ascribes the invention. But, says M. Castilhon, we may conclude from what Musorious asserts of these instruments, in his treatise "De Luxu Græcorum," that they made a kind of concert with the *pectis* of the Lydians. He assures us that Terpander was the inventor of it. Julius Pollux also calls it *barbiton barumiton*. Athenœus relates that they likewise called it *barmus*, and attributes the invention to Anacreon.

* This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scholium at the nuptial banquet. M.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithlamium.

and strewed with flowers. The feet of the bride were washed with water from the fountain Enneachrunos, which was brought by a boy. The bride was attended with several torches, round one of which, a female friend, representing the deceased mother of Myrilla, tied the lace which she took from her head.

I will not fatigue thee, oh! Grecian, with the further description of a ceremony which of all others is perhaps least interesting to those who are not immediately concerned in it. Our nuptials were solemnized without that ostentation which flatters pride, and cannot increase the warmth of affection.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. VI.—*A sketch of the Domestic and Foreign affairs of the United States.* From the meeting of Congress in 1821.

CHAPTER I.

Message of the President to Congress—Election of the Speaker—Revival and termination of the Missouri controversy—Retrenchment—Relief of purchasers of the public lands—Bankrupt law—State of the Treasury—Ratification of the Spanish Treaty—Florida—Memorial of the Convention of Merchants against the alteration of the Tariff—Anderson's Case—Counting the votes for the Executive—Inauguration of of Mr. Monroe—Complimentary vote to the Speaker, on the adjournment of Congress.

IN his message at the opening of the Session, the President adverts to the pressure of the times, and attributes it to the sudden transition from the protracted wars in Europe to a general pacification, added to the attitude we were compelled to preserve in those conflicts, and our ultimate participation in them. Before, and after, we had engaged as a party in the war, our commerce having been greatly expanded, and the value of things having been equally enhanced, the termination of hostilities worked the depression so generally felt and deeply complained of. He afterwards observes, that "foreign wars may again expose us to new wrongs, which would impose on us new duties for which we ought to be prepared. The state of Europe is unsettled, and how long peace may be preserved is altogetner uncertain; in addition to which we have interests to adjust, which will require particular attention."

He particularizes the unratified state of the Treaty with Spain, since so happily accommodated; the restrictions imposed on the trade with the British colonies in the West Indies, which had then produced no effect in changing the policy of their government, against which our system is amicably defensive; the umpirage upon the various constructions of the treaty of Ghent, which the Emperor of Russia had accepted; the effort directed to be made by the American Minister at Paris, to obtain the regulation of commerce, upon the footing of equality and reciprocity, with a recommendation to exempt from the operation of the law, imposing an

increased tonnage on French vessels, such of them as sailed previously to the knowledge of its having been passed; and finally he proceeds to the state of the contest between Spain and her colonies. Upon this head, he observes, that the latter have maintained it with improved success, that Spain had no where made any impression upon them, while in many parts, and particularly in Venezuela and New Grenada, the colonies have gained strength and acquired reputation, both for the management of the war in which they have been successful; and for the order of the internal administration;—that he knew of no facts, warranting the belief, that any of the European powers would take a part in the contention; and that the uniform policy of our government has been to realize the basis of accommodation proposed by the colonies, through the means of friendly counsels with other powers.

With regard to domestic concerns, he represents the public debt as amounting to $158,713,049, on the 30th September 1815, and reduced by payments, on the 30th September 1820, in the amount of $66,879,165, leaving a balance due of $91,993,883. During this term, the continues, the expenses of government in every department were defrayed, the public buildings at Washington reedified with considerable enlargements, extensive fortifications begun, public arsenals and magazines of a permanent construction, erected in various places, the navy was considerably augmented; and the ordinance, munitions and stores, which the war had diminished, were replenished.

The revenue of the past fiscal year, he says, left in the Treasury, beyond the public expenditures, a sum estimated at $1,950 000;* and the sum, due to it, for public lands, amounted to nearly twenty three-millions. After enumerating the surveys of the coasts, and the progress made in various fortifications, calculated upon an extensive and permanent plan, he assures us, that this important undertaking "will afford very great, if not complete protection to our Atlantic frontier in the event of another war; a protection sufficient to overbalance, *in a single campaign*, with an enemy powerful at sea, the expense of all these works, without taking into the estimate, the saving of the lives of so many of our citizens, the protection of our towns and other property, or the tendency of such works to prevent war."

The commencement of this session was rendered remarkable by a pertinacious contention for the choice of Speaker in the House of Representatives. On the third day of ballotting, and not until the twenty second ballot was the choice made, which eventuated in seventy-six votes given for John W. Taylor, of New York, whilst William Lowndes, of South Carolina, received

* This statement will be contrasted, hereafter with the contradictory ones of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Committee of Ways and Means.

forty-four, and Samuel Smith, of Maryland, twenty-seven. This prolonged struggle, before unexampled, in the choice of this officer, may be regarded as the offspring of the animosity, which had been produced at the last session, by the agitation of the question, between the representatives from states holding or not holding slaves, whether the exclusion of slavery should be a condition of admitting the Territory of Missouri into the Union as a state.

This controversy had been temporarily settled in March 1820, by a compromise between the two houses, through which there was annexed to the clause for admitting her into the Union, a prohibition of slavery in the territories of the United States, North of the Lat. of 36° 30'. In the course of the ensuing summer, a convention, called for the purpose, met at St. Louis and formed a constitution, which enjoins upon the Legislature "as soon as may be, to pass such laws as may be necessary, to prevent free negroes and mulattoes, from coming to, and settling in the state, under any pretext whatever," and to compel the owners of slaves to treat them with humanity. The government went into effect, a governor was chosen, and the legislature proceeded to elect two senators to congress. Soon after the meeting of the national legislature, Mr. Lowndes from a select committee of the house of representatives, to whom this constitution was referred, delivered a report, but from which he expressed his personal dissent, in which they offered a resolution to admit Missouri as a state of the union. After affirming the fulfilment of the conditions of the act of congress, enabling her to become such, they advert to the clause above alluded to, excluding free negroes and mulattoes from settling within the state, which they admit had been construed to apply to such as were citizens of the United States. They dissuade from giving any exposition to such an equivocal phrase, whilst in doing so, the legislature would, by the same decision, condemn the constitutions and laws of some of the old states. They observe, that the same provision is to be found in the laws of Delaware in particular; that a careful examination of it might ascertain it to be confined to the large class of negroes and mulattoes, who cannot be considered as citizens of any state; that of all the clauses of the constitution of the United States, there is probably none more difficult to construe well, than that, which extends to the citizens of each state, the privileges and immunities of all; and that unless it be liberally construed by its spirit, in confusing and intermingling them, the defences of each would be broken down, and a consolidation promoted. They add, that the established constitutions, in every section of the union, make distinctions between the white man and the black, in political and civil privileges. They consider the judiciary as the proper organ for disposing of the subject; that if congress were to decide against the conformity of the act of the people of Missouri with the constitution of United States, they could neither vacate it nor

force the state back again into its territorial condition; and that to decline extending to them the judicial authority of the union would be to abandon them to their own legislature and judiciary, without any check from the federal government.'

After various propositions and heated discussions, a resolution was reported to the house, from a joint committee, that Missouri should be admitted on the fundamental condition, that no construction should be placed upon her constitution, which would affect the privileges or immunities, "of the citizens of any state, secured by that of the United States; and that after the passage of a law by the state to that effect, on or before the fourth Monday in November ensuing, the president should declare the fact, whereupon the admission should take place, without any further proceeding of congress. This report was agreed to in the house by a vote of eighty-seven to eighty-one, and in the senate by twenty-eight to fourteen. The governor having called the legislature together, they passed the act required, with a preamble, in which they protested against the power of congress to annex any condition to their admission, and that they were themselves incompetent to change the operation of their constitution; whereupon the president issued his proclamation, on the 10th August 1821, declaring the compliance of Missouri and consequent incorporation into the union. In this manner terminated a contention, which had long agitated congress and the nation, and from which the most awful forebodings to the stability of the union were deduced. It is no essential part of our task to review the reasons assigned, and the objects supposed to be held in view, by those, who supported opposite sides in this proceeding, but we prefer to leave it to the future annalist, and the controversialist of the present day.

During the session, several resolutions were offered for the retrenchment of public expenses. A proposal of Mr. Eddy, in the senate, to lower the daily wages of the members to six dollars, was refused to be considered, by a small majority; and the same fate attended another made by Mr. Linn in the house, directing the committee of ways and means to inquire into the expediency of reducing the *per diem*, as well as the compensation of the officers of government generally, to the scale of 1809. The house likewise refused to consider that of Mr. Foot, tending to a general reduction and economy. Not deterred by the disinclination of the house to the subject, Mr. Cobb introduced several economical resolutions, the object of which was to abolish useless offices, to reduce salaries to the standard of 1809, to diminish the army to the number of six thousand, with a proportionate reduction of the staff, to curtail the annual sum to be expended upon fortifications, to reduce the amount appropriated to the annual increase of the navy by the sum of one half, extending, however, the time within which the increase is to be made, and to lay up in ordinary half the naval force in active service; but after being several times

discussed, they were laid on the table. Other propositions, brought forward in different shapes, also failed. The army was eventually reduced to 6,000, to be commanded by a single Major General, and with a large reduction of the staff. The annual sum to increase the navy, was also reduced, as proposed by Mr. Cobb, to $500,000 per annum, and it was extended to six years instead of the existing arrangement, which contemplated but three. The house succeeded in opposition to the senate, in limiting the appropriation for fortifications to $302,000 and specified the particular objects upon which it was to be expended, in order to prevent an immense expense, meditated by the executive to be laid out in erecting fortifications, of doubtful utility, on the island of Dauphine.

In this session an important act was passed, in favor of the debtors for purchases of the public lands, by a large majority of each house. It provides, that holders of certificates for the purchase of land, prior to the 1st July 1820, upon which the payment has not been fully made, may relinquish, on or before the 30th September 1821, any part, and receive proportionate credit for what was paid upon it, on account of that which they retain; that the interest accrued before the last mentioned day be remitted; that debtors, owing not less than half of the original price, be indulged to pay the balance, in six annual instalments, and the others in four, with interest at six per cent; but which is to be remitted on punctual payment of the principal when due; that on completing payment before the day last mentioned, the debtor should be entitled to a deduction of thirty-seven and an half per cent upon the payment, made under the law; that holders of town lots or adjacent land shall be entitled to a remission of interest, with a discount of twenty per cent. on the amount unpaid, and to give bond with security, to discharge their debt, in four annual payments; that on failure for three months, after the day appointed for making the last payment, in any of the above cases, the land shall instantly revest in the United States; and lastly, that none of the lands relinquished shall be resold for the term of two years after the surrender. The importance of this measure may be appreciated from the amount due upon the sale of the public lands, for which indulgence had for years past been solicited, and uniformly accorded to the purchasers. From the opening of the land-offices to the 30th September 1819, forty-four millions of acres had been sold, of which four hundred thousand had been forfeited, upwards of twenty-two millions of dollars had been paid by purchasers, and an unequal sum still remained due. Before the opening of the land offices, a million and an half of acres had been also sold, in different forms.

An act of greater public liberality is not to be found in the pages of history; but notwithstanding the unanimity, with which the law was passed, its justice to the rest of the community may

well be doubted. It makes no distinction between solvent and insolvent purchasers, in the remission of the contract. It places it in the power of the purchaser to retain the best land and return the worse to the United States. The speculator, who may have made great gains upon a portion sold, is permitted to retain his profit, whilst he is enabled to rid himself of what remains unprofitably on hand, with the further advantage of being released from paying any interest upon his balance. We may add, that profitable crops have been made upon portions of this land, to the exhaustion, more or less, of the soil, and they have otherwise been wasted and deteriorated: yet they are to be received back again, without compensation, or discrimination, when offered. As far as principle is concerned, there would be as much equity, in renouncing interest upon the custom house bonds, in this protracted era of commercial declension, as in extinguishing what has accrued upon contracts for public lands. We nevertheless duly appreciate the policy, which produced this relief to the Western country, and which has strove, through conciliatory and almost necessary sacrifices, to add a new cement to the union; and it ought reasonably to be expected, that the concurrence of the interior states will not be ungratefully withheld from measures, called for by a reciprocity towards the Atlantic population.

A bill to establish an uniform system of bankruptcy passed the senate; but, although a favourable disposition towards it was supposed to prevail in the house of representatives, the debates upon the subject of Missouri, excluded the consideration of it till the constitutional close of the session was so near at hand, that it was thought useless to take it up, since no hope remained of carrying it through the regular forms and debates. Thus were again disappointed, the anxious hopes and expectations of a numerous, and in many instances, meritorious class of individuals, to the comfortable existence of whom and their families, this law was essentially necessary, as well as to restore them to that degree of useful exertion and enterprize, tending both to secure their welfare, and render their labours contributory to the advantage and wealth of the nation.

It is not to be doubted, that a degree of repugnance exists in the breasts of a very large portion of the community, against the principle of a bankrupt system, which experience has proved to be invincible. But, when viewed in the light of its effect upon the debtor, creditor, and general community, it is recommended by powerful considerations of expediency and moral obligation. The supreme court of the United States have decided, that all state laws, whether of the character of bankruptcy or simple insolvency (and it is difficult, if not impossible to distinguish them,) are without force to release the individual, from the obligation of his contracts, or any of the legal recourses to enforce them ex-

cept the imprisonment of his person. Nothing therefore is left to the insolvent for his dependence, but the relief of his friends, the humanity of the public, or a system of fraud and concealment by which, if practicable, to conceal his acquisitions from the grasp of his creditors. This alternative of immorality or inaction, is incompatible with the public welfare, always affected by the policy, which tempts much less forces, citizens otherwise inclined to be active, into vice and idleness, and leaves their families to the miseries of want. Its operation is not more conducive to the advantage of the creditor. He can gain nothing from the oppression, inflicted upon the debtor and his family; but a bankrupt law would place it in his power to arrest the frauds of the dishonest, to unravel his artifices, annul his collusive transfers, and finally secure a just distribution of his property, among all his creditors. But had the supreme court of the United States supported the validity of the state laws upon this subject, the circumstances would not in all respects have rendered the interposition of congress superfluous. Those laws were too dissimilar, partial and ineffectual, to serve as a convenient substitute; and being operative, only through courtesy, beyond the state, which enacted them, such as declined giving them effect, became of course interdicted to the residence, business and visits of the insolvent, after his discharge.

In the annual message, it has been seen, the President represented that the surplus money, remaining in the treasury on the 30th September, amounted to $1,950,000. But in the annual report of the secretary of the treasury, it was estimated to be deficient in the sum of $2,638,169, at the close of the year; yet three weeks afterwards he sent in a supplemental report, in which he estimated the deficiency as high as $4,204,464; and he represented, that in addition to it, there were upwards of $600,000 in the treasury, of funds not available from their nature, during the year 1821, besides an equal amount in like manner not applicable to its wants, on account of the distance of the places of its collection, and the time elapsing, whilst it is on the way to those of its expenditure. Allowing, therefore, one million, above all the estimates of expenditure, to remain in the treasury, for any contingent call, he required provision to be made for a deficiency of $7,000,000 for the year 1821. Much surprize was justly felt at this difference from his first statement, and of both from that of the president, who instead of representing the treasury to be in arrear, asserted that it contained a surplus of nearly two millions as above mentioned. The committee of ways and means, recognizing a substantial deficiency for 1820 of only about $200,000 less than the secretary, called for the sum of only $3,933,111, to be raised beyond the existing revenue. The principal differences of calculations consisted on the part of the committee, in expected retrenchments of expense, to the amount of a million and an

half, of a greater productiveness of the customs to the amount of another million, and in the opinion they expressed, that the sum estimated as unavailable, being in a state of passage from distant places, would be sufficiently covered by the sums due, but not called out of the treasury. In a second report, made a few days before the close of the session, they took a still different view of it, arising from the loss of upwards of $200,000 by the failure of the bank of Vincennes, the retrenchments ascertained by the appropriation law, which in fact amounted to about four and an half millions for 1820 and 1821, in place of the inferior estimate before relied on, and the necessity they discovered of reducing the estimated income from the public lands to one half, or $800,000. The retrenchments were settled as follows—those which were civil, $116,508,—military, $1,481,064,—naval, $719,583,—total, $4,447,155. They still presented a deficiency, for the year, of $3,634,228, and a loan for four millions and an half was recommended.

A law was at length passed fixing the loan at five millions, at a rate of interest not exceeding five per cent. and reimburseable at any time after the commencement of the year 1835. The first four millions were obtained from the bank of the United States, with a premium of five per cent.

The treaty with Spain, signed at Washington on the 22d February, 1819, and soon after ratified by the president and senate, was at length sanctioned; with the necessary approbation of the Cortes, by the ratification of the king of Spain. This instrument was received at Washington by his minister, general Vives, in the beginning of the year 1821; but on account of the delay, which had taken place on the part of that government to ratify it, the president thought proper again to submit it to the consideration of the senate, who a second time gave their constitutional approbation to it, on the 19th February, with only four or five negative votes, and the ratifications were exchanged on the 22d. The Spanish ratification expressly declares the obnoxious grants to the Duke of Alagon, the count of Punon Rostro and Don Vargas, to be null and invalid. Thus was happily concluded, through the moderate counsels and laudable prudence of the American government, and particularly of the president, all our controversies with Spain, at the same time that guards were provided, by the settlement of the territorial boundary, along our immense confines, against any future contentions from that fruitful source. A law soon after passed both houses, for carrying the treaty into effect, and providing for the temporary government of the ceded territory. The president was authorised to *take* possession of Florida, to remove the Spanish officers and soldiers to Havana; and for those purposes, and also to maintain the authority of United States, to employ any part of the army, navy or militia. The revenue laws of the United States and those relating to people of

colour were extended to Florida, and the powers of the late Spanish government were continued, without other alteration, in the hands of such persons, and to be exercised in such a manner, as the president might direct, for maintaining the inhabitants in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion. The president also had power given to him, to establish districts for the collection of the revenue, and during the recess to appoint officers to enforce them. Provision was also made for effecting the objects of the 4th and 11th articles of the treaty, by appointing the necessary commissioners and other officers. Among the appointments, the principal were those of general Andrew Jackson as governor, and Elijius Fromentin, Esq. as judge. The portion of judicial power meant to have been given to the latter, was that alone, which flowed from such of the laws of the United States, as were extended to the territory by the act of congress, or resulted from it; but as his commission was expressed in general and comprehensive terms, that circumstance was afterwards made the cause of a violent and indecorous altercation between him and the governor.

In the beginning of November delegates representing the commercial interests of most of the Atlantic seaports, met at Philadelphia, and agreed upon a memorial to congress, upon the subject of the new tariff reported at the preceding session, by the committee of the house upon manufactures. Though expressed in an elevated style, it unfolds no views or arguments, not before fully embraced in the speeches of the members upon the subject, and especially the acute, masterly and comprehensive one of Mr. Lowndes. Its principal topics consist of representations of the injustice and abortive policy of forcing particular employments, through favors conferred upon them, at the expense of the community generally, and of the reduction of the revenue by the direct effect of the increased imposts proposed, and its necessary consequence of producing smuggling and the adulteration of imported articles.

At the close of the session there was communicated to the house of representatives, by the attorney general and the district attorney, the decision of the supreme court of the United States, in a suit commenced against its sergeant at arms, by one Anderson, for having taken him into custody by a warrant to compel his appearance, on a charge of contempt, or breach of privileges, in offering a bribe to one of its members. According to that communication, the court "fully affirmed the power of the house, *sui juris*, to vindicate its own privileges, against every attack of violence or fraud, necessarily tending to control the freedom or taint the purity of legislative deliberation."

On examining the votes for President and Vice President of the United States it appeared, that Mr. Monroe was re-elected president, by only one less than an unanimity, and Mr. Tomp

kins had fourteen less than the whole number of votes, as vice president. On the 5th of March the oath of office was administered to the former, by chief justice Marshall, in the great hall of the house of representatives, where the president delivered the usual address to the citizens, assembled to witness the ceremony. In this, after expressing a suitable acknowledgment for the unanimity of his election, he recapitulated, at considerable length, the most interesting proceedings of the government, and concerns of the nation, as they affected either its foreign or domestic policy, which was coloured throughout with flattering delineations of its present condition, and future prospects.

At the close of the session Mr. Clay made a handsome address to the chair, in commendation of the speaker. "Let us," said he, "terminate the session by making that officer the depositary of our entire reconciliation, whose election first elicited our divisions, and whose situation has been extremely arduous and difficult. For my part, I have great pleasure in testifying to the assiduity, impartiality, ability and promptitude, with which he has administered the chair, since I have been able to take my seat." He concluded with a motion of thanks, which was carried with but one dissenting voice. (*To be continued.*)

ART. VII.—*The Stout Gentleman, a Tale of Mystery.* From "Bracebridge Hall, or the Humourists. A Medley, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent."

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering, but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of amusement. The windows of my bed room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys; while those of my sitting room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable boys; in one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half drowned fowls, crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back. Near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on,

with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog house, hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it and sought what is technically called the traveller's room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accomodation of a class of wayfarers called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors, that I know of at the present day, to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the Hotel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the traveller's room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors; with box coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast; quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at "Boots," for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house, for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at

length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing farther from without to amuse me.

What was I to do, to pass away the longlived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books, that were worse than the rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I read all the common placed names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry that I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along in the air; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter; excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas; and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, with the carrotty headed hostler and that non-descript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy, and dog, and hostler, and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; and the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess' tortoiseshell cat sat by the fire washing her face and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect-much-rain-about-this-time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The Stout Gentleman, in No. 13, wants his breakfast, Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to

myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson; or merely as the gentleman in No. 18, it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it. But "the Stout Gentleman! ——" the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size, it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest. "He was stout, or as some term it, lusty; in all probability therefore he was advanced in life; some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman."

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world," accustomed to be promptly waited upon, of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing, and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid; the eggs were overdone; the ham was too salt. The Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating. One of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast; but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence; entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs and ham and bread and butter were sent. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the traveller's room when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir, and an inquest about the house. "The Stout Gentleman wanted the Times, or the Chronicle newspaper." I set him down therefore, for a whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt I had heard was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but

I could get no information. Nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman or the short gentleman; or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff colour, or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! no such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and bye I heard some one walking over head. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is, doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square toes, of regular habits; and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantle piece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long when there was a squall from a neighbouring bed room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for a ruddy good humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her.

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman, for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle aged man, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled. In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs, her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way.

"She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant. If gentlemen did spend their money freely it was no rule. She'd have no servant maids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she would'nt."

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm. The door closed after her. I heard her voice in high windy clamour for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret. Then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more. After a little while my

landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "nothing at all—only the girl's a fool." I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those Stout Gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs; whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world and have been sworn at Highgate. Who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, tousle the maids; gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my doubts into confusion. Such are the ordinary doubts of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous, and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect – I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the traveller's room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living.

Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain then he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be!—my conjectures began to grow wild—was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog? "God knows!" said I, at my wit's end, "it may be one of the royal family for ought I know, for they are all Stout Gentlemen."

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and as far as I could judge, his chair; for I did not hear

him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the traveller's room began to be frequented. Some who had just arrived came in buttoned up in box coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two, especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names; changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers, two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses: about their adventures; their over turns and breakings down. They discussed the credit of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their "night caps," that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water with sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked up to bed in old shoes, cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short legged, long bodied plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep, bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him, and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber.

The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper; and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house.

The church-bells chimed midnight.—All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this —especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats; these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may,"

said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle and hurried up to No 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated —I entered—the room was deserted. There stood a large broad bottomed elbow chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off to my room sorely disappointed. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots with dirty waxed tops standing at the door of a bed chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol or something worse at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning; and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below:

"The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13."

I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply, as she ran, "here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed; scrambled to the window; snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed; "All right," was the word; the coach whirled off—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman.

ART. VII.—*Duelling.*—For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A paragraph in one of our daily newspapers a few days ago, announces the murder of another of our youths in a duel; and after a few just reflections on the enormity of this crime, the female part of the community is entreated to contribute its mite to the abolition of the practice. The advocates of duelling, (for we call every man an advocate,—pretend what he may,—who pronounces one word in palliation,) are accuctomed to tell us, that *laws* cannot prevent it—while it is supported by *opinion:* and in conformity with this plausible doctrine, women have often been especially called upon to discountenance the practice. We listen with an incredulity, somewhat bordering on contempt, when we

hear it asserted that our legislatures are unable to stay the hand of the duellist. When the effort has failed, we will believe them, but not until it has been made with an honest desire to root the pestilence out of the land. Let the duellist be completely disfranchised—let him be rendered incapable of holding any office of honor, trust or profit in any constituted body in the United States—and we shall soon hear no more of duelling. Will it be believed that the aspiring youth of this Republic, to whose ambitious hope she has opened every door of trust and dignity, would consent to bear a mark upon their faces, and like Cain, the first murderer, to become "a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth?" We rather think that the puny courage of the man who cannot brave the scorn of fools would shrink from such a degradation. But these remarks are by the bye—our present business is with those who have been told that their influence on *opinion* is paramount. Had we the privilege of legislating—I believe we should have virtue enough to deliver our country from blood by efficient penalties on the atrocious crime of duelling. But we ask not this honour—we believe it is no part of our inheritance. If it be true, as we are flattered—that the conduct and sentiments of women have an ascendency in society—then are we bound to improve the talent which Providence has given to us. We inherit from nature, a powerful influence on the characters of men, and reason and religion have now enlarged our sphere to the extent of our wishes. We are permitted to take a part in useful institutions, nor are we forbidden to enter the academic porch. Shall we not then lend our aid to discountenance vice in every shape? Let it not be said that *we* shrink from our duty!

In the case in question, are women uninterested spectators, because their own lives are never put in jeopardy? The lives that are dearer to them, than their own, are in hourly danger! Can a mother—a wife—a sister, be at peace while the deadly weapon is pointed at the breast of their nearest relatives? Do you ask what you can do? Banish the duellist entirely from your society—let them be to you as aliens and strangers. Never let false modesty keep you silent, when duelling is the subject of conversation in your presence—but speak of it with the same degree of abhorrence that you do of any other mode of assassination, and avow your determination to hold no intercourse with any one who participates in a practice which is not less savage than silly. Let young ladies declare firmly, their resolution never to unite their fate with that of either principal or agent: and surely, they would but consult their own interests in adhering to a resolution so wise in itself. For what reliance can they have on the principles of a man who *deliberately* commits the greatest possible crime; or what sympathy can she expect from a man who does not hesitate to plunge a whole family in the deepest anguish, perhaps to de-

prive them of their only hope and stay! Let each woman remember that although she may now be an unconcerned spectator of a combat, less excusable than that of the gladiator, another hour may bring it home to her own bosom—her own heart may be wrung by the last groan of a husband—a son—a brother!

If it ever was the privilege of women to be distinguished by a virtuous opposition to immorality, it is now, more than at any former time, their duty to give their utmost aid to the suppression of duelling. They have now emerged from the seclusion of domestic life, and in every part of Christendom are taking an active part in societies for the promotion of benevolence and religion—of that religion which requires the suppression of all vindictive passion, and forbids a man to take the life of his fellow man. Let me ask then—does your practice correspond with your professions? Does that Bible, which you are straining every nerve to circulate, declare that the Supreme Lawgiver will not commute with the murderer—has He said, "Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, he shall surely be put to death?"—and do you encourage or even palliate duelling? I know you will repel the charge and proclaim your innocence. But do you seize every opportunity of bearing your testimony against it? Do you not approve by your silence?—Do you not rather even accede to the impious proposition that there may be cases where men are compelled to fight? Be not imposed on—such a case can never occur! Yield not your principle to the infidel who tells you that what is intrinsically wrong, can by any possible conjuncture of circumstances be made right. Let not your understanding be imposed on by the fallacious argument that injured honour is *satisfied* by the exposure of life! A more absurd position never insulted common sense! No man ever incurred the guilt of destroying human life, without being an object of horror to all the upright part of mankind;—nor, if he be not lost to every virtuous feeling—without being haunted by the spectre of his crime during all the remainder of his miserable days. Then they will tell you that the pistol alone, will awe men into good-manners,—a precious confession truly in the nineteenth century! In this enlightened age when all the arts that cheer and polish social life are cultivated—when that religion which breathes only peace and good-will to men is leading barbarism in triumph! Gentlemen—for the vulgar are not duellists—seem not to reflect on the disgrace implied in this declaration. Very few men are so audacious as to vindicate this violation of all that is wise and good, in the abstract. Their better sense is ever throwing in the salvo—"I am no advocate for duelling—it is only to be resorted to in extreme cases;" and women are sometimes weak enough to accede. Why, this is all they ask—the headlong passions of men, or their treacherous friends, can always make the extreme case their own. Again, they cannot brook the contempt of the world—the man

who refuses a challenge is despised! By whom is he despised? By those whose esteem ought almost to be spurned! Show us the man who has refused a challenge on religious principles—and we will show him one whose *honour* is exalted by the forbearance. But says the disputant—"I am not a religious man, and therefore I could not avail myself of that apology." We shall not wait to tell him what he *ought* to be, but will argue with him on the measure he has meted out to himself. In our christian land, no man chooses to be termed *irreligious*. Every man professes his respect for religion—of course he must be supposed to possess some degree of religious principle himself. Does it then require any extraordinary share of piety to enable a man to refuse to break a known command? But let us admit the worst—let the man who refuses to fight, encounter the contempt of the world—such a world as it is! He will be a martyr in a noble cause, and he will assuredly "have his reward."

Although we thus call upon women to use all the efforts in their power—we are very far from believing that they alone have the power to abolish duelling. Women are proverbially timid, their horror at the shedding of blood is therefore ascribed more generally to the tenderness of their natures, than to just principles.

Men are indeed awed by public opinion, but it must be the opinion of the whole community: it must be universal before it will have strength sufficient to restrain the bad passions of violent spirits. While human nature continues to be what it now is, and what it ever has been, men will always be found ready to vindicate the relentless wretch who outrages the first principle of the civil compact, whilst he contemns the laws of the Supreme Ruler. The strong arm of power then, we repeat it, is the only barrier against the fell destroyer. If women do indeed possess any influence on the hearts of men—let them listen to our demand for that protection, which they vaunt as their high prerogative. We ask them to protect our domestic peace—the dearest of our possessions! And, is it not time that those to whom we have committed that peace, should consider their responsibility? *Affairs of honour*, are not now done in secret—they are proclaimed on the house-top! With unblushing audacity the *intention* is made the subject of public discussion—and this not only in the case of rash and headlong youth,—our very senators do not disdain to run the gauntlet of all the newspapers of the day, and become the very scorn of the vulgar! Shame, shame! on the barbarism of our boasted land!

We professed it to be our intention alone, to expostulate with our own sex—but our earnest anxiety on this most important subject has betrayed us beyond our plan, into an appeal to our lords. Neither to the one, nor the other, is it necessary to repeat all the arguments against duelling. Both its folly and its wickedness, have been exposed till every school-boy is familiar with

the subject. Very few indeed, are hardy enough to deny either. Duelling has no advocate in the understandings of men—every heart is appalled at its approach—it is supported alone in the turbulent passions of misguided men. These, it has been found necessary to restrain by force ever since the world began. Let them roam at large, and a paradise would soon become a desert!

America, with a very laudable ambition, is emulating the proud march of science in the country of our ancestors. We boast, too, of our superior virtue, and submit not to a comparison with any nation in Europe; yet it is asserted that in no nation is duelling so prevalent as in our land. We know, indeed, that it prevails elsewhere—but we know too, that it is sometimes punished, and that even in the higher classes of the community. We know that a nobleman was hung a few years ago in England, for killing his adversary in a duel. Can we produce one instance of a similar triumph of law and equity? Alas! no. The guilty miscreant walks undisturbed amongst us, and shares in all the honours and immunities we have to give! Let us hasten to efface the stain. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten it." Stern justice alone can wash it out. CONSTANTIA.

ART. VIII.—*On the Testimony of Josephus respecting our Saviour.*

The following passages, from Mr. Horne's *Introduction to the critical study of Scripture*, relate to a subject which has greatly exercised the ingenuity, as it has divided the opinions of philosophers and critics; we mean the testimony of Josephus respecting our blessed Lord. Mr. Horne has brought forward the adverse opinions and arguments in a concise form, and, we think, with triumphant effect.

The passage in question is as follows:

"Now there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man: for he performed many wonderful works. He was a teacher of such men as received the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him many of the Jews, and also many of the Gentiles. *This man was the Christ.* And when Pilate at the instigation of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those who had loved him from the first, did not cease to adhere to him. For he appeared to them alive again on the third day; the divine prophets having foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of the Christians, so named from him, subsists to this time." *

This passage has already been given in Vol. 1. p. 215, as a proof of the credibility of the New Testament history; it is repeated in this place, in order that it may be conveniently subject-

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* Ant. Jud. lib. xviii. c. iii. § 3.

ed to the test of critical examination. The genuineness and credibility of this testimony have been questioned, on the ground that it is too favourable, to be given by a jew to Christ; and that, if Josephus did consider Jesus to be the Christ or expected Messiah of the Jews, he must have been a believer in him, in which case he would not have dispatched the miraculous history of the Saviour of the World in one short paragraph. When, however, the evidence on both sides is fairly weighed, we apprehend that it will be found to preponderate most decidedly in favour of the genuineness of this testimony of Josephus; for

1. *It is found in all the copies* of Josephus's works, which are now extant, whether printed or manuscript; in a *Hebrew* translation preserved in the Vatican Library,* and in an Arabic Version preserved by the Maronites of Mount Libanus.

2. It is cited by Eusebius, Jerome, Rufinus, Isidore of Pelusium, Sozomen, Cassiodorus, Nicephorus, and by many others, all of whom had indisputably seen various manuscripts, and of considerable antiquity.

3. Josephus not only mentions with respect John the Baptist, † but also James the first bishop of Jerusalem—'*Ananus*,' (he says) '*assembled the Jewish Sanhedrin, and brought before it* JAMES *the Brother of Jesus who is called Christ, with some others, whom he delivered over to be stoned as infractors of the law.*'‡ This passage, the authenticity of which has *never* been disputed or suspected, contains an evident reference to what had already been related concerning Christ; for why else should be describe James, —a man of himself but little known,—as the brother of Jesus, if he had made no mention of Jesus before?

4. It is highly improbable that Josephus, who has discussed with such minuteness the history of this period,—mentioned Judas of Galilee, Theudas, and the other obscure pretenders to the character of the Messiah, as well as John the Baptist, and James the brother of Christ, should have preserved the profoundest silence concerning Christ, whose name was at that time so celebrated among the Jews, and also among the Romans, two of whose historians (Suetonius and Tacitus) have distinctly taken notice of him. But, in all the writings of Josephus, not a hint occurs on the subject except the testimony in question.

It is morally impossible that this passage either was or could be forged by Eusebius who first cited it, or by any other early writer. Had such a forgery been attempted, it would unquestionably have been detected by some of the acute and inveterate enemies of Christianity: for both Jousephus and his works were so

* Baronius (Annales Ecclesiastici, ad annum 134) relates that the passage in this Hebrew Translation of Josephus was marked with an obelus, which could only have been done by a Jew.

† ant. Jud. lib. xviii. c. v. § 2.

‡ Ant. Jud. lib. xx. c. viii. (al. ix.) § 1.

well received among the Romans, that he was enrolled a citizen of Rome, and had a statue erected to his memory. His writings were also admitted into the imperial library: the Romans may further be considered as the guardians of the intergrity of his text; and the Jews we may be assured, would use all diligence, to prevent any interpolation in favour of the Christian cause. Yet it *cannot* be discovered that any objection was ever made to this passage, by any of the opposers of the Christian faith in the early ages; their silence therefore concerning such a charge is a decisive proof that the passage is not a forgery. Indeed, the Christian cause is so far from needing any fraud to support it, that nothing could be more destructive to its interest, than a fraud so palpable and obtrusive.

To this strong chain of evidence for the genuineness of Josephus's testimony, various objections have been made, of which the following are the principal:

Objection 1. *This passage was not cited by any early Christians before Eusebius, such as Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, or Origen: nor is it cited by Chrysostom or Photius, who lived after his time.*

Answer.—There is no strength in this negative argument against Eusebius, drawn from the silence of the ancient fathers. The fathers did not cite the testimony of Josephus, 1. either because they had no copies of his works; or 2. because his testimony was foreign to the design which they had in writing; which was, to convince the Jews that Jesus was the Messiah, out of the old Testament, and consequently they had no need of other evidence; or 3. because, on account of this very testimony, the evidence of Josephus was disregarded by the Jews themselves.*

Objection 2. *The passage in question interrupts the order of the narration, and is unlike the style of Josephus.*

Answer.—It is introduced naturally in the course of the historian's narrative, the order of which it does *not* disturb. It is introduced under the article of Pilate, and connected with two circumstances, which occasioned disturbances; and was not the putting of Jesus to death, and the continuance of the apostles and disciples after him declaring his resurrection, another very considerable circumstance, which created very great disturbances? And though Josephus does not say this in so express terms, yet he intimates it by connecting it with the two causes of commotion, by giving so honourable a testimony to Jesus, and telling us that he was crucified at the instigation of the chief persons of the Jewish nation. It would scarcely have been decent in him to have said

* The above refuted objection is examined in detail by Professor Verret, in his Traité de la Verité de la Religion Chretienne, tome ix, pp. 165—221.

more on this head. The following view of the connection of the passage now under consideration, will confirm and illustrate the preceding remarks.

In his Jewish Antiquities (Book xviii. c. i.) he relates, in the first section, that Pilate introduced Cæsar's images into Jerusalem, and that in consequence of this measure producing a tumult, he commanded them to be carried thence to Cæsarea. In the second section, he gives an account of Pilate's attempt to bring a current of water to Jerusalem, the expense of which he defrayed out of the sacred money: this also caused a tumult, in which a great number of Jews was slain. In the third section he relates that, *about the same time* Pilate crucified Jesus who was called Christ, a wise and holy man: (§ 4.) *about the same time also*, he adds, another sad calamity put the Jews into disorder, which he promises to narrate after he had given an account of a most flagitious crime which was perpetrated at Rome in the temple of Isis; and after detailing all its circumstances he proceeds (§ 5.) agreeable to his promise, to describe the expulsion of the Jews from Rome, by the emperor Tiberius, in consequence of the villanous conduct of four of their countrymen. Such is the connexion of the whole chapter: and when it is fairly considered, we may safely challenge any one to say, whether the passage under consideration interrupts the order of narration; on the contrary, if it be taken out, that connexion is irrecoverably broken. It is manifest, that Josephus relates events in the order in which they happened, and that they are connected together only by the time when they took place.

With regard to the objection that the passage in question is unlike the style of Josephus, it is sufficient to reply in the quaint but expressive language of Huet, that *one egg is not more like another than is the style of this passage to the general style of his writings.* Objections from style are often fanciful; and Daubuz has proved, by actual collation, the perfect coincidence between its style and that of Josephus in other parts of his works.* This objection, therefore, falls to the ground.

Objection 3.—*The testimony of Josephus concerning Jesus could not possibly have been recorded by him: for he was not only a Jew, but also rigidly attached to the Jewish religion. The expressions are not those of a Jew, but of a Christian.*

Answer.—Josephus was not so addicted to his own religion, as to approve the conduct and opinion of the Jews concerning Christ and his doctrine. From the moderation which pervades his whole

* See Daubuz, Pro Testimonio Josephi de Jesu Christo, contra Tan. Fabrum et alios, (8vo. Lond 1706.) pp. 128—205. The whole of this Dissertation is reprinted at the end of the second volume of Havercamp's edition of Josephus's works. Mr. Whiston has abridged the collation of Daubuz in Dissertation I. pp. v.—vii. prefixed to his translation of the Jewish historian, folio, London, 1737.

narrative of the Jewish war, it may justly be inferred, that the fanatic fury which the chief men of his nation exercised against Christ, could not but have been displeasing to him. He has rendered that attestation to the innocence, sanctity, and miracles of Christ, which the fidelity of history required: nor does it follow that he was necessitated to renounce on this account the religion of his fathers. Either the common prejudices of the Jews, that their Messiah would be a victorious and temporal sovereign, or the indifference so prevalent in many towards controverted questions, might have been sufficient to prevent him from renouncing the religion in which he had been educated, and embracing a new one, the profession of which was attended with danger: or else, he might think himself at liberty to be either a Jew or a Christian, as the same God was worshipped in both systems of religion. On either of these suppositions Josephus might have written every thing which this testimony contains; as will be evident from the following critical examination of the passage.

The expression,—"*if it be lawful to call him a man*,"—does not imply that Josephus believed Christ to be God, but only an extraordinary man, one whose wisdom and works had raised him above the common condition of humanity. He represents him as having "*performed many wonderful works*." In this there is nothing singular, for the Jews themselves, his contemporaries, acknowledge that he wrought many mighty works. Compare Matt. xiii. 54. xiv. 2, &c. and the parallel passages in the other Gospels. Josephus farther says, that "*he was a teacher of such men as gladly received the truth with pleasure*,"—both because the moral precepts of Christ were such as Josephus approved, and also because the disciples of Christ were influenced by no other motive than the desire of discerning it." *He drew over to him many, both Jews and Gentiles*." How true this was, at the time when Josephus wrote it is unnecessary to show. The phrase, "*This man was the Christ*,"—or rather, "*Christ was this man*" (ὁ Χριστος ουτος ην,)—by no means intimates that Jesus was the Messiah, but only that he was the person called Christ both by the Christians and Romans; just as if we should say, "this was the same man as he named Christ." Χριστος is not a doctrinal name, but a proper name. Jesus was a common name, and would not have sufficiently pointed out the person intended to the Greeks and Romans. The name, by which he was known to them was *Chrestus*, or *Christus*, as we read in Suetonius and Tacitus; and if (as there is every reason to believe) Tacitus had read Josephus, he most probably took this very name from the Jewish historian. With regard to the resurrection of Christ, and the prophecies referring to him, Josephus rather speaks the language used by the Christians, than his own private opinion: or else he thought that Christ had appeared after his revival, and that the prophets had foretold this event,—a point which, if admitted, and if he had been consistent, ought to have induced him to em-

brace Christianity. But it will readily be imagined, that there might be many circumstances to prevent his becoming a proselyte; nor is it either new or wonderful that men especially in their religious concerns, should contradict themselves and withstand the conviction of their own minds. It is certain that, in our own times, no one has spoken in higher terms concerning Christ, than M. Rousseau; who nevertheless, not only in his other writings, but also in the very work that contains the very eloquent eulogium alluded to, inveighs against Christianity with acrimony and rancour.*

The whole of the evidence concerning the much litigated passage of Josephus is now before the reader; who, on considering it in all its bearings, will doubtless agree with the writer of these pages, that it is GENUINE, and consequently affords a noble testimony to the credibility of the facts related in the New Testament.

ART. X.—*Anecdotes.*

SOME years ago a case was sent to an eminent lawyer for an opinion. The case stated was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred to the mind of man, and concluded by asking, whether, under such circumstances, an action would lie? He took his pen and wrote. "Yea, if the witnesses will *lie* too, but not otherwise."

A magistrate, in filling up an order, committed numerous trespasses on the laws of orthography; upon some of them being pointed out by a bystander, he exclaimed—"Hang it, Sir, who can spell with such a *pen* as this?"

In Mr. Graydon's interesting *Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania*, there is another joke at the expense of this worshipful fraternity. In depicting the state of manners which prevailed in Philadelphia, previous to the Revolution, he informs us that the tranquillity of the good people was often disturbed by the mad pranks of two British officers, who for want of something better to do, occasionally plunged themselves into excesses of

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* Appendix to the Life of Dr. Lardner, Nos. IX. and X. 4to. vol. v. pp. xlv.—xlviii. Works, 8vo. vol. i. pp. clv.—clxviii. Vernet, Traité de la Verité de la Religion Chretienne, tom. ix. pp. 1—236. Huet, Demonstratio Evangelica, Propositio III. vol. I. pp. 46—56. Bretschneider's Capita Theologiæ, Judæorum Dogmaticæ, e Flavii Josephi Scriptis collecta (8vo. Lipsiæ 18) pp. 59—64. See also *Vindicæ Flavianæ*, or a Vindication of the Testimony given by Josephus concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ. By Jacob Bryant, Esq. 8vo. London, 1780. Dr. John Jones has shown that Josephus has alluded to the spread of Christianity in other parts of his works; see his "Series of important Facts, demonstrating the Truth of the Christian Religion, drawn from the writings of its friends and enemies in the first and second centuries," (8vo. London, 1820.) pp. 9—22. He considers the Jewish historian as a Christian.

intemperance. In this situation they roamed about the streets, at all hours, to the dire dismay of the sober and the timid. On one occasion, their conduct was so reprehensible at the Coffee house, that the citizens claimed the protection of the law. "Mr. Chew happening to be there, undertook, in virtue of his office of Recorder, to write their commitment, but Ogle, facetiously jogging his elbow, and interrupting him with a repetition of the pitiful interjection of "*Ah now Mr. Chew!*" he was driven from his gravity, and obliged to throw away the pen. It was then taken up by alderman M——n with a determination to go through with the business, when the culprits reeling round him, and Ogle in particular, hanging over his shoulder and reading after him as he wrote, at length with irresistible effect, hit upon an unfortunate oversight of the alderman. "Ah" said he "my father was a justice of the peace too, but he did not spell that word as you do. I remember perfectly well, that instead of an S he always used to spell CIRCUMSTANCE with a C." This sarcastic thrust at the scribe entirely turned the tide in favour of the rioters; and the company being disarmed of their resentment, the alderman had no disposition to provoke a criticism by going on with the mittimus.

In the year 1793, the Prussian officers of the garrison of Colberg, established an economical mess, of which certain poor emigrants were glad to partake. They observed one day an old major of hussars, who was covered with scars received in the "seven years' war," and half hidden by enormous gray mustachios. The conversation turned on duels. A young stout-built cornet began to prate in an authoritative tone on the subject. "And you, Major, how many duels have you fought?"—"None, thank Heaven," answered the old hussar in a subdued voice; "I have fourteen wounds, and, Heaven be praised, they are not in my back; so I may be permitted to say that I feel myself happy in never having fought a duel."—"By Jove! you shall fight one with me," exclaimed the cornet, reaching across to give him a blow. But the sacrilegious hand did not touch the old mustachios. The major, agitated, grasped the table to assist him in rising, when a unanimous cry was raised—"*Stehen sie rhuie herr, major!*" "Don't stir, Mr. Major." All the officers present seized the cornet, threw him out of the window, and sat down to table as if nothing had happened. Every eye was moist with tears.

When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass after dinner: *au bon pere*, whence the word *bumper*.

When Sir Isaac Newton was asked about the continuance of the rising of South Sea Stock?—he answered "that he could not calculate the madness of the people."

Upon some lady complaining of the sufferings of women, Dr. Arbuthnot said, "Yes, the ladies suffer greatly in some particulars, but there is not one of you that undergo the torture of being shaved three times a week."

In a speech before the British House of Commons, Mr. Canning very happily exposed the inconsistency and unprincipledness of the opposition. "It was remarkable," he said, "that those who wished to go to war, for the purpose of conferring on Naples the blessings of the British Constitution, were very busy in whispering at home that the British Constitution was not good for much. The language held by these gentlemen was "the English Constitution is not good for much, but come, my merry men all, let us fight for a British Constitution for Naples!"

Habeas Corpus Act.——Bishop Burnet relates a curious circumstance respecting the origin of that important statute, the Habeas Corpus Act. "It was carried," says he, "by an odd artifice in the House of Lords. Lord Grey and Lord Norris were named to be the tellers; Lord Norris being a man subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing; so a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest, at first; but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with his misreckoning of *ten*; so it was reported to the house, and declared that they who were for the bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side; and by this means the bill passed."

Waterloo Colours.——In a Scottish regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the standard-bearer was killed, and clasped the colours so fast in death, that a sergeant in trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy, made a violent effort, and throwing the dead corpse, colours and all, over his shoulders, carried them off together. The French seeing this, were charmed with the heroism of the action, and hailed it with loud clappings and repeated shouts of applause.

Drawing the wrong Tooth.——One of the most curious applications of galvanism to the useful purposes of life, is its recent employment as a means of distinguishing bad teeth from good. The test which galvanism has now supplied to remedy the frequent mistakes made by dentists, who, instead of ridding you of a bad tooth, will draw the best tooth you have in your head, is considered to be one of infallible certainty in its application. The method is thus described by Professor Aldini, the nephew of Galvani. "He (the dentist) first insulates the patient, and then places in his hands an electric chain; he then applies a small piece of wire, and draws it gradually over the surface of the tooth; he then applies it to the next tooth in the same manner, and proceeds in the like method with the rest, until he comes to the diseased tooth, which is discovered by violent pain being produced, and an involuntary motion in the body. It has always been remarked when

the tooth is extracted, that it exhibits a careous part, which in its proper situation was not visible." Need we add, that after the discovery of so simple a test, drawing a wrong tooth ought to be made felony at least?

Physiognomy.——A witness was one day called to the bar of the House of Commons, when some one took notice, and pointedly remarked upon his *ill looks*; Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), whose gloomy countenance strongly marked his character, observed, "That it was unjust, ungenerous, and unmanly, to censure a man for that signature which God had impressed upon his countenance, and which therefore he could not by any means remedy or avoid." Mr. Pitt rose hastily, and said, "I agree from my heart with the observation of my fellow member; it is forcible, it is judicious, and true. But there are some (throwing his eyes full on Fox) upon whose face the hand of heaven has so *stamped* the mark of wickedness, that it were IMPIETY not to give it credit."

An Apt Version.——The late Dr. Adam, Rector of the Grammar School, Edinburgh, was supposed by his scholars to exercise a strong partiality for such as were of patrician descent, and on one occasion was very smartly reminded of it by a boy of mean parentage, whom he was reprehending rather severely for his ignorance—much more so than the boy thought he would have done, had he been the son of a *right honourable*, or even of a plain Baillie Jarvie. "You dunce!" exclaimed the rector, "I don't think you can even translate the motto of your own native place, of the *gude* town of Edinburgh, What, sir does '*Nisi Dominus frustra*' mean?" "It means, sir," rejoined the boy smartly, "that unless we are lords' sons, we need not come here."

George Selwyn.——This celebrated wit, often received marks of attention from his majesty, and he showed himself not ungrateful for them. On conversing with a friend on the illness of his majesty, he expressed great solicitude for his recovery, saying, "Old as I am, I would stand bare-headed all day, and open the gate on Kew Green, if I could then be sure of any one passing from the palace, with good news of my royal master."

Lord Lothian.——At a grand review by his majesty of the Portsmouth fleet in 1789, there was a boy who mounted the shrouds with so much agility, as to surprise every spectator. The king particularly noticed it, and said to Lord Lothian, "Lothian, I have heard much of your agility, let us see you run up after that boy." "Sire," replied Lord Lothian, "it is my duty to *follow your majesty*."

French Trumpeter.——In the war on the Rhine in 1794, the French got possession of the village of Rhinthal by a very curious *ruse de guerre* of one Joseph Werck, a trumpeter. This village was maintained by an Austrian party of six hundred hussars. Two companies of foot were ordered to make an attack on it at ten o'clock at night. The Austrians had been apprised of the in-

tended attack, and were drawn up ready to charge on the assailing party. On perceiving this, Werck detached himself from his own party, and contrived by favour of the darkness to slip into the midst of the enemy; when taking his trumpet, he first sounded the rally in the Austrian manner, and next moment the retreat; the Austrians, deceived by the signal, were off in an instant at full gallop; and the French became masters of the village without striking a blow.

Midnight.——When the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien was awakened in his cell at Valenciennes, to be led to the place of execution, he asked the officer who brought the order, "What do you want?" The officer made no answer. "What o'clock is it?" "Midnight," answered the officer, with a faultering voice. "Midnight!" exclaimed the prince; Oh, I know what brings you here; this hour is fatal to me—it was at midnight that I was taken from my house at Ettenheim—at midnight the dungeon at Strasburgh was opened for me—at midnight again I was taken out to be brought here—it is now midnight, and I have lived long enough to know how to die!"

Art. X.—*Poetry.*

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

The following exquisitely beautiful hymn is extracted from the *Fall of Jerusalem*, a dramatic poem, by the Rev. H. H. Milman. In justice to this writer we should state he is aware of the responsibility which his sacred profession imposes upon him, in the employment of his time; and that this drama was neither written with a view to representation, "nor can it be adapted to it without being entirely remodelled or rewritten."

Oh Thou! thou who canst melt the heart of stone,
And make the desert of the cruel breast
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts!
Ah! will it ever be, that thou wilt visit
The darkness of my father's soul? Thou knowest
In what strong bondage Zeal and ancient Faith,
Passion and stubborn Custom, and fierce Pride,
Hold th' heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful!
Thou knowest all things, and dost ever turn
Thine eye of of pity on our gentle nature.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Not indignation burnt before thee on thy way,
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,

In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
A single silent star
Come wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern Sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of Song
From all the cherub choirs
And seraph's burning lyres,
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along;
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
The soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambient radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Not o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in proud repose beneath the cloudless sun.
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere the white-rob'd Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,

Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly, didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

A HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

How quickly the seasons remove,
As year after year passes by!
Come, let us rejoice in His love,
Who never can alter or die;
Here, here is immoveable rock,
And all is but shadow beside;
How sweet to reflect that no shock,
His saints from his love shall divide.

Ere time and its changes had birth,
Or place for our dwelling was found;—
Before he created the earth,
Or gave to the ocean its bound;—
That love which we sing and adore,
Shone forth from its centre divine;
And long after time is no more,
His love will eternally shine.

Then let the years hastily pass,
They'll waft us the sooner above,
From streams to the fountains of grace,
The spring of unchangeable love;
That love, which, when dying restor'd,
When lost, brought us back to His fold;
And which, as it shines in His word,
'Tis here our delight to behold.

But oh! as our seasons decline,
Let none on this point be deceiv'd;
Inquire, is this blessedness mine,
Have I in the Saviour believed?
Lord, answer this question for me;

And now, ere the year shall depart
Oh! let me surrender to thee,
The throne of a penitent heart.

TO LUCASTA ON GOING TO THE WARS.

We are not able to assign the following stanzas to their proper author, but notwithstanding the affectation which pervades them, we think they will give pleasure to every lover of poetry. Some ladies may carp at the conclusion, but it is sound logic.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the fielde;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

HOPE DEFERRED.

Brimful of bliss, the goblet flow'd,
'Twas lifted to the very lip;
With hope the thirsty bosom glow'd
And the bow'd head bent to sip.

But envious Fortune dash'd away
The mantling promise of delight:
O'erclouded was the genial ray,
And the sweet dream was put to flight.

O Mary! is the goblet gone——
The draught for ever cast away?
Or is it but awhile withdrawn,
To come more sweeten'd by delay?

Yes, Mary, yes——that speaking eye
Tells me the cup again shall flow:
And bless'd occasion shall supply
The mutual bliss we pant to know.

SAPPHICS.

Fast by thy stream, O Babylon, reclining,
Wo-begone exile, to the gale of evening
Only responsive, my forsaken harp I
Hang on the willow.

Gush'd the big tear-drops, as my soul remembered
Zion, thy mountain paradise, my country!
When the fierce bands Assyrian, who led us
Captive from Salem,

Claim'd, in our mournful bitterness of anguish,
Songs and unseason'd madrigals of joyance;
"Sing the sweet-tempered carol that ye wont to
Warble in Zion."

Dumb be my tuneful eloquence, if ever
Strange echoes answer to a song of Zion:
Blasted this right hand if I should forget thee,
Land of my fathers.

The following specimen of an English song without a sibilant, will prove that this uncouthly harshness may be avoided.

No—not the eye of tender blue,
Tho' Mary 'twere the tint of thine;——
Or breathing lip of glowing hue,
Might bid the opening bud repine
Had long enthrall'd my mind:

Nor tint with tint, alternate aiding
That o'er the dimpled tablet flow,
The vermile to the lily fading;
Nor ringlet bright with orient glow
In many a tendril 'twin'd,

The breathing tint, a beaming ray,
The linear harmony divine,
That o'er the form of beauty play,
Might warm a colder heart than mine,
But not forever bind.

But when to radiant form and feature,
Internal worth and feature join
With temper mild and gay good nature,——
Around the willing heart, they twine
The empire of the mind.

DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

Some like to be seated to hear a good play,
And some a sweet concert delight to attend,
Some count with their feet the swift moments away,
And some join the fire with a true-hearted friend;
In the leisure of evening, the break of the morn,
When the birds are in song and the hounds are awake,
Some follow alertly the sound of the horn,
And others secluded excursions will make.

We have heard the old toper sing tipsily home,
Seen the beau, like a moth, fondly trifling with light;
We have watch'd the wild fugitive franticly roam,
And view'd the full shallop receding from sight:
Thus, all to their taste for a passage of mirth,
To assist them through life and be socially free,
But my choice, my pursuit, my enjoyment on earth,
With my wife and my children, are dearest to me.

Like the vine that is cultured, the bee that is hiv'd,
The flowers that are tended by tender control,
Our state is so aptly, so dearly contriv'd,
The seasons in placidness over us roll;
Old bachelors laugh and shrewd maidens avow
To be wed is dependence, or lottery, at best;
They may laugh and may shun, but for me, I allow,
I am peacefully gay and contentedly blest.

LORD BYRON.

This Poet says he cannot make,
His devil like a gownsman speak;
But Lucifer, 'tis very plain,
Speaks for himself in Byron's "Cain."

CAIN.

Despairing, stigmatized by Heaven's own hand,
The first Assassin roamed from land to land;
And yet this murderer, by indulgent Heaven,
Had space for sorrow and repentance given:
Not such the fate, Oh Byron! of that Cain,
The monstrous offspring of thy guilty brain;
Him the just sense of all who think or feel,
Has damn'd, without redemption or appeal.

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'ER hill and dale, and distant sea,
Through all the miles that stretch between,
My thoughts must fly to rest on thee,
And would though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks,
The farther we are forc'd apart,
Affection's firm elastic links
But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,
I learn what I have lost in thee,—
Alas! that nothing less could teach
How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell, I did not know thy worth:
But thou art gone, and now 'tis priz'd,——
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognized. INCOG.

HOPE.

As o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The Beacon's light appears,
When yawns the Seaman's wat'ry grave,
And his lorn bosom cheers,

Then, tho' the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach secure his cherish'd home,
The Haven of his love.

So when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
Illume the Pilgrim's way,

And point to that serene abode
Where virtuous Faith shall rest;
Protected by the sufferer's God
And be forever blest.

Oh still, thro' sorrows rayless night,
O'ershade my worldly way
May pure Religion's holy light
Shed on my soul its ray. SYDNEY.

TO MYRA.

Myra, then my heart deceives me
Since I like you not, you say,
So I hate deceit believe me,
I will cast the cheat away.

Oft in secret, it has told me,
Warmly that it glow'd for you
Long'd in Friendship's chains to hold thee;
But it seems it spoke not true.

Trait'rous guide, rebellious minion,
Dar'st thou, can'st thou offer plea?
Never utter'd I opinion
Till I had consulted thee.

If the world's deceit opprest me,
Or if fortune prov'd remiss,
You still flatter'd and carest me,
With the hope of purer bliss.

If injustice e'er pursued me,
Falsely any action drew,
You with courage e'er endued me,
Whisp'ring "still your heart is true."

But deceiver since I find thee,
Without feeling truth or taste,
Recreant you no more shall bind me,
Never more with me shall rest.

Yet as I can't do without one,
From my own resolv'd to part,
Myra, prithee, search me out one,
And the while lend me *your* heart.

If with me you'll trust that treasure,
I will watch it night and day;
To guard and cherish it my pleasure,
Life my forfeit should it stray.

Yet that angel boon possessing
Anxious cares with it I gain,
Trembling fears to love that blessing,
Mingling all my bliss with pain.

As for mine, if you'll receive it,
Let it live with you awhile,

From each folly you'll retrieve it,
Banish from it every guile.

If on trial you shall find it,
Peaceful in your breast to dwell,
And wish to keep the thing—don't mind it,—
Your's will suit me quite as well. SYDNEY.

THE DYING POET'S FAREWELL.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?

O thou wondrous arch of azure,
Sun, and starry plains immense!
Glories that astound the gazer
By their dread magnificence;—
O thou ocean, whose commotion
Awes the proudest to devotion,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!—

O ye keen and gusty mountains,
On whose tops I braved the sky;
O ye music-pouring fountains,
On whose marge I loved to lie;
O ye posies,—lillies, roses,
All the charms that earth discloses,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!

O ye birds, whose matin chorus
Taught me to rejoice and bless;
And ye beasts, whose voice sonorous
Swell'd the hymn of thankfulness;
Learned leisure, and the pleasure
Of the muse, my dearest treasure,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!

O domestic ties endearing,
Which still chain my soul to earth;
O ye friends, whose converse cheering
Wing'd the hours with social mirth;
Songs of gladness, chasing sadness,
Wine's delight without its madness,
Must I—must I from ye fly,
Bid ye all adieu—and die!

Yes—I now fulfil the fiction
  Of the swan that sings in death:—
Earth, receive my benediction;
  Air, inhale my parting breath;
Hills and valleys, forest alleys,
Prompters of my muse's sallies;
Fields of green, and skies of blue,
Take, oh take my last adieu.

Yet, perhaps, when all is ended,
  And the grave dissolves my frame,
The elements from which 'twas blended
  May their several parts reclaim;
Waters flowing, breezes blowing,
Earth, and all upon it growing,
Still may have my alter'd essence
Ever floating in their presence.

While my disembodied spirit
  May to fields Elysian soar,
And some lowest seat inherit
  Near the mighty bards of yore;
Never, never to dissever,
But to dwell in bliss for ever,
Tuning an enthusiast lyre
To that high and laurel'd quire. H.

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

"Marriage, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
With what new scenes and changes fraught;
To what variety, untried,
Of beings may a man be tied.
Here will I pause—if it be bliss
To wed,—and many vouch for this;
Then he who asks so blest a lot
Must marry, but to whom or what?
These arms were made to hug a wife;
But I am pozed; for death and life,
At once my antidote and bane,
Are set before my eyes, 'tis plain.
One tells me I shall quickly end,
And to oblivion descend;
The other, I shall never die,
But live in my posterity.
O whither will these doubtings tend,
And what must my conjectures end?

Why, since all marriage is a venture,
In which like lotteries we enter,
What if I settle it by lot,
If I shall wed, or I shall not!"

He took a penny, that had known
Its master's fate—to lie alone,—
How many weddings, oh how many,
Depend on turning of a penny,—
He toss'd it up—the mode is common,
It rose—it turn'd—it fell—'twas woman!

CORINNA GOING A-MAYING.

(*From Herrick's Poems*, 1647.)

Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours, through the air:
Get up, sweet slug a-bed and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree:
Each flow'r has wept, and bow'd towards the east
Above an hour since; yet you not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in;
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner that the lark, to fetch in May!

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come, and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying!

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of whitethorn newly interwove,
As if here, were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done by staying:
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying!

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May:
A deal of youth, ere this is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home:
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night and locks pick'd; yet we're not a-Maying!

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time;
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:
And, as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again.
So when or you, or I, are made
A fable, song or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying!

Art. XI.—*Literary Intelligence.*

In one of the English journals we are informed that Mr. Buchanan, his majesty's consul at New York, has made considerable collections, during his successive journies through Upper Canada, respecting the history of the North American Indians; which, with many other interesting materials and official documents, will be shortly presented to the public.

The Imperial Philanthropic Society of St. Petersburgh, have ordered the lives of Anthony Benezet, Benjamin Lay, and Ralph Sandiford, published in this city, by Roberts Vaux, to be translated into the Russian language, and inserted in the next volume of their Memoirs.

A. M. Azais has just published, at Paris, a work called "On the Lot of Man in all Ranks of Life: on the Lot of Nations in all Ages: and more especially on the present Lot of the French people." In the preface is the following singular invitation:—

'I live in the heart of Paris, in a solitary house, surrounded by a fine garden. Every day for two hours I shall be at the disposal of any person who may wish to procure one of my books, and to discuss the principles of it with me, from two to four in winter, and in summer from six until dusk. It will be very agreeable to me to form by this means an acquaintance with the lovers of science and philosophy; to stroll with them in my little domain, to reply to their questions and observations; and to profit by the information which they may give me, or which they may excite me to seek for myself. If I could venture to invent a word which should describe the nature of our confidential intercourse, I would say that we will 'platonize' together, under the constant guidance of nature and philosophy."

Why should Lord Byron have taken offence, when Mr. Southey wrote about "the Satanic School."* Peradventure his brain was at that moment in the act of concocting that demoniacal drama, entitled "Cain." This soreness of Lord Byron has given Mr. Southey an advantage over him, notwithstanding the injury to his fame from his own hand in his Vision of Judgment, which though we acquit that gentleman for any irreverence for holy things, rises not greatly higher than Cain in religious propriety. He has, with an address which is easily understood, introduced his hostile note against Mr. Southey with a compliment to Lady Morgan, whose publication upon Italy, he calls "a fearless and excellent work." What Lady Morgan had to fear, it is somewhat difficult to imagine, unless it was the want of purchasers or readers. This lady must excite fear in others before she can have any reason to fear for herself. Her *imbelle telum* scarcely rings upon the shield of an adversary. Her work is harmless; and that must

* See Vol. XIII. p. 261.

be a government too weak to deserve support which could be hurt or irritated by such an inconceivably nonsensical performance.

Dr. Hosack has completed his munificent gift to the Library of Columbia College. It now consists of nearly four hundred volumes of well selected and valuable books, and among them are to be found many of rare occurrence in either the public or the private collections of this country. Of these may be cited a full set of the transactions of the French Academy of the Sciences from the year 1700 until that body ceased to exist in its original form, and merged in the Institute; the works of Maupertius and Pascal, the Mechanique Celeste of Laplace; the Trigonometry of Cagnoli; and a complete series of the Philosophical Magazine, so well known as comprising the best record of the important discoveries of the last twenty-five years, a period so interesting in the annals of science.

This gift of Dr. Hosack, when added to the books already belonging to the College, puts that institution in possession of a very complete collection of the best authors on physical science.—The donation comes with the more grace from this gentleman, inasmuch as he is in no shape connected with the government of Columbia College, and does not share in the patronage or influence connected with the office of a trustee.—He can, therefore, have had no other motive than a disinterested one to promote the cause of science, or that laudable stimulus by which honourable minds are actuated to perpetuate their memories in connection with the recollection of important services rendered the community. If the latter has been his motive, we know of no channel in which his bounty would be likely to be productive of more lasting and permanent honour to himself. Situated in the greatest city of the United States, rising in reputation by the steady exertions of its government, and safe, in the permanent prosperity of the country, from those political convulsions that threatened its early existence, Columbia College promises to fill a prominent place among the literary institutions of the United States, and the names of its early benefactors must go down with honour to remote posterity.

Dr. Christian Endress, Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Congregation of Lancaster proposes to publish an attempt at a new translation of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with Annotations; for the purpose of aiding the scholar of Religion in the investigation of this important document of Christian faith.

Lord Byron and Sir W. Scott.—A comparative estimate of the respective merits of these two eminent poets has recently appeared in a German Journal, preceded by some remarks on the state of English national poetry at the period immediately preceding their appearance on the literary horizon. Fine poetical feeling,

it is asserted, was totally dormant in England during the 18th Century. Originality and genius displayed themselves in works of humour and the Comic Epopee,—in the Drama, which could boast of the facetiousness and humour of Foote, the wit and vivacity of Sheridan,—and in the Parliamentary eloquence of Pitt, Fox, and Burke, but not in the inspirations of the Muse. The Nineteenth Century has distinguished itself from its predecessor by the production of two genuine poets allied only in power, in almost every other respect entirely dissimilar. The antithesis is, indeed, sufficiently striking: in Byron, the poet himself is always apparent; his peculiar trains of thought, his reflections, his own individual character are every where prominent. In Scott, on the contrary, the poet himself completely disappears, while his character and the events in which they are involved stand out in relief, not only visible, but prominent and tangible. In Byron, we meet with only *one* character, though variously arrayed. In the compositions of his rival, the characters are most diverse and multifarious. In this estimate, the writer takes into account the Scotch Novels, which he assigns, seemingly as a *mere matter of course*, to Sir Walter.

In Byron there is but little action; in him all is declamation, reflection, or sudden, animated description: in Scott, events crowd upon each other; he seldom pauses for mere reflection. Byron describes his actors in a minute and masterly style, but still always *describes:* Scott, on the contrary, makes his personages describe themselves, by exhibiting them in all the animation of reality. In Byron's poems we discover the workings of a powerful fancy, the starts of an inspired mind, yet are his productions but fragments and sketches: while Scott possesses symmetry, continuity, integrity. But if the manner of the one be so dissimilar from that of the other, their spirit is still more so. The one exhibits the world as one great prison, as a cavern of death where all is gloomy, cheerless, and appalling: the other displays some redeeming points even in the most depraved natures; his views of life are rather consolatory than sombre. Lastly, Byron avoids, even in his poems, every object that may remind him of his '*Fatherland;*' unlike his own Foscari, his affections are not knit to his home, to the soil which gave him birth: he is any thing but a patriotic poet, in whatever sense we take the epithet. To Scott, on the contrary, his 'Fatherland,' seems as a holy sanctuary, on whose altars he deposits with filial reverence the fruits of his genius and his affection.

Polish Journals.—The productions of the periodical press in Poland are at present very numerous. There are now no fewer than twenty-four Journals of various descriptions; some political, others devoted to subjects of literature or science.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The several communications from "Vedoque" have been received, and we shall insert such of them, as are suitable to our work. The articles on the application to Congress, for a patent-right to navigate the air, are out of time. We hope this ridiculous scheme will be forgotten before our Journal is published. "Vedoque" must excuse us from giving any advice on the momentous question which is propounded in his private communication. We would rather

Let the Volces plough Rome, and harrow Italy

than encounter the pen of an angry poet.

Of "Martha" we may say with the poet, "then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises;"—but we hope her erratic Strephon will escape the snare:

Wilt thou, wilt thou really fly
From vanity and folly,
And quit their pomp without a sigh,
My own dear Dolly,

There is a petitionary vehemence in "Octavian" which we should be glad to gratify, by inserting his "*Verses on a walk to Pratt's Garden with Miss* ———," did we not fear that they would deter young ladies in future, from rural rambles with young gentlemen who have just quitted College. He appears to be one of those silky-milky, woodstock-glove beaux, whose minds could be sewed in a sampler, and who should have inscribed on their hats, "a fool, Sir, at a woman's service"—Othello would advise him to *discourse fustian with his own shadow.*

The vituperation of the angry poet, "Florius," is not like

"Chough's language,—gabble enough, and good enough,"

since it possesses only the former of these properties.

There is a class of correspondents, who are not so punctual as we wish. They should remember that

"For want of means poor rats have hang'd themselves."

Of most editors, such is the unpardonable negligence of subscribers, we may affirm that "their means are most short, their creditors most straight." An English Magazine is never tarnished by such complaints, as we are compelled to prefer against literary patrons, in this country; yet an English traveller would raise a storm about his ears if he were to say, what we believe to be very near the truth, that editors of American journals, literary, political, or theological, rarely realize a moiety of what they earn.

THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1822. No. 2.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Anacreon.* By J. E. Hall.

THE festivities which followed our marriage, were suddenly interrupted by information which arrived from Athens. That mirth which laughed in every eye was changed into sadness; and deep dismay was diffused through a circle where the utmost hilarity and cheerfulness had reigned but a few days before.

The occasion and circumstances shall be briefly related.

Notwithstanding that the Tyrants, Hippias and Hipparchus, singularly cultivated wisdom and virtue,* and unremittedly devoted themselves to the welfare and happiness of the nation, their conduct had not been such as to exempt them entirely from the anger of some and the dissatisfaction of others.

Two citizens of the middle rank, named Aristogeiton and Harmodius, having received a private affront from Hippias, resolved to enjoy a signal revenge. The discontents of the rival factions had been smothered during the life of Pisistratus by the vigorous measures of his government, but, under the milder reign of his sons, they had ventured to whisper their murmurs. The murderers determined to kill the Tyrants, and, by representing their object to have been the good of their country, they expected, amidst the conflicting interests of the different parties, to reap the reward of patriotism. The time they selected for the execution of their

* Such is the expression of Thucydides. Ἐπετηδευσαν ἐπιπλειστον δη τυραννοι ουτα ἀρετην και ξυνεσιν. Thucyd. Lib. iv. c. 54.

diabolical project was at a season well suited to their success and their safety.

It was during the celebration of the Panathenæan festival, while the Aoidoi were reciting the Rhapsodies of Homer, that these men approached the person of Hippias, who was directing the ceremony in the Cerameicus, a place in the suburbs of the city. But seeing Hippias, who was easy of access to all,* engaged, apparently, in familiar conversation with one of the conspirators, they went in quest of Hipparchus, whom they found in the Lescorion within the walls. The dreadful attack succeeded, but the death of Hipparchus was dearly accomplished, for his blood was mingled with that of his murderers.

The consternation which was excited by the perpetration of so heinous a crime, in the face of Gods and men, may more easily be imagined than described. Aristogeiton was so fortunate as to escape the vengeance of the guards who surrounded the body of Hipparchus, but he was afterwards caught by the people and severely treated. And in the confusion that prevailed, when they attempted to escape, the brothers lost their lives and bequeathed their patriotism to their friends.†

Such were the sad events of a single day at Athens. But a short time before, I had beheld the royal brothers, happy in their reciprocal fondness for each other, and enjoying those pleasing reflections which arise from the approbation of a good conscience. Now I saw the one weltering in his gore by ignoble and unworthy hands, and the other seated on a doubtful throne and anxiously regarding the phrenzied action of a wild and ungovernable democracy.

When we recovered from the amazement and grief, which this intelligence occasioned, Telesicles exclaimed that it was no longer safe to remain in Attica. Since the death of Solon he had been numbered among the Pisistratidæ; and if the Alcmæonidæ, from which party we then supposed the treason had arisen, should succeed in dethroning Hippias, Telesicles had reason to fear that he should be doomed to no better fate. Anacreon said that he had been absent from his paternal seat since the days of his youth, and he felt an ardent desire to return to it.

Teos is opposite to Samos, and I rejoiced that the place of our voluntary banishment was so nigh to the residence of my mother. In a few days every thing was prepared for our departure, and we launched into the Ægean Sea. The winds seemed to favour our flight, for they quickly wafted us to the coast of Ionia. We repaired to the house of Anacreon, which overlooked the sea. It

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* Ἦν δὲ πᾶσιν εὐπρόσοδος ὁ Ἱππίας. Thucyd. Lib. VI. c. 67.

† Thucydides says, with laconic quaintness, *being taken by the people they were not mildly treated.* Pausanias, Lib. I. c. 23. insinuates that the Tyrants were not entirely blameless. But surely no one but a Jack Cade, or a revolutionist, can justify such patriotism.

was in the spring of the year; a season which is so particularly agreeable, in the delicious region of Ionia. There the buxom breezes never visit the inhabitants too rudely, and no more rain falls than is necessary to fertilize the soil. The richest grapes grow in abundance and the flowers diffuse their fragrance in grateful profusion. A thousand delightful remembrances seemed to crowd upon the mind of Anacreon as he recognized the various objects which reminded him of the pastimes of his early days. In the rapture of the moment he seized his lyre and sang an ode expressive of his feelings:

When Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid, whose tender soul
Is love and bliss, entranc'd to stroll
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

It was about the close of the evening that we arrived at his dwelling. The waning moon slept upon the unconscious roses and the gentle breezes stole their odours as they passed along. The birds had long ceased to sing, and no sounds interrupted the silence of nature save the gurgling of a distant brook. It was an hour of pensive pleasure. I pressed the hand of Myrilla with tender fondness, for every object awaked me to beauty and love. Anacreon again felt the inspiration of the Muse, and he obeyed her influence.

See the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep;
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave,
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;

All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

At Teos we first learned the miserable fate of our patron and friend Polycrates. Since the recovery of the ring of Theodorus, the celebrated Samian artist, he had enjoyed a series of success which was only interrupted by the event which deprived him of his fortune and his life. Although pleased with luxurious elegance and a liberal patron of the arts and sciences, he was too much of a politician to regard the duties of justice where they might militate with his interest. Having some reason to apprehend a revolt among his subjects, he resorted to an experiment for which he afterwards had full reason to repent. His former friend and ally, Cambyses, being about to organize an immense force for an expedition against Egypt, and finding it difficult to procure a fleet, Polycrates privately conveyed information to him that if he would demand a contribution of force to the armament from the Samians, he would obtain some assistance. The requisition, as had been foreseen, was made: and Polycrates accordingly equipped forty trieme galleys, and manned them with the most factious and discontented of his subjects. After the conquest of Egypt, he endeavoured to have them retained by the monarch of Persia, but not succeeding in this stratagem, he refused to permit them to return to their own country.

In this predicament, the turbulent outcasts applied to the Spartans for succour, which was readily granted. Samos was beseiged for a length of time, but the Spartans not finding that they made any progress, returned to Peloponnessus for reinforcements.

Polycrates had long entertained the chimerical hope of being able at some period to make all the islands of the Ægeum, as well as all Ionia and Æolia, acknowledge his sway. For this purpose he had continually augmented his naval power, and this last proof of its strength, was so flattering to his abilities and his ambition, that he became less cautious in talking of his projects. His designs had been suspected by Orœtes, Satrap of Sardis, who envied his talents and feared his power. The wily Persian resolved to circumvent him by stratagem, as he knew he could not conquer him by force. He sent an embassy to the Tyrant and invited him to his court. Polycrates, who expected by this visit to form a powerful alliance against the future attempts of the Spartans and his banished subjects, accordingly went, attended by a numerous and magnificent retinue. He had no sooner arrived than the Satrap, in violation of all the rights of hospitality and good faith, and to the utter prostration of his own dignity, seized upon his person and caused him to be put to death by the most ignominious and excruciating of all punishments. He then beseiged the island of Samos,

which after a vain struggle surrendered to his arms, and I had the bitter mortification of seeing a Persian rule over the lands of my forefathers.

This was the first Grecian island, except Cyprus, that was reduced to the Persian dominion.

The first intelligence we had from Athens was not calculated to dissipate the gloom into which we were thrown by the fate of one, who, whatever might have been his public character, had ever been kind and liberal towards us. A free populace is ever prepared to hail the dawn of a revolution, without considering its probable consequences. Hence the murderers of the amiable Hipparchus were saluted as the restorers of public freedom, and their names were regarded with an enthusiasm approaching to adoration. The turbulent genius of our old friend Alcœus yet raged against all those who were clothed with the ensignia of authority, and he was among the foremost in eulogizing the false patriotism of two unprincipled murderers.* But he and those misguided men, who regarded this event as favourable to the interests and happiness of their country, became afterwards convinced by severe experience, that it would have been better to have submitted to a few imaginary inconveniencies, than wantonly provoke the just resentment of vengeance and power.

Fear and anger when associated generally produce that cruelty which is calculated to dismay opposition. A system of proscription and severity accordingly commenced, in which the Tyrant enjoyed an ample revenge for the atrocious deed which deprived him of a beloved brother and left him alone upon the throne. Ignorant of the extent and projectors of the conspiracy, Hippias had condemned many of the noblest citizens of Athens to death: and when they contrasted the tumult and disorder of the present time with the tranquillity that formerly prevailed, it was acknowledged, with a sigh, that they had indeed been happy under Solon and Pisistratus and that the reign of the Tyrant Hipparchus had brought back the golden days of Saturn.

In the course of a short time, for I will here dismiss this subject, the severities which he exercised, made it necessary for Hippias to strengthen his own power by some foreign alliance, and he accordingly gave his only daughter† in marriage to Æantides, son of

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* Αιει σφων κλεος εσσεται κατ' αιαν
Φιλτατε Αρμοδιε και Αριστογειτον
Οτι τον τυραννον κτανετην
Ισονομους τ' Αθηνας εποιησατην.
Alcœus.

"Forever shall your glory endure, oh! most beloved Harmodius and Aristogeiton, for you destroyed the Tyrant, and to you Athens owes her equal laws."

† The epitaph on the monument of this exemplary woman, in Lampsacus is recorded by Thucydides; and is remarkable for an elegant sim-

Hippocles, Tyrant of Lampsacus. This connection was deemed a very important one, as Hippocles possessed considerable interest at the Persian court. But it was not sufficient to protect Hippias, who was afterwards driven from his throne and banished from the city by the Alcmœnidæ, assisted by the Lacedemonians.

(*To be Continued.*)

Art. II.—*Letters from the West.*

No. 6.

Dear N.

If, in the little circle of my intellectual pleasures, there is one which afforded me more enjoyment than another, it consists in tracing the varieties of character, which exist in the different branches of our great national family. It is interesting to observe, how soon every new country—nay, even every little colony, adopts some trait of habit, or manners peculiar to itself. These may be ascribed to local circumstances; climate, soil, and situation, all contribute to produce them. The keen blast that invigorates the frame, or the sultry beam that relaxes the system, induce a correspondent effect upon the mind; abundance leads to luxury, while the inhabitant of a niggard soil must be frugal and industrious. But there are a thousand other causes, which produce particular customs, in particular places; and this diversity, which to me is highly entertaining, affords an ample fund of vexation to the fastidious, and makes room for innumerable sarcasms, from those travellers who delight in ridiculing every thing which does not exactly accord with their own habits, or notions of propriety. One of Shakespeare's contemporaries, in speaking of him says, "Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men dayly, wherever they came." We have seen how our great dramatist profited by this employment; but our modern travellers seem rather disposed to get rid of their own *humours*, than to collect those of other people. But ridicule is not the test of truth; and it might puzzle those gentlemen to give a good reason, why their own customs are intrinsically better, than those which amuse them abroad;—you may smile at the rings in an Indian lady's nose, but why should they not be as graceful as those in the American lady's ears?

The American colonies were peopled from Great Britain, and the western states derive their inhabitants, chiefly, from New-England and Virginia. Yet when the American looks back at his British ancestor, he discovers few traits of similarity; and the backwoodsman is almost as far removed from his eastern progenitor.

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plicity of panegyric, which is not totally lost, even in a literal translation: it proves how little the word Tyrant was then a term of reproach.

"This dust covers Archedice, daughter of Hippias, in his time the first of the Greeks. Daughter, sister, wife, and mother, of Tyrants, her mind was never inflamed to arrogance." H.

In the great matters of religion and law, all of us in the United States are the same; as the children of one family, when they separate in the world, still preserve the impress of those principles, which they imbibed from a common source; but in all matters of taste and fancy, customs and exterior deportment, we find a variance. Those who live under the same government, participate in the same laws, and profess the same religion—whose representatives mingle in council, whose warriors rally under the same banner—who celebrate the same victories, and mourn for the same disasters, must have many feelings and sentiments in common, though they may differ in their modes of evincing them. Thus he, who would attempt to portray the American character, must draw, not a single portrait, but a family piece containing several heads. In each of these, would be discovered some strong lines common to all;—the same active, enterprising, and independent spirit,—the same daring soul, and inventive genius—and that aptitude or capacity to take advantage of every change, and to subsist and flourish in every soil and situation. But each would have a shade, or cast of expression, peculiar to itself; and at the first glance there would be seen no more resemblance, between the Boston merchant, the Virginian planter, and the hunter of the West, than if they had sprung from different sources. Observe them more closely, however, or rouse their energies into action, and you will still find, in each section of our country, the same American spirit, which glowed in the breasts of Putnam, of Marion, and of Wayne. Show me a strong line in the South, and I will point out to you a kindred feature in the North,—produce a *Jackson* from the West and I will bring you a *Perry* from the east. In private life, the amiable unassuming Rhode-Islander might present a striking contrast to the fiery Tennessean; but the soul of the hero burned with not less ardour on lake Erie—the light of the victory was not less brilliant —than at New Orleans.

Thence it is, that foreigners err, when they give a character to our whole population, from observations made in a single sea-port; or when they allow us no national character at all, because they discover traits in different places which seem to be the very antipodes of each other. In this latter sapient hypothesis, they evince, together with a good deal of ignorance, not a little of that insolence which distinguishes our foreign detractors. There is no people in the world whose national character is better defined, or more strongly marked, than our own. If the European theory on this subject was correct, is it not a little strange, that our Yankee tars, whether on board of a frigate or a privateer, should always *happen* to play the same game, when they come athwart an Englishman? Is it not a little singular, that Brown in the North, and Jackson in the South, who I suspect never saw each other in their lives, should always *happen* to handle Lord Wellington's veterans exactly after the same fashion? Accidents *will* happen in the best of fami-

lies—but when an accident occurs in the same family repeatedly, we are apt to suspect that it runs in the blood.

In the different states there is certainly a great disparity in the manners of the people. In New-England the soil is not rich, and the population is dense. The mass of the people are, of course, laborious, close, and frugal. The colonists were men of pure manners, and religious habits. In all their municipal regulations, the suppression of vice and immorality—or rather the *exclusion* of them, for they had none to suppress—formed a leading principle. Persons of this character would probably be inclined to lead domestic lives, and to be satisfied with cheap and innocent amusements. Thus every man, happy in the society of his family, and his neighbours, preferred the little circle in which he found content and cheerfulness, to all the world besides. Not sufficiently wealthy to be seduced by the syren song of pleasure, nor so poor as to become debased by want, he neither spurned, nor courted, the stranger that approached his door. He was not unwilling to perform an act of charity or kindness, nor ashamed to offer what his humble board afforded; but he wished to know something of the character of the person whom he received into his friendship, whose vices might injure him in his substance, or whose licentiousness might contaminate the morals of his children. The man whose *home* is thus the sphere of his usefulness, and the scene of his enjoyments, must feel deeply interested in every object around him; the conduct of his neighbours, the morals of his servants, and the minds of his children, concern him too nearly to be neglected. Thus he is apt to become, not only an industrious and virtuous citizen himself, but a watchful observer of the conduct of others. Such were the manners of the primitive settlers in New England, and such they remain in many parts of it to this day. But their local situation was not such as to allow them to retain their rural character in its pristine chastity. In repelling the hostile incursions which threatened to destroy their infant settlements, they acquired confidence in their courage, and many of their youth imbibed a military spirit, which rendered their former avocations insipid. The situation of their country, bounded by an extensive sea coast, indented with noble harbours, presented commercial advantages, too inviting to be neglected; and the enterprising temper of the people soon rendered them as conspicuous among the hardy sons of the ocean, as they had been exemplary in more peaceful scenes. The commercial spirit, thus engrafted upon the "steady habits" of these people, has given them a cast of character, peculiar to themselves. Hardy and independent—ingenious in devising, and indefatigable in executing, any plan of which the end is gain—pursuing their designs with ardour and enthusiasm, yet adhering to them constantly, conducting them prudently, and concealing them artfully, if necessary,—there is no people so versatile in their genius, and none so universally successful in their undertakings. In their

own country, there is no people more domestic—yet, strange to tell, they are to be found scattered in the four corners of the earth, every where adopting the manners of those around them, and flourishing even in the midst of ruin; so that it is proverbial, that a Yankee may live where another man would starve. The poorest people in that country receive the first rudiments of education; and from this source, possibly, they derive a trait which is the greatest blemish in their character. "A little learning" has been said to be "a dangerous thing," and from that source, I am inclined to believe, we derive that species of *finesse* commonly called *Yankee tricks*. The New Englanders are remarkable for their shrewdness, or what the Irish call "mother wit;" and when such a man happens to have a bad heart, or loose principles, "a little learning" is really a dangerous accession of strength. He that has the *ability* to deceive, without the moral principle to control the evil propensities of human nature, or without sufficient weight of character to enlist *pride* as an auxiliary, must be exposed to temptations too strong for flesh and blood to resist. A man of colder temperament, or less ingenuity, would neither have the inclination to attempt, the wit to devise, nor the address to execute, that which a Yankee undertakes with the utmost *sang froid*. They are indeed like Caleb Quotem, "up to every thing—as the poet says." This, at first sight, appears to be a stigma on the character of our Eastern brethren; but when we recollect that it is confined to a portion of the population, and that portion among the lower classes, it would seem but fair to attribute it to the frailty of human nature, rather than to the want of national virtue.

In Virginia we find different manners. The white population is less dense, and the country less commercial. Most of the gentlemen are *born gentlemen*. They are wealthy, and receive liberal educations. From their cradles they despise money, because they are not in the habit of seeing those, with whom they associate, actively engaged in pursuit of it. The slaves perform all the labour, leaving their masters at liberty to cultivate their minds, and enjoy the society of their friends. The most numerous class is composed of the *planters*; and these are accomplished gentlemen, residing on their own estates; fond of pleasure, and princes in hospitality. Kentucky having been settled by Virginians, the manners of the people, are nearly the same; except that the latter, living in a more fertile country, are perhaps more profuse in their generosity.

Now, these two sections of our country have the same *American* character. The people in both, are high-minded, spirited, lovers of liberty, tenacious of their honour, and quick in their resentments. They equally loathe every thing in the shape of oppression, encroachment, or dictation. They claim the same right of instructing their officers, and exercise the same power of dismissing them on the slightest provocation. But then these qualities, which are common to our country, display themselves differently in different

situations; they are compressed or expanded by circumstances. In one section the people are in the habit of curbing their passions, and refraining from those pleasures which are inconvenient or expensive; in the other, they are more accustomed to indulge the propensities of their nature. They both have those generous feelings, which must always form a part of the character of a free, brave, and enlightened people; but one has wealth and leisure, to yield full play to all the impulses of the heart, which the other must restrain. In New-England, and still more in the middle states, the want of servants is a great drawback upon the social intercourse. Where the lady of the house must go into her kitchen to superintend the preparation of a meal, or to dress it herself, and after hastily arranging her dress, return with a blowzed face to do the honours of her table, too much fatigued to enjoy its pleasures,—the visit of a stranger must afford less pleasure, than where such inconveniencies are not experienced. The New-Englander, therefore, will be *politely civil* from a sense of *duty*, where the Virginian is *profusely hospitable* from generous feelings, and because he can enjoy the pleasures of society without its inconveniences.

But take the Virginian from his plantation, or the Yankee from his boat and harpoon, or from his snug cottage, his stone fences, his "neatly white-washed walls," his blooming garden, and his tasteful grounds, and place him in the wilderness, with an axe in his hand, or a rifle on his shoulder, and he soon becomes a different man. His *national character* will burst the chains of local habit. He does not, like the European in the same situation, languish for want of luxuries which he cannot procure, or groan under hardships from which he cannot fly. His ingenuity supplies him with new sources of livelihood, his courage with new vigour; his hardy frame, and versatile spirit, easily accommodate themselves to new employments; and though he has still the same heart, the same feelings, and the same principles, he is quite another person in his manners, and mode of living.

In some of the middle states the national character is not so well defined, as there is a greater mixture of people. In the interior of Pennsylvania, there are large settlements of Irish and Dutch or their immediate descendants, who have not yet inhaled our atmosphere long enough to acquire the peculiar characteristics of Americans. But there is no doubt that they, and even the English emigrants, when they have vegetated for a few generations, in our happy country, will become estimable citizens.

This subject might be pursued with advantage; but having thrown out the hints, I leave you to speculate on them. My object is only to gather the raw materials which may be woven by more skilful hands. You must judge *ex pede Herculem*—of the whole from a part. Any person who is acquainted with the spirit of our constitution and laws, and the general description of our country, will be able to supply my defects from his own imagination, and to deduce a

variety of inferences from the propositions which I have stated. That we have a national character cannot be denied; that that character is an estimable one will, I think, not be doubted; and that a part of it consists in loving our homes, and cherishing our friends, you will believe on the word of

Your affectionate, &c.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and of his Sons, Richard and Henry;* illustrated by Original Letters and other Family Papers. By Oliver Cromwell, Esq.; a descendant of the Family. With Portraits from Original Pictures. 4to. pp. 733. 3l. 3s. Boards. London, 1820.

THE present author observes, that 'it has been the singular ill fortune of Cromwell and of his family that his character hath been left exclusively in the hands of his enemies:' but how cutting is the remark! Is there no more correct way of accounting for the fact than that 'the short interval between his death and the Restoration, and the unsettled state of the nation in the intermediate time, left no opportunity for a faithful and impartial history of him? If Cromwell's character has been left exclusively in the hands of his enemies, the obvious and inevitable conclusion is that he had no friends to redeem it. What friends had he? Indeed, what friends, personal or political, could he have, who made no scruple in sacrificing them to his own ambition? The republicans were an object of greater dread to him than the royalists; and they had a deeper hatred and abhorrence of him, because they considered him as a traitor to their cause, while the royalists regarded him as an open and avowed enemy. Latterly, indeed, says Mrs. Hutchinson in her valuable Memoirs of her husband, Colonel H., "the cavaliers, in policy, who saw that while Cromwell reduced all the exercise of tyrannical power under another name, *there was a door opened for the restoring of their party,* fell in much with Cromwell, and heightened all his disorders. He at last exercised such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him," &c. &c.

Ludlow was confined by him in Ireland; for the brave and honest Ludlow had refused to give up the commission which he had received from the parliament, and by his authority and influence had retarded the proclaiming of Cromwell as *Protector,* in Ireland, for a fortnight. Wildman, Harrison, and Carew, for setting on foot a petition to parliament, beseeching that it would assert an independent authority, were also plunged into confinement; and Sir Henry Vane, than whom, says Milton in one of his sonnets,

> "A better senator ne'er held
> The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
> The fierce Epirot and the African bold,"

was committed prisoner to Carisbrook Castle, because he had pub-

lished a pamphlet called "The Healing Question," showing the deviation of Cromwell's system from the principles on which the late king had been opposed and beheaded. Colonel Rich, moreover, was sent prisoner to Windsor; Overton, to the Tower; and Lilbourne, after many sufferings and prosecutions, was tyrannically detained in prison after acquittal of an indictment against him for high treason, by a jury of his peers. These were all steady and active republicans, on whom Cromwell laid his heavy hand. Then, what friends could he expect to find among them? Milton, indeed, who had been Latin secretary to the Long Parliament, continued the same office under the protectorate. Milton was undoubtedly a firm and conscientious republican, of a haughty temper, which could brook no human control; and even the parliamentary hierarchy, as Wharton observes in a note on one of Milton's sonnets, was too coercive for the man who acknowledged only King Jesus, who looked on conformity of all sorts as slavery, and who regarded the modern presbyter as equally disposed to persecution and oppression with the ancient bishop. It was with these feelings that he scornfully penned his sonnet "On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament;" and it was against the restrictions of those whom he deemed enemies to the utmost indulgence in religious matters, that he reposed his chief hope of enjoying liberty of conscience from Cromwell; who is thus addressed as the great guardian of religious independence in another sonnet by Milton:

> "New foes arise
> Threatening to bind our souls in secular chains:
> Help us to save free conscience from the paw
> Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw;"
>
> (Son. xvi.)

and who, whether for political reasons is not now the question, allowed all professions. After he had assumed the title of Protector, was the domestic administration of Cromwell calculated to conciliate the royalists, or to regain the lost confidence of the republicans? Mr. Hume, we are aware, acknowledges that he displayed "as great regard both to justice and clemency as his usurped authority, derived from no law, and founded only on the sword, could possibly admit." This in itself is vague, and the examples adduced to corroborate the remark are so qualified as rather to weaken it: but is it or is it not true that, in order to punish the royalists, Cromwell divided the kingdom into twelve military jurisdictions, and delegated to the twelve Major-generals, whom he appointed over them, a power which entirely superceded the established laws of the country? Is it true or false that he threatened the judges of the realm, and dismissed them from their office when they refused to become the instruments of his arbitrary will? that he dismissed, for instance, Baron Thorpe and Judge Newdigate,

for rejecting a jury returned by his own order; and that he told Judge Hale on his return from one of the circuits, that "he was not fit to be a judge?" Is it true that he packed his juries, as well as his parliaments, according to a letter in Thurloe's State-papers, written to the secretary himself by a party concerned, namely, by one Mr. John Dove, who undertook "that not one man should be returned by his under sheriff in the one or other juries" (for trial of the rebel royalists) "but such as may be confided in, and of the honest, well affected party to his Highness and the present government?" Is it or is it not true that he imprisoned Sergeants Maynard and Twisdon, and Mr. Wadham Windham, the counsel for one George Cony, a merchant, in his prosecution at common law of one of Cromwell's collectors? Cony was a prisoner at Cromwell's suit; and, being brought to the bar of the King's Bench by a Habeas Corpus, these his counsel were taken from the bar, and sent to the Tower for pleading their client's cause. Lastly, is it true or false that he raised money by a decimation (as it was called) on the estates of the royalists? and that, about two months before his death, the following plan was gravely proposed and repeatedly debated by a select committee of nine of his friends, who daily met to consider how money could be raised; namely, that an oath of abjuration against Charles Stuart, (the pretended king) his title, and family, should be taken by the cavalier party and their children, and the swearing of allegiance to his Highness should be enforced, on pain of forfeiting not "a decimation" but *two thirds* of their estates? This appears in a letter from Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, under the date of 22d June, 1658. Oliver died on the 3d of September following.

If these things be true, we may easily account for 'the singular ill-fortune of Oliver Cromwell in having his character left exclusively to his enemies,' though we do not desire that the case should so remain.

Milton, we have observed, continued secretary under the protectorate, and it is well that he did: for he was by no means blinded to the character of Oliver, but in various parts of his *Defensio secunda* admonishes him with great spirit, freedom, and eloquence, not to abuse his new authority. Let no one suppose that Milton forfeited the independence of his own mind by transferring his services from a republican parliament to an autocrat: no:—he was the unavailing Mentor, bravely pleading for the liberties of his country, and endeavouring to subdue in Cromwell's mind the lust of empire. We may be allowed, perhaps, to give a specimen of the style in which that illustrious patriot dared to address the Protector.

"Consider," says he in one of his letters to him; "consider often with yourself that your country has entrusted you with her dearest pledge, that of her liberty; regard the great expectations conceived of you; reflect that your country's hope is entirely from you;

regard the countenances and wounds of so many brave men, who, under your conduct have fought for liberty; regard the manes of those who died in battle; regard what foreign nations may think and say of us, and the great things they have promised themselves from our noble acquisition of liberty, and our new commonwealth so gloriously begun to be established, which *if it prove abortive will be great infamy to this nation;* lastly, regard your own character, and never suffer that liberty, for which you have passed through so many toils and dangers, *to be violated by yourself,* or in any measure be lessened by others. You cannot be free yourself unless we are free; for such is the necessary constitution of things, that whoever invades the liberty of others, first of all loses his own, and will be sensible of his being a slave. But if he who has been the patron, and, as it were, the tutelar deity of liberty, and been esteemed a man of the greatest sanctity and probity, should usurp over that liberty he has defended, it will be a pernicious and almost fatal wound, not only to his reputation but even to that of virtue and piety in general; honesty and virtue will seem to be lost, religion will have little regard paid to it, and reputation will ever after be of small account; than which no greater misfortune can befal mankind."

Such was the prophetic denunciation of Milton. Whitelock also addressed the Protector in a tone of similar severity and frankness; and Harrington's *Oceana* produced such an impression on him that it is said to have extorted this observation, "The gentleman had like to have trepaned me out of my power, but what I have got by the sword I will not quit for a little paper-shot." The brave and gallant Hutchinson, likewise, who knew him well, who studied his character, who was flattered, courted, and caressed, but never deceived or won over by him, and whom Cromwell would have given half his sceptre to have secured in his interests, told him plainly that "he would not act with him because he liked not any of his ways since he broke the parliament," and how "apparent a way was made for the restitution of all former tyranny and bondage."

After all, however, the present biographer is not correct in asserting that justice has not been done to the character of his ancestor by at least one historian. We refer to Rapin, who is not much of a speculatist or philosopher, but a plain matter-of-fact writer, with as few political prejudices as any that we know; and Mr. Cromwell might have found, at the close of Rapin's account of the protectorate, a calm and moderate *defence* of his ancestor against the violent and intemperate attacks both of royalists and republicans.

The first two hundred pages of the work before us are entirely devoted to the history of England, from the accession of Charles I., 27th March, 1625, to the death of the Protector, 3d Sept. 1658.

This part contains a very rapid summary of the principal transactions through that long period, taken from the contemporary historians, Clarendon, Rushworth, Ludlow, May and Whitelock. The memoirs of Cromwell, and the discussions of his character in a public and private capacity, begin where they usually terminate, namely at the death of the party. As every English history and biographical dictionary gives an account of the "birth, parentage, and education," of Oliver Cromwell, we shall not dwell much on these matters, in order to vindicate the illustriousness of his family against the ignorance or wilful misrepresentations of any writers, who have been weak enough to fancy that they could vilify the individual by degrading his genealogy. His pedigree is amply detailed here, and still more minutely traced in Mr. Noble's Memoirs of the House of Cromwell, taken principally from a family document. It was illustrious on both sides: on the maternal side, if the table of descent be correct, it appears that James the First, and consequently Charles the First, and Oliver Cromwell, were cousins. Lord Hailes in his Annals of Scotland, says that at Halidan, in 1333, two Stewarts fought under the banners of their chiefs; the one, Alan of Dughom, the paternal ancestor of Charles I., and the other James of Rosythe, the maternal ancestor of Oliver Cromwell. The Protector's father was a brewer: at whose decease the widow carried on the concern, that she might enable her daughters to marry into genteel families. It does not appear certain whether Oliver ever engaged in the trade: but in one of his speeches (Sept. 1654,) he says, in the face of the public, "I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity;" adding that he had been called to several employments in the nation, and to serve in parliaments. Mr. Noble says, it appears by the Journals of the House of Commons that he was in no less than twenty committees between the 17th Dec. 1641, and 20th June, 1642, an ample proof of the opinion that was entertained of his talents.

He was born at Huntington, 25th April, 1599, and was entered a Fellow-commoner at Sidney Sussex college, Cambridge, when seventeen years of age. He sat as member for Huntington in the second and third parliaments of 1625 and 1627, and again in the short parliament, for Cambridge, in 1640. He likewise represented Cambridge in the succeeding parliament, of 3d of Nov. 1640, being the Long Parliament, and was immediately appointed a member of several committees. Various calumnies were propagated after the Restoration respecting his early dissipation, idleness, and depravity: but they are disproved by his descendant with a laudable earnestness; as well as the common opinion of his ignorance of the Latin language, with which it appears that he was familiarly acquainted. Several instances are likewise adduced of his encouragement of literature, and patronage of learned men. When he was just of age, in the year 1620, he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James

Bourchier; by whom he had nine children; and all of them it is observable, were baptized according to the rites of the Established Church. At what time he was weaned from that system, and became a non-conformist, we are not very clearly informed. The godly style which he assumed in his letters, conversations and speeches, would of course be ridiculed in the licentious reign of Charles the Second; but the religious conversation and correspondence of the time in which he lived were generally in the same manner, and very similar to that which is adopted by an almost overwhelming class of religionists in the present day. To us it is inexpressibly offensive: but we are not prepared to say that it was the offspring of hypocrisy in Cromwell, and still less in the class to which we allude. Such sweeping charges must always he treated with contempt and censure.—A touching earnestness and solemnity are manifested in the following short note to his wife, without the cant and jargon of fancied inspiration:

'"My dearist;

'"I could not satisfie myselfe to omitt this poast, although I have not much to write, yet indeed I love to write to my deere, who is very much in my hart. It joys mee to heere thy soule prospereth; the Lord increase his favours to thee more and more. The great good thy soule can wish is, that the Lord lift upon thee the light of his countenance; which is better than life. The Lord blesse all thy good councell and example to those about thee, and heere all thy prayers, and except the alwayes. I am glad to heere thy sonn and daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunitye of good advice to him. Present my duty to my mother, my love to all the familye. Still pray for thine

'"O. CROMWELL."'

This was written when he had been married two-and-thirty years: it is tender and affectionate; and these dozen lines tell more in favour of his private character as a husband and a father, than a dozen volumes of invective prove against it. Many letters also are here introduced, written by Cromwell to his several children, all of which evince his anxious care for their present and future welfare: some instances are likewise recorded (chiefly taken from Harris's life) of his humanity and generosity to his enemies; and we entirely concur with his present biographer, in opposition to Ludlow and some other historians, that the Act of Oblivion which he passed in 1651 did him great credit on the score of mercy and benevolence. This Act was undoubtedly politic: but it is the greatest injustice to attribute a measure, which is in itself magnanimous, to a sinister and selfish motive alone, when it may, with at least equal probability, and without any stretch of candour, be referred to nobler feelings.—His endeavour to free the estate of the Countess of Arundell and Surrey from sequestration, and the assistance which he gave to the Marchioness of Ormonde, on application for

a similar purpose, are highly to his honour; and his conduct to the young Princess Elizabeth, and Henry Duke of Gloucester, the King's children, was, as Mr. Fox observes in his history of James II., "an instance of generosity almost unexampled in the history of transactions of this nature."

The following character of Cromwell was written by Mr. Maidston, who, "by reason of his nearness to him, had opportunity well to observe it," in a letter giving an account of his death to Mr. Winthrop:

"His body was wel compact and strong; his stature under six foote (I believe about two inches); his head so shaped as you might see it a storehouse and shop both of a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fyery, as I have known; but the flame of it kept downe, for the most part, or soon allayed, with those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distresse, even to an effemminate measure; though God had made him a heart, wherein was left little roume for any fear but what was due to himselfe, of which there was a large proportion; yet did he exceed in tendernesse towards sufferers. A larger soule, I thinke, hath seldome dwelt in a house of clay, than his was. I do believe, if his story were impartially transmitted, and the unprejudiced world wel possest with it, she would add him to her nine worthies, and make up that number a decemviri. He lived and died in comfortable communion with God, as judicious persons neer him wel observed."

Mr. Cromwell expatiates on the generosity of the Protector towards his enemies. We have already said that the republicans were an object of greater dread to him, after he had usurped the supreme power, than the royalists, and they were by far the most determined of his enemies. In the commencement of this article, we referred to several instances of what we cannot but consider as the basest ingratitude of Cromwell towards the republicans, who were no longer indeed his friends after he became Protector; and another case occurs to us:

'Mrs. Hutchinson,' says the present author, 'appears to have had a great dislike of Cromwell, seemingly owing to some supposed affront of Colonel Hutchinson her husband, and she appears to have been a strictly religious character; she is quite silent as to the supposed irregularities of Cromwell; she only says of him, (upon his becoming Protector, after censuring him for so doing and expressing her disapprobation *of some parts* of his public conduct;) *to speak the truth of him, he had much natural greatnesse, and well became the place he had usurped.*'

This is the truth, as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth. Where does Mrs. Hutchinson's 'dislike' of Cromwell appear to have sprung from some supposed affront to her husband? No: her

'dislike' was a rooted abomination of his despotic power, and of the means by which he obtained it. To mark and contrast the characters of the two men, and show in its true colours the ingratitude of Cromwell, it should be recollected that Colonel Hutchinson once accidentally obtained the knowledge of a plot which had been laid for the assassination of the Protector; when, impelled by the true nobility of his own nature, although he had openly protested against the usurpation, he immediately gave to Fleetwood such a warning as enabled the intended victim to escape, without betraying the names of any of the conspirators. Subsequently Cromwell sent for the Colonel, received him with open arms and the kindest embraces, and with the smoothest insinuations endeavoured to wheedle out of him the names of the parties engaged.

"But none of his cunning, nor promises, nor flatteries," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "could prevaile with the Colonell to informe him more than he thought necessary to prevent the execution of the designe; which when the Protector perceived, he gave him most infinite thankes for what he had told him, and acknowledged it opened to him some misteries that had perplexed him, and agreed so with other intelligence that he had, that he must owe his preservation to him. But says he, deare Colonell, why will not you come in and act among us? The Colonell told him plainly, because he liked not any of his wayes since he broke the parliament, as being those which led to certeyn and unavoidable destruction."—"Cromwell seemed to receive this honest plainnesse with the greatest affection that could be, and acknowledged his precipitatenesse in some things, and *with teares* complained how Lambert had put him upon all those violent actions for which he now accused him and sought his ruine. He exprest an earnest desire to *restore* the people's liberties, and to take and pursue more safe and sober councells, and wound up all with a very faire courtship of the Colonell to engage with him, *offering him any thing he would account worthy of him.* The Colonell told him *he could not be forward to make his owne advantage by serving to the enslaving of his country,*" &c. &c.

Now let us mark the issue. Colonel Hutchinson, to avoid the disgusting troops of courtiers who, in consequence of Cromwell's public and affectionate behaviour to him, now flocked with their frivolous officiousness around the man whom they had before neglected, "quitting himself of them as soon as he could made haste to returne into the country. There he had not long bene but that he was informed, notwithstanding all these faire shewes, *the Protector, finding him too constant to be wrought upon to serve his tirannie had resolved to secure his person, least he should head the people who now grew very weary of his bondage. But though it was certainly confirmed to the Colonell how much he was afraide of his honesty and freedome, and that he was resolved not to let him longer be att liberty;* yet before his guards apprehended the

Colonell, death imprisoned himselfe, and confined all his vast ambition and all his cruell designes into the narrow compasse of a grave." *

If Cromwell was 'generous towards his enemies,' this anecdote, in addition to others already mentioned, convicts him of mean and pusillanimous ingratitude towards his friends.

Mr. C. puts into a parenthesis Mrs. Hutchinson's censure of Cromwell for his assumption of the protectorate, and what he calls her 'disapprobation of some parts of his public conduct.' We have always considered the numerous anecdotes of Oliver Cromwell, related in illustration of his character by Mrs. Hutchinson in the "Memoirs" of her husband, as by no means the least interesting portion of that most interesting work. The Colonel and his wife studied Oliver's character deeply, were *interested* in studying it, and had the amplest means before them. His lust of empire was early unveiled by them both, and his duplicity more than suspected. The levellers and presbyterians entertained the greatest jealousy of each other: the former "were the first to discover the ambition of Lieftenant-General Cromwell and his idolators, and to suspect and dislike it. About this time," says Mrs. H., "he was sent down after his victory in Wales, to encounter Hamilton in the north. When he went downe, the chiefe of these levellers following him out of the towne, to take their leaves of him, received such professions from him, of a spirit bent to pursue the same just and honest things that they desired, as they went away with greate satisfaction—'till they heard that a coachfull of presbyterian priests coming after them went away noe lesse pleased; by which it was apparent, he dissembled with one or other, and by so doing lost his credit with both." †

The Biographer quotes one sentence from Mrs. Hutchinson, in which she gives Oliver praise for "natural greatnesse;" and he adds that she disapproved of 'some parts,' of his public conduct. We must be allowed to cite this passage and its context more at length, because Mr. C. has scarcely afforded a fair representation of Mrs. H's opinion of the Protector's government.

"In the interim, Cromwell and his armie grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of government which, when nobody opposed, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day. First he calls a parliament out of his own pockett, *himselfe naming* a sort of godly men for every county, who meeting and not agreeing, a part of them, in the name of the people, give up the sovereignty to him. Shortly after, he makes up several sorts of mock parliaments, but not finding one of them absolutely of his turne, turned them off againe. He soon quitted himselfe of his tri-

* See Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 342.
† Ibid. p. 286.

umvirs, and first thrust out Harrison, then took away Lambert's commission, and would have been king, but for fear of quitting his generalship. He weeded in a few months' time, above a hundred and fifty godly officers out of the armie, with whom many of the religious souldiers went off; and in their roome, abundance of the King's dissolute souldiers were entertained, and the armie was almost changed from that godly religious armie, whose vallour God had crowned with triumph, into the dissolute armie they had beaten, bearing yett a better name. His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on an ape; only, to speake the truth of himselfe, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things; but the rest were insolent fooles. Claypoole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauched ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatnesse. His court was full of sinne and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yett quite casty awa the name of God, but prophaned it by taking it in vaine upon them True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hipocrisie became an epidemicall disease, to the sad grief of Coll. Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen," &c. &c.

She then goes on to particularize several instances of those despotic measures at which we have glanced in the former part of this article; and it clearly appears that Mrs. Hutchinson' 's disapprobation was not confined to 'some parts' of Cromwell's public conduct, but was extended to the whole of it. When she says that his court was full of "sinne and vanity," she probably refers to that "epidemicall disease," the "hipocrisie," which she bewails; for not only was Cromwell's personal character clear from every stain of licentiousness or irregularity, but abundant evidence is adduced in the volume before us (p. 246. et. seq.) to show that his court was free from vice, that no riot or debauchery was seen or known, but that every where an air of sobriety and decorum appeared, and virtue had at least the homage paid to it of an assumption of its exterior. We must acknowledge, however, notwithstanding the labour exerted by Mr. Cromwell to liberate his ancestor from the charge of dissimulation, that we find it exceedingly difficult to give him a verdict of acquital. Still the question remains, is his dissimulation to be imputed to him as a crime? That honest historian Rapin says;

"If it be true, as is pretended, though without proof, that he mocked God and religion by expressing a piety and devotion which he had not, and by making long prayers full of seeming zeal; if it be true that his mouth uttered what his heart never meant, no man ought to endeavour to vindicate him. But his strong bias to en-

thusiasm is well known; and who can affirm it was rather out of hypocrisy than real persuasion? We are not rashly to ascribe to men inward motives, which no mortal can know. His dissimulation practised for the better management of the several parties, all equally his enemies, has nothing that I can see, very blameable in it, unless it was a crime not to leave it in the power of his enemies to destroy him with ease."

Cromwell certainly played his cards with the greatest possible dexterity; and nobody was better acquainted with the inward springs of human action, or displayed more address in making men of the most opposite principles, both in politics and religion, become subservient to his views. With the Deists he was merry at the extravagant zeal of the fanatics; and to these last he talked of the others as of heathens and infidels: but, as the enthusiasts were the most obstinate, he intimated to some of them that he would rather have taken a shepherd's staff than the protectorship, had it not been to prevent confusion; that he would resign his dignity with more joy than he accepted it, when things were settled, for that nothing was more contrary to his inclination and principles than a grandeur which obliged him to assume an outward superiority over his fellow-labourers; and, in order to convince them of his sincerity, he would call them into his closet, make them sit uncovered, and talk with them as his equals: these discourses commonly ending in a long prayer. Ample dissimulation in all this, no doubt: but Rapin's question recurs, how far was it a criminal dissimulation to play off one party against another, and make each hope for peculiar indulgencies? Cromwell always maintained that the protectorate was forced on him; and in the speech which he made when he dissolved the last parliament, (4th Feb. 1658,) he says "There is not a man living that can say I sought it; no not a man or woman treading upon English ground," &c. He certainly did not seek to be made Protector: but why? because he sought to be made KING. "I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison of whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my wood-side to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertook such a government as this is, &c." He exercised nearly the same sort of dissimulation both in accepting the protectorate and in disposing of it. First, as to his acceptance of it. When the "humble petition and advice" of a packed parliament was presented to him that he would take the title of king, he had not courage to accept the offered diadem: but there is abundant evidence that he had been tampering with his creatures to obtain the crown, and would have assumed it but for the opposition of Lambert, Whitelock, Fleetwood, Desborough, and some others, whom he could not persuade to concur in his scheme. Thurloe, in a letter to Henry Cromwell, then deputy of Ireland, writes thus:

"His Highness was pleased to declare to several of the House

that he was resolved to accept the title of King, but just in the very nick of time he took other resolutions: the three great men, professing their unfreeness to act, said, that immediately after his acceptance thereof, they must withdraw from all public employment, and so they believed would several other officers of quality who had been engaged all along in this war. Besides, the very morning the House expected his Highness would have come and given his consent to the bill, some twenty-six or seven officers came with a petition to the parliament, to desire them not to press his Highness any farther about kingship." (*State papers.*)

This petition against Cromwell's "kingship" was presented in the name of the military; and it set forth that they had hazarded their existence against monarchy, and were still ready to do it in defence of the liberty of the nation, &c. &c. The Parliament was thunderstruck; and not less was the dismay of Cromwell, who sent an immediate message to the House to meet him at Whitehall, and there with great show of self-denial he refused to accept the title of king. Ludlow in his Memoirs, says that, in a conversation with Fleetwood and Desborough, after Cromwell had used many unavailing arguments to persuade them to comply with his wishes for the crown, he condescended so low as to solicit them in these words: "It is but a feather in a man's cap; and therefore it is surprizing you will not please children, and let them enjoy their rattle." Whitelock spoke his sentiments very freely on this subject; and the whole conversation between him and Cromwell, who had especially sought it for the purpose of sounding him, is full of interest.

"What," says Cromwell, "if a man should take upon him to be a king?"—"I think," replies Whitelock, "that remedy would be worse than the disease."—Cromwell, "What do you apprehend would be the danger of taking this title?"—Whitelock, "one of the main points of controversy betwixt us and our adversaries is, whether the government of this nation shall be established in monarchy, or a free state or commonwealth; and most of our friends have engaged with us upon the hopes of having it settled in a free state, and to effect that have undergone all their hazards and difficulties. Now if your Excellency shall take upon you the title of King, &c. the question will be no more whether our government shall be by a monarch or free state, but whether Cromwell or Stuart shall be king, and that which was universal will, by these means, become in effect a private controversy only."—"In this case, those who are for a commonwealth, and they are a great and considerable party will desert you: your hands will be weakened, your interest straightened, and your cause in apparent danger to be ruined. I apprehend less envy, and danger and pomp, but not less power, and real opportunities of doing good, in your being General, than would be if you assumed the title of King."

This language from Whitelock was particularly bold and manly, because he was not a republican himself, but on the contrary recommends in this very conference that Cromwell should send to the King of Scots, and have a private treaty with him for the purpose of restoring in his person the monarchy, with such limits to its power "as will secure our spiritual and civil liberties, and the cause in which we are all engaged."

Cromwell, after an acknowledgment of the reasonableness of these arguments, said, "We shall take a further time to discourse of it;" and then, adds Whitelock, "the General brake off, seeming by his countenance and carriage displeased with what had been said," and from that time his carriage towards Whitelock was altered, although he never objected against him in any public meeting. Not long afterward, he found an occasion, by an honourable employment to send Whitelock out of the way; in order, as some of his nearest relations, particularly his daughter Claypoole, confessed, that he, (Whitelock) might be no obstacle or impediment to his ambitious designs; "as," says he, "may appear by the process of this story." (P. 466.)

In the second place as to the disposal of the protectorate, Cromwell appointed his son Richard to the succession on the evening before his death, in direct opposition to the sentiment which he had avowed to the first assembly of representatives that met after his usurpation. "So fully am I convinced," said he on that occasion, "of the injustice of hereditary government, that if you had offered me the whole instrument of government, with that one alteration in favour of my family, I should have refused the whole for the sake of that; and I do not know, though you have begun with an unworthy person, but hereafter the same method may be observed in the choice of magistrates as was among the children of Israel, who appointed those who had been the most eminent in delivering them from their enemies abroad to govern them at home." The fear of disobliging the leading officers of the army, says Mrs. Macauley, whose turbulence Cromwell had quieted with the hopes of succession, occasioned him to neglect the nomination of his son till his last moments. Nay, the original instrument itself, by which Cromwell was invested with the supreme power of the state, contained a clause (the thirty-second) declaring the office of Protector elective, not hereditary, although he had afterwards obtained the privilege of appointing his successor.*—So much for his sincerity.

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* He violated another article of the instrument of government, namely the eighth, which declared "that no parliament was to be adjourned, prorouged, or dissolved, during the space of five months from its first meeting without its own consent." Cromwell's first parliament met on the 3d of September, 1654, and "the meek usurper, after an angry speech, dissolved them on the 22d of January following. This was the beginning of his career! and the close of it was *qualis ab incepto.*

The republicans, however, would never have supported Cromwell if he had not dissembled, and concealed from them the ambitious views which he entertained. In justice to him, also, the probability must be admitted that his ambition gradually expanded with his elevation; and that, in the first instance, he was rather the tool of them than they of him. This is an observation made by Mrs. Macauley, a republican like Mrs. Hutchinson, and, like her, a bitter enemy to the usurpation of Cromwell. The republicans took their rise about the beginning of the Long Parliament. Henry Martin was sent to the Tower for saying in the House "that it was better one family should be destroyed than many;" and on being ordered to explain what he meant by the expression "one family," he boldly answered "The king and his children:"—Sir Henry Ludlow was reproved by the Speaker for saying that Charles was not worthy to be king of England;—and Chillingworth was also consigned to the Tower for citing examples concerning the deposing of princes.

(*To be Continued.*)

Art. IV. *An Essay on the Instruction and Amusements of the Blind.* With engravings. By Dr. Guillie, &c. &c. 8vo. 8s. Boards. Souter.

The art of Instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb, by John Pauncefort Arrowsmith. Illustrated with Copper-plates, drawn and engraved by the Author's Brother, an Artist born Deaf and Dumb. To which is annexed the Method of educating Mutes of a more mature Age, which has been practised with so much success on the Continent, by the Abbe de l'Epee. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Boards. London.

The first of these publications is a translation of a work in every respect interesting and valuable: its author's situation, as director-general and principal physician to the Royal Institution for the Blind at Paris, having afforded him ample opportunities, which he has not neglected, of making observations on the manners and character of the blind, on the employments most suitable for them to exercise, and on the best mode of communicating instruction to them. In the commencement of the Essay, we have considerations on the character of the blind; and the chapter devoted to an examination of their moral state appears to us curious and important. We think that the folllowing extract will not prove unacceptable to our readers:

'The want of sight not only deprives the blind of the sensations which that organ gives to those who have sight; but also extends its influence over all their thoughts, which it modifies and distorts; all their ideas, therefore, are false or contrary to the notions we have, because, as Condillac has well observed, coloured nature has

no existence for them; it is blindness which plunges them in the ignorance in which they are of decorum, and which deprives them of the sentiment of social decencies. Modesty which is one of the graces of youth, is to them almost an imaginary being, though they have a sort of timidity, which, it is true, belongs perhaps rather to fear than shame, but which greatly augments their embarrassment in certain circumstances.

'Unfortunate in all their relations with other men, they are very imperfectly acquainted with those emotions which draw us towards each other, and decide our affections and attachments. Sensibility has not, for them, those charms which make us place it in the rank of the sweetest as well as the most amiable virtues. Unhappy creatures! their situation, which forces them to be on their guard against all the world, makes them often place in the same class their benefactors and their enemies; and without meaning it, perhaps, they appear ungrateful. It is these motives which make them form connections with the blind rather than with those who have sight, whom they consider as a different class of beings. Is it that they apprehend our inconstancy, or distrust our superiority, or else find more points of association among each other?

'They will easily be excused, when we reflect on the number of signs that are lost to him who is deprived of sight. Those external motions, which are painted so expressively on the countenance, that faithful Mirror of the soul, do not exist for them. They are continually, in their relations with other men, as one is with an individual whom one knows only by correspondence; we know perfectly well that he exists, but we cannot conceive how.

'If not very open-hearted, on the other hand, nature gives them an ample compensation by endowing them with a prodigious activity of imagination and an insatiable desire of knowledge, which in them, is a substitute for many affections that they want, or at least for the expansion which such sentiments might have. This state of their imagination banishes *ennui*, which is one of the least inconveniencies of blindness; for we meet with very few blind persons who have not formed some sort of occupation for themselves and with complete success.

'Obliged to judge of men and things intrinsically, they must necessarily obtain truer results than us; moreover, as I have repeatedly said they see things in a more abstract manner than we, and in questions of pure speculation are less subject to be deceived; for abstraction consists in separating in thought the sensible qualities of bodies from each other, and error commonly springs from a defective separation. They have no need, like us to guard themselves against the illusions of the senses, since they cannot be seduced by appearances: the charms of the countenance, the richness of clothes, the sumptuousness of apartments, the dignity of office, and the predjudices attached to birth, are nothing to them: it is

the moral man they appreciate. How much more certain must their judgments be, in this respect, than ours!

'A soft and sonorous voice is to them the symbol of beauty. They know pretty exactly, by the compass of the voice, what is the stature and size of the person who speaks, the largeness of the room they happen to be in, &c. But with what nicety of discernment must these attentive observers judge, by this means, of the temper and of certain shades of character which escape us, because we have not the same interest in remarking them? By a sort of anticipated intuition, they see the soul through its covering.*

'There are, in fact, more relations than has hitherto been supposed between the divers degrees of the vocal organ and the disposition. In this point of view, one might form a curious comparison between animals and man, by forming the first link of the chain by those savage beasts, the terror of the forest and continuing it down to those peaceable animals who are born in our enclosures to feed and clothe us. This study, very worthy of a philosopher, would lead I am persuaded, to some useful results.

'The blind have been accused, in general, of atheism, very unjustly. Those who have advanced this strange assertion, were either not sincere, or had some interest in propagating an error which might prop up some others. Why give such an idea of those who have the greatest want of the consolations which religion showers on the unfortunate and unhappy? Do they not know in part the works of the Creator? The taste of fruits, the sweetness of flowers, the song of birds, and the vicissitude of the seasons; must they not make them sensible of the existence of the admirable Architect of the universe?

'Nevertheless, I will not justify them entirely from the reproach of impiety, which has been made against them with some foundation. I am more convinced than any body that that law, anterior to all sensible impressions, which God gave to man on drawing him out of nothing, is engraved in their hearts; but I am obliged to confess also, that they do not always follow the impulse of that interior voice, which approves and consoles when we do good, and torments and gnaws when we do evil: conscience, in short, has not that influence over their actions which it has over ours. It is easy to deduce the consequences that flow from a similar state; and what may be their ideas on good and evil, and on the notions we have acquired.

'I have never known a blind atheist; but if we happened to meet

'* Sir John Fielding, a relation of the author of *Tom Jones*, who lived in our time, was blind; but this did not prevent him from filling with great distinction, the place of *chief magistrate of the police-office*, in London. He kept in his mind the description of many hundred thieves, and was never mistaken when they were brought before him.'

with one so unfortunate as not to acknowledge the Creator in his works, we might repeat to him what Dr. Holmes formerly said to the celebrated Saunderson, who had expressed some doubts on this point: *put your hand on yourself: the structure of your body will dissipate so gross an error.*

'Like us they wish for what is the most difficult to obtain. All blind people have a decided taste for independence and liberty Nothing, however, is more contrary to their real interest than the use of a thing which they could only abuse. The art of those, therefore who are with them, consists less in satisfying them than in making them believe they are satisfied. By this means we avoid exasperating the natural defects they may have, all of which appertain more or less to their infirmity, which cannot be imputed to them as a crime.

'Their self-love, which is the most prominent of all their defects, and, perhaps, the origin of all the others, is compensated by some valuable qualities; their invincible patience and extreme tenacity in their enterprises render them capable of surmounting the greatest obstacles without ever being disheartened."

Part II contains short biographical notices of those blind persons who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and in the arts. This portion of the work contains some trifling errors, and does not exhibit any thing very novel.—Part the third developes the means adopted at the Royal Institution in Paris for the instruction of the blind. The chapters relative to their reading, to their modes of printing for the blind, and to the books for their use, with those on the study of languages and mathematics, contain much information that well deserves the attention of all who are engaged in the education of these unfortunates. We cannot enter on any of these details, however because we wish to indulge ourselves with extracting a part of the chapter respecting the means of communication between the blind and the deaf and dumb; a subject which appears to us as interesting as it is singular.

'During the time,' says Dr. Guillie, 'that the institutions of the blind and of the deaf and dumb were united in the convent, formerly of the Celestines, the pupils of the two establishments, brought together by their habitation, but separated by their infirmity, endeavoured to establish points of contact between each other. The heads of the two houses, far from disapproving of this connection, favoured it; being convinced that it could not but be advantageous to creatures, whom a sort of confraternity of misfortune led to seek each other.

'Both had already received some instruction; for I cannot imagine what mode of communication could be established between the blind and the deaf and dumb, who had learnt nothing. Their situation, I suppose, would be like that of a child without experience, that must be shown every thing. I am therefore going to

speak, not of the blind in a state of nature, but of the blind who have been taught.

'When the blind had learnt that the deaf and dumb spoke to each other in the dark; by writing on their back, they conceived that this method might succeed also with them, as in fact it did. This new language soon became common to the two families; the deaf and dumb, who found it tiresome to have written on their back what they could see perfectly well, attempted to make the blind write in the air, as they do themselves: this means, which was as long as the former, appeared to them more uncertain, as the blind wrote ill in that way; they therefore preferred the characters the latter made use of; but as these characters cannot be easily transported, the dumb taught the blind their manual alphabet, and the one by sight, and the other by touch, easily found by the inspection of their fingers, the letters that are formed by their different combinations. Nevertheless, this manual alphabet, only exhibiting words, slackened conversation amazingly. They felt the want of a more rapid communication, and the blind learnt the theory of the signs of the deaf and dumb: each sign thus representing a thought, the communication was complete. This study was long and tedious, because it supposes a pretty complete knowledge of grammar; but the wish to talk got the better of all these difficulties, and in a few months, the signs being perfectly well known, took place of all the other means till then employed. The exchange between them was performed in the following manner:

'When the blind had to speak to the deaf and dumb, he made the representative signs of his ideas, and these signs more or less exactly made, transmitted to the deaf and dumb the idea of the blind.* When the deaf and dumb, in his turn, wished to make himself understood, he did it in two ways: he stood with his arms stretched out and motionless, before the blind person, who took hold of him a little above the wrists, and without squeezing them, followed all the motions they made; or if it happened that the signs were not understood, the blind man put himself in the place of the deaf and dumb, who then took hold of his arms in the same manner, and moving them about, as he would have done his own, before a person who could see, hefilled up the deficiencies of the first operation, and thus completed the series of ideas which he wished to communicate to his companion.

'But the degree of instruction of the scholars not being the same, they could not make use of the signs equally well; and supplied them by all the means which their inventive imagination could suggest. It was an extraordinary sight to behold a panto-

'* It is unnecessary to observe that the difficulty of these communications is increased by the want of the signs of the physiognomy, and of a part of the gestures and motions of the body, which the blind man cannot appreciate, and of which he has not even an idea; for in speaking, the blind remain without motion and expression.'

mime acted in the most profound silence by 150 children, anxious to understand each other, and not always succeeding; tired out with long and useless attempts, and often ending, like the builders of Babel, by separating without being able to understand each other; but at the same time not without having given reciprocal proofs of bad humor, by striking as the deaf do, or screaming like the blind.'

Mr. Arrowsmith's volume consists of three separate treatises; one by himself on the instruction of the infant deaf and dumb, occupying 90 pages; another by the Abbe de l'Epee, on the method of educating mutes of a more advanced age, 120 pages; and another by the same writer on the method of instructing the deaf and dumb to artculate, which fills 70 pages. The last two were published so long ago as the year 1801: but, the impression having been exhausted, they are now re-published, by Mr. Arrowsmith on account of what he considers as their intrinsic value. His own work is principally grounded on the experience of his brother Mr. Thomas Arrowsmith; who was born deaf and dumb, and is now an artist, and whose portrait drawn by himself, forms a frontispiece to the volume. Mr. Thomas Arrowsmith, in spite of his natural defect, was sent to a school in common with other children, where he learned to write; and he seems to have been early taught by his friends the meaning of words, by shewing to him the things signified. It is not expressly stated by whom he was initiated in grammar, which is a really difficult part of the instruction of the deaf and dumb: but we presume he was the pupil of the Abbe de l'Epee, from the terms in which that gentleman is mentioned. The mode of teaching the meaning of words is very clearly explained in the two subsequent passages:

'To teach the deaf and dumb child (after he has become a little acquainted with the letters) the names of things which can be shown to him by means of the alphabetical counters, place the letters TABLE, and point to the table, letting them remain, for some time, desiring the child to find the letters and point them out to you in the book; which if he does, it will prove he knows them. Then desire him to notice and recollect the letters forming the word, which may be done by a sign, putting your finger to your forehead, the seat of remembrance, which the child will comprehend as a token for him to recollect the letters, and what they represent, when he is questioned at some future period as to the name, by showing him the table without the letters. When you have placed the letters TABLE, as above, desire the child to place the small t a b l e, which will greatly assist his memory, and when he has done this, hustle the counters together, and desire him to find and place the letters as you did, until he is correct; and be sure to encourage him for his assiduity and attention. The child will be pleased, both at home and at school, with every additional information; and his school-fellows will be equally pleased and

happy to render him every assistance in their power, and in many instances will do so better than the master or mistress. The table being made of wood, he can see the substance and quality of it as well as any child, but still he is at a loss to know their names; and so would you if you had not been told. The table being made of mahogany, and the child seeing that the chairs and chest of drawers are of the same substance and quality, it is very natural for the child to point to them for further information, not knowing but they are also called tables; the child is then told their names, in the same manner, with the counters, as the word table, and by the same means the child may be taught to know a deal table from any other, and in like manner, the name, quality, and use of every thing he can see, before he can write or has learned the manual alphabet. Suppose something was shown to you which you had never seen before, what would be the first question you would ask? Why, the name of it, no doubt. In the same manner is the curiosity of the deaf and dumb led, when they know the name of one thing, to inquire the name of every thing they can see; and this curiosity or desire of knowledge is innate with us all, more or less.

'The recollection of things is much easier than that of words, even to us who can hear; consequently as a deaf and dumb child advances in his learning, if you can explain to him the meaning of any thing by a sign, he will remember it better than by words; for instance, suppose a person called upon you whose name was Wood, and the child asked you the person's name, if you pointed to a piece of wood, he would instantly understand his name was formed by the same letters, and write it down Wood. The same if a person called of the name of Stone; by showing the child a stone he would comprehend the meaning, and never forget the person's name. When such names occur, the child will often make some pleasant remark on them, by explaining to you, that with stone you may build a house, and mend the roads; and with wood you may make a fire. By this means he exercises his faculties, and if he forgets to make any remark on a similar word, you can do it for him; by comparing one word with another, he will discover the different sense and meaning, which a word formed with the same letters may express.

'Many useful words may be taught the child at this early age by signs, that you cannot do by means of figures; such as *yes, no, good, bad, rich, poor, go, come, right, wrong, up, down, white, black, or any colour, walk, ride, run, trot, gallop, quick, slow, tall, short, stand, sit, kneel, eat, drink, sleep, rise, fall, heat, cold, little, great, much, more, what, which, who, this, that, I, you, him, her, they, &c.;* all which, and many others, are to be explained, as will be found in the Abbe de l'Epee's Instructions, by natural signs, which the sense of any person will dictate.'

'Having the deaf child before you, and the book with the al-

phabet in your hand, point to the letter C, and desire, by a sign, the child, to find and bring you the counter with C upon it; the child obeys you. In the same manner you proceed for A and T. The three letters being put close together, you have a word before you, which is easy to be explained by showing the child the CAT, an animal which children are in general fond of playing with, and a word, in consequence of its shortness, easy to be remembered. Then desire the child to bring you the letters CAN; in the same manner then the letters EAT, and the letters MEAT. Here the child has four words before him, one of which he knows the meaning of; the other three he does not. The child looks about for information, while you get a bit of meat; the instant the child sees the meat, which the child knows by sight, and the use of as well as any child, the name of which you can explain by showing him the letters and the meat, he naturally expects you are going to give it to the cat; then point to the cat and to your mouth at the same time, making your jaws to move as in the act of mastication, then by pointing to the word EAT, and the motion of the jaws, the word eat is fully explained.

'You see the necessity of proceeding in the most plain and simple method, depending much on the most significant signs and gestures, suitable to the capacity of the learner, for a medium of communication. There is still another word for the child to learn, much more difficult than the others. A verb is always difficult to teach and explain, particularly when the child is so very young.

'Give the meat to the cat and when it is eating it, point to the words CAT CAN, laying a stress upon the word *can*, and showing the child that the cat *can eat*; but if the child does not correctly understand at first the meaning of the word *can*, he will soon find the difference between *can* and *cannot*.

For the next lesson, then desire the child to bring you the letters DOG, another animal which a child is fond of; you show the child the dog, and he will instantly comprehend the meaning of the word. Muzzle the dog and get some meat; then desire the child to give you the letters CANNOT EAT MEAT, and by laying the meat down, the child will perceive the dog does not do as the cat did, which will tend to explain more fully the word *can*, when at the same time it explains to the child the word *cannot*; and by unmuzzling the dog, the child will see him eat, which explains that the dog can eat meat as well as the cat. But should not the child understand correctly the meaning of the word *can*, do not trouble him too much at first with an explanation. He has done well, if he understands the words *cat, eat meat; dog, eat meat*. In the same manner, you may teach the child, I *eat meat, you eat pye; they eat fish*, or any thing else you please; and thus imperceptibly lead him to a knowledge of nouns, pronouns, verbs, &c. before he can write; so that when he goes to school for that purpose, and to learn grammar, he

will be prepared to learn the different parts of speech as well as any other child, and with equal ease. The child will be so much entertained with these lessons, that instead of considering learning a labour, he will fly to his book with the greatest pleasure and avidity; and you will be astonished to see the rapid progress he will make at so early an age.'

A letter written by Mr. Chippendale, of Winwick, gives a curious account of Mr. Thomas Arrowsmith's sensibility to music through the medium of the touch.

'"Some years back, probably five or six, a young gentleman of the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the Royal Academy at Somerset-House, of what degree I cannot remember, came down into this country, and resided some months in Warrington, in the exercise of his profession as a miniature and portrait painter. He was quite deaf, so as to be entirely dumb. He had been taught to write, and wrote an elegant hand, in which he was enabled to express his own ideas with facility; he was also able to read and understand the ideas of others expressed in writing. It will scarcely be credited, that a person thus circumstanced should be fond of music, but this was the fact in the case of Mr. Arrowsmith. He was at a gentleman's glee club, of which I was president at that time, and as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some articles of wooden furniture, or a partition, door, or window-shutter, and would fix the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of the wood or some projecting part of it, and there remain, until the piece under performance was finished, all the while expressing, by the most significant gestures, the pleasure he experienced from his perception of the musical sounds. He was not so much pleased with a solo, as with a pretty full clash of harmony; and if the music was not very good, or, I should rather say, if it was not correctly executed, he would show no sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was most evidently delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating his different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure he received within any bounds; for the delight he evinced seemed to border on ecstasy.

'"This was expressed most remarkably at our club when the glee was sung, with which we often conclude: it is by Stevens, and begins with the works, 'Ye spotted snakes,' &c. from Shakspeare's Midsummer's Night Dream. In the 2d stanza, on the words, 'Weaving spiders come not here,' &c. there is some modulation of the kind above alluded to; and here Mr Arrowsmith would be in raptures, such as would not be exceeded by one who was in immediate possession of the sense of hearing.

'"These facts are very extraordinary ones; and that they are

facts can be proved by the evidence of six or eight gentlemen who were present, and by turns, observed him accurately."

On account of the advantages derived from competition, Mr. Arrowsmith argues in favour of educating children with such a natural defect in common with other children, and speaks with too much asperity of institutions for the separate education of the deaf and dumb. That such persons may be advantageously taught writing at a common school, we think, is probable, and it is desirable that they should occasionally mix in the studies as well as the exercises of other children: but we apprehend that it will always be necessary for them to have much taught by a system and discipline exclusively appropriated to themselves.

Of the Abbe de l'Epee's writings, a judgment has already been pronounced by us and by the public. We are sorry that Mr. Arrowsmith has reprinted the work on articulation, as we are satisfied that intelligence can be imparted to the deaf and dumb, and they may be instructed how to communicate their thoughts to others, much better without any such medium. It is a painful process to them; and, when they have acquired such articulation as can be taught them, it is also most painful either for their friends or for strangers to listen to them.

We cannot dismiss these two volumes without observing that well conducted institutions for the relief of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the insane, produce good almost without any mixture of evil. The sufferings of the individuals themselves are, as far as may be, mitigated; where capacity has been given, their talents are drawn out; and, as long as any sensibility remains, their benevolent affections must be exercised and improved. The science of medicine, and the studies of human nature and the human mind, are also materially advanced; and above all, the charity of the community has an opportunity of exercising itself, without being confronted by those objections which are advanced against other institutions, from the tendency to increase the ills of an excessive population, or to promote pauperism and the sense of dependence. Every accession to our knowledge, concerning the mode of treatment most conducive to the comfort or improvement of persons so afflicted, cannot but be hailed with gratitude by the humane; and those, especially, who have observed by what gradual steps all sound knowledge is advanced, will be best able to appreciate details of processes and results of experiments which to a superficial observer may appear either obvious or insignificant.

ART. V.—*Recollections of the National Road over the Alleghany Mountains, extending from Cumberland, on the Potomac, to Wheeling, on the Ohio.* By a late traveller in the west.

THE town of Cumberland, better known in colonial history as Fort Cumberland, (for this was a frontier town in the old French

war, and received its name from the then popular Duke of Cumberland, the favorite son of George II.) is situated at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains; which here consist of five or six distinct ridges, extending over a space of fifty or sixty miles; and covered, to their very summits, with a strong growth of timber, mostly precluding the sight of every other object, but the majestic road, which seems to stretch across an interminable wilderness, with the stride of a giant, in all the solemnity of silence and solitude.

Immediately after crossing Will's creek, a trifling current, but celebrated as (the then) *Colonel* Washington's point of departure, on his first expedition to Fort Du Quesne, you ascend for a mile or two by a winding route, carried round the southern peak of the Cumberland range, from which you have a fine view, on the left, of an amphitheatre of hills; in the area of which may be traced the obstructed stream of the Potomac, running round to seek an outlet at the natural breach in the ridge, which permits the junction of the two branches, at the Cumberland fork. A short descent, on the opposite side, leads the National Road to the foot of that ridge of the Alleghanies, which is distinguished on the spot, by the appropriate name of the *Big Savage*. Here commences an ascent of about nine miles, with little intermission, until the traveller arrives at a small settlement called Frost Town, at such a frigid elevation that frost takes place there, occasionally, in every month of the year, and fires are often wanted at night, in the middle of summer. We changed horses here about day break on the 15th of July, and a comfortable fire was blazing in the chimney.

The descent from this peak, on the western side, is rendered gradual, and easy, by a tributary swell called the *Little Savage*, after descending which this fine road takes a direct course for many miles, showing at a distance like a garden walk, struck by a line across the progressive elevations of that called the Dividing Ridge, which at length separates the eastern from the western waters; though its gradual predominance over parallel heights is not marked to the eye by any observable variation in the scale of the road; which seems to pursue an interminable course, sixty feet in width, one half of which is paved, leaving a summer track on either side, of about fifteen feet, from which the woods have been cut away for twenty feet more; thus forming a superb avenue of a hundred feet in width, bordered by primeval forests, of gigantic growth.

Hitherto the continuous woods, rarely interrupted by any other objects than log huts, and zig-zag patches of cultivation, have been mostly deciduous, consisting of chesnut, locust, maple, elm, ash, and the variegated tribes of oak: but now you traverse here and there majestic groves of pine, their tall shafts rising as strait as artificial columns, without the incumbrance of a limb, to the

height of sixty or seventy feet, and forming natural porticos or colonnades of infinite beauty and grandeur.

No notice has been taken of the bridges, wing walls, &c., on this part of the route, though they are numerous and well placed wherever they were required by the inequalities of the track; because most of them are already in a state of shameful dilapidation, partly from the badness of the mortar, with which they have been cemented; and partly from the mischievous activity of a certain class of passengers, who amuse themselves at the expense of the public, by throwing the upper stones into the adjacent precipices.

On descending to the western foot of this beautiful tract of road, throughout the whole of which the angle of elevation does not exceed five degrees, you pass two or three romantic bridges, at short intervals. They are still, like those before mentioned, totally devoid of artificial ornament, showing nothing from the road but low walls, overhanging dark precipices: yet they are strikingly picturesque as artificial objects, reflecting chequered light under the deep shade of the spruce pines, which tower over the subjacent swamps, and relieve the eye of the traveller with a change of verdure, and fresh objects of admiration. The massy trunks, and swinging branches, of these sons of the forest, tattered by a thousand storms, having been no way contracted in their dimensions, by scantiness of nutriment, the soil upon these mountains being generally rich, black, and deep, at the greatest elevations, in consequence of the parallel clearings on the road side, are already almost obliterated by a rapid growth of young oaks, chesnuts, locusts, &c., whose luxuriant foliage affords a continual treat to the eye.

Having thus imperceptibly ascended the main ridge, or most elevated summit of the Alleghany, in this direction, and descended again, at ease, for some miles, amid the shifting scenery of rocks, in every variety of form, or stratification, as exposed to view, by the deep cuts of the road, into the swelling sides of the hills, or athwart their rounded summits, we arrived at the first bridge on the route, which is worth mentioning, as a piece of architecture. It is said to have cost the United States $20,000, though it consists of but a single arch. It is thrown over a branch of the Youghiogany, where the banks are high; and when the traveller reaches the center of the bridge he finds himself at an elevation of sixty feet above the stony bed of the river, or rather darksome torrent, which here washes the foot of the Negro Mountain—a gloomy pass, so called, it is presumed from the deep shades of the pines and firs with which it is exclusively covered. These thick groves being totally impervious to the beams of the sun keep the ground beneath them perpetually moist and dripping; and by preventing the growth of underwood permit one to penetrate athwart innumerable stems the *darkness visible* by

which he is surrounded, and which naturally suggests alarming apprehensions, in a spot so solitary and sequestered.

Emerging from this gloomy tract we gladly rose, and again descended, by repeated stages, that called the Winding Ridge, from the summit of which we were gratified with a boundless prospect of woods and mountains—*lifting their green heads to the western sky.**

On descending this ridge we crossed the dividing line between the two states of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which though it was marked but a few years since, by clearing away the trees to a certain width, is now again become almost imperceptible from the rapid growth of underwood, in this genial climate; but a difference is readily perceived in the adjacent improvements, corresponding with the amelioration in the state of society accompanying the gradual abolition of slavery, which was so wisely, as well as humanely, provided for in Pennsylvania, by the prospective law of 1780. Well-cleared fields, and houses neatly built mark the change to the least observant eye, and utter more than volumes of declamation upon the impolicy of domestic slavery.

The lowest turn of the winding ridge leads round the brow of a projecting knoll into a beautiful little valley between three precipitous hills, from which it makes its circuitous way toward the Monongahela, the principal stream of the Youghiogany, over which the National Road is carried by a fine bridge, which is said to have cost about $50,000. It is the finest bridge upon this road, and probably the largest stone bridge in the United States. It springs lightly and gracefully from the high bank, upon which a village of twenty houses, called Smithfield, has grown up within four or five years, forming an easy descent of three hundred feet to the opposite flat or bottom, over three majestic arches of ninety, seventy-five, and sixty feet span, in the order in which they are narrated—not *as usual* with the widest arch in the middle—thus judiciously sacrificing beauty, or rather perhaps uniformity, to convenience. For this bridge is eminently beautiful and picturesque as seen in connexion with a conical mountain, which rises over it to a height of several hundred feet, clad in the richest verdure; whilst the rippling stream, occupying only the widest opening, except in time of freshets, ranges along the base of another precipitous height, down the side of which you may trace the almost perpendicular course of heavy timber, which is shot over

* In the bosom of this ridge, about fifteen feet within the surface, were found some curious reliques of the former world. Among them were two considerable fragments of impressions from unknown vegetables; one of them has the appearance of having been long water-worn, the other is now as sharp as if it had been cut but yesterday with the finest instrument of art. These interesting objects were presented by the superintendant of the road to the museum at Baltimore.

the hill top, and descends with such force as sometimes shivers the stoutest logs, and often plants them many feet deep in the bed of the creek.

There is coal found in an adjacent bank, and I picked up one of the exact size and shape of an ostrich's egg, composed of finer pebbles, so perfectly consolidated together that when broken the component parts made but one fracture, without crumbling. This kind of grit-stone it seems is found in large masses upon the adjacent heights, and has been used for mill stones instead of the French burrs, which were formerly transported at great expense across the mountains as far as Pittsburgh.

Wolves and bears still infest the neigbouring mountains, and it was but a few days before we passed through this Alpine village, that a panther had been shot for which a neighbouring hunter had received the government reward of ten or twelve dollars a head.

A few miles beyond this village, upon the ascent of the Laurel hill, a little to the left of the present road, may still be traced, although now covered with trees and underwood, the irregular outlines of Fort Necessity, where Washington, then at the head of a single regiment, encamped on his way to the Ohio. It covered three quarters of an acre—included a natural spring—and at this time displays nothing more prominent than that scanty embankment which afterwards protected the flying remnant of a British army retreating from the fatal field of Monongahela.

To be Continued. A.

ART. VI.—*Description of an Indian Mound, in the State of Ohio, which has not been heretofore described in print.* In a letter from *Joseph Sansom*, Esq. to Chief Justice Tilghman.

ABOUT ten miles from the town of Newark, in the State of Ohio, upon the head waters of the river Scioto, is a regular mound of stone, which has not been hitherto noticed in print, as far as I know. It may be referred, with probability, to the same period of aboriginal polity, and comparative civilization, which cannot be satisfactorily applied to the rude ancestors of the present race of Indians, inhabiting the actual territory of the United States of America.

This immense pile of stone, the construction of which (like that of Egyptian Pyramids) must have commanded the labour of a numerous people, under the control of an absolute chieftain, very different from the lax authority, and parental domination of the native Sachems of the present race, is not less than two hundred feet diameter, and may be little short of fifty in height. The large and massy stones, with which it is composed, though without the use of cement, are artificially, as well as laboriously, put together, as appears on examining the sides of a circular aperture, which has been made for discovery, in the centre of a flat space of twen-

ty or thirty feet diameter, on the summit of the mound. And the stones which form the outer coat of the semi-globular cone appear to have been originally matched or jointed, with their flattest sides outward, for the purpose of forming a regular swell, which might be ascended on all sides, without difficulty or danger; though they have since been much broken up and displaced, by accident or design.

The interstices between the angles of the stones having admitted, in the lapse of ages, of soil enough to support a scanty growth of slender starving trees, and where the mound rises conically from the surface of a hard stony knoll, a coat of fine peat or turf, has formed a sort of matted appendage to the monument, which with the gray moss that has gathered on the parts, which have never been disturbed, give to this unique object a most interesting air of antiquity.

The stony and barren tract on which it stands, scarcely admitting the growth of trees, even under our vernal sun, and exhibiting no remains of contemporaneous occupation, was probably a place of *occasional* resort, allotted for the assembling of public councils. Perhaps it might have been intended to perpetuate the memory of some national era, as no bones have been found to indicate a burying place.

This venerable mound being by far the noblest monument of antiquity now extant in North America, not excepting the Mexican Empire, it is devoutly to be hoped that Congress, will forbid the contractors for the continuation of the national turnpike, which will run within a few miles of it, from making use of its materials for paving stones, which may easily be found elsewhere; leaving this magnificent proof of aboriginal skill and application, for the contemplation of the latest posterity.

ART. VII.—*Letters from the South of France.* Written by an American gentleman, in 1819.

MY DEAR H.

THE southern section of this delightful country, presents so many interesting objects to the traveller, that I doubt my ability to discharge the engagement made you, to write an account of every thing worthy of observation. The journals of tourists are, I think, too often occupied with descriptions of places of great celebrity, and thus it may often happen that we shall become familiar with almost every street and edifice of London, Paris, or Rome, whilst half an empire remains unnoticed.

Perhaps no other country presents those rare monuments of Roman grandeur, skill and superiority in such excellent preservation as the south of France. This, for the most part, may be attributed to the serenity of a climate free from those sudden vicissitudes which in many parts of the world soon reduce the most

firm and stately piles to ruins, and the absence of such awful convulsions of nature as in other places have not only dilapidated edifices, but overwhelmed and swallowed up whole cities.

In my notice of places, I shall observe no regular order, but rove in a desultory way as inclination prompts. The first place to which I shall call your attention, is the town of St. Remy, pleasantly situated in Provence. Besides many recollections of an interesting nature connected with its ancient and modern history, it presents us with two of the most beautiful antiquities to be found in Europe. They consist of a triumphal Arch and Mausoleum. The first of these was erected by the victorious Romans in honour of their general Caius Marius, near the spot where he overcame the combined forces of the Teutones and Ambrones, in the year A. C. 101. History informs us that upon this occasion 200,000 of the allies were slain on the field of battle, and 90.000 made captives; a slaughter, which, judging from the results of modern warfare, seems almost incredible. Notwithstanding the shocking purpose to which gunpowder is principally applied, is not the world under great obligations to its inventor for a discovery which has contributed in no smalll degree to equalize power, curb oppression, and to render such awful instances of destruction as the one just mentioned not only rare but unknown in modern times?

The site of these monuments is rather less than a mile from St. Remy. The Triumphal Arch presents itself first, having upon each of its sides two fluted columns with groups of figures representing captives. It has suffered some dilapidation, several of its statues and ornaments being broken. Enough, however, still remains to excite admiration, and indeed a superficial observer would scarcely note its imperfections.

But the Mausoleum which stands a few rods from the Triumphal Arch, and is considered one of the finest specimens of the kind either in France or Italy, soon draws the attention of the visitor. The height of this superb monument is between fifty and sixty feet. It is in a state of complete preservation, and the just proportions and disposition of its three parts placed one above the other, produces an admirable effect, announcing to moderns the superiority of ancient architecture.

The basis or first division consists of large hewn stones, and supports a square of smaller dimensions surrounded on its four sides by cornice which inclose basso relievo, the figures of which are as large as life. The scenes represented are all martial. On the north side is a combat of cavalry; on the west an engagement of infantry; on the south the field of battle after an action; and on the east, the triumph of the conquerors.

The second division supported by the first, has two arches running through the monument, embellished at each of the four corners by handsome fluted columns with Corinthian capitals. Over these arches there is a fine cornice running round, together with

much well executed ornamental work. The following inscription is still legible on one side.

SEX. L. M. IVLIEI. C. F. PARENTIBVS SVEIS.

Dedicated by Sextus, Lucius, and Marcus, sons of Caius Julicius to their parents.

This structure is surmounted by an arched dome or rotunda, composed of ten Corinthian columns resting upon a circular base and supporting a circular entablature. These columns enclose two statues, which some suppose are those of Caius Marius and his colleague Luctatius Catulns.

The architectural beauties of these vestiges are alone sufficient to excite a degree of enthusiasm in the admirers of the arts. But when to these feelings are added those which spring from a veneration for antiquity with all the noble associations which crowd the mind, as it glances over the page of history, the effect is doubly impressive, for—

> ——————"There is given
> Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent
> A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
> His hand, but broke his sithe, there is a power
> And magic in the ruined battlement,
> For which the palace of the present hour
> Must yield its pomp and wait 'till ages are its dower."

St. Remy is also famous as the birth-place of the celebrated astrologer, Nostrodamus, who was besides an eminent physician, born in the first years of the sixteenth century. In 1558 he published his *Predictions*, with a dedication to Francis I. That king dying the following year of a wound, which he received at a tournament (when the lance of his adversary Montgomery pierced through the golden vizor and entered his eye) the book of our prophet was immediately consulted; and in the 35th quatrain of the first century, this unfortunate event was found in these lines.

> Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera
> En champ bellique par singulier duel,
> Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera,
> Deux plaies une puis mourrir, mort cruelle.

Such a remarkable prediction gave wings to his fame, and he was shortly afterwards honoured with the visits of many sovereigns from different countries, all eager to look into futurity. But these honours had a short date, for the prophet himself paid the debt of nature not long afterwards, in the year 1566.

When we withdraw our attention from particular objects, and take a survey of what surrounds us, we find a country which both in its landscape and productions affords a striking contrast with our own. The principal features are made up of extensive plains bounded by barren mountains, whilst vineyards and a luxuriant growth of the mulberry, fig and olive, constitute the detail. No fences, hedges or woods obstruct the view. The country-houses

are usually at a distance from the road side, and collected together in hamlets, a custom which has most probably had its origin from the wars of rapine and cruelty, which have so frequently desolated this beautiful and fruitful country, both in ancient and modern days. On the uncultivated heaths and commons, large flocks are to be seen grazing, guarded by shepherds whose costume and general appearance bring to mind the pastoral descriptions of the poets. They were always accompanied by their dogs—those beautiful and faithful animals, which, besides solacing their solitude, contribute to lessen the labour imposed upon them. Crops of grain are only to be seen growing in low and moist situations. One is particularly struck with the vast number of mulberry trees which shade the country, and are often cultivated in alternate rows with the olive and the vine, the whole affording a succession of crops so different from the staple products of the American soil, that it is difficult for our countrymen to appreciate their value. The ordinary size of the mulberry is about that of a half grown apple-tree to which it bears some resemblance, probably from its being planted in regular rows similar to orchards. The trunk appears large in proportion to the boughs, which are not suffered to expand as inclined by nature, but are so trimmed as to make them bushy, and thereby increase their foliage. Those who make it a particular business to keep the silk worms, purchase the mulberry leaves for their support from the neighbouring farmers at a certain price for each tree. The raw silk finds a ready market in the nearest manufacturing towns.

As every thing relative to the history of this beautiful and important article of dress is interesting, I shall perhaps be excused for devoting a few lines to the subject.

In the management of silk worms, the eggs of these insects are hatched in boxes, from whence they are removed to hurdle shelves constructed for their residence. The worm soon undergoes several changes in shape and colour, and at last ends its metamorphosis by retiring into its silken cell which it manufactures with a skill and beauty truly admirable. Having remained in its ball or cone for two or three weeks, it pierces the smallest end, forcing its way out under the new form of a butterfly. Few however are reserved for so long a life, as the moisture which escapes from the insect soon after its last transformation, is found to soil and injure the silk. To prevent this evil the cones are exposed to a sufficient degree of heat to destroy the life of the fly. Enough are however always preserved to keep up the stock, and as each will lay 5 or 600 eggs, a small number is sufficient for this purpose.

The worms are supplied with fresh leaves every day, and great care is taken to keep their apartments clean, and well aired, as their health, growth and welfare depend greatly upon these precautions. The leaves intended for the future support of these in-

sects are gathered from the trees in dry weather, and retain their freshness a long time by being well protected from moisture.

Silk, though well known, was not manufactured in Europe before the decline of the Roman empire, and the luxurious Romans were indebted for this very costly article, to the caravan merchants who traded with the Chinese, by traversing the long and dangerous paths and defiles which led over the deserts and mountains of Arabia. During the reign of Justinian, the insects which produce it were first introduced into the west. Two Persian monks who had found their way to the Chinese empire as missionaries, suffered their religious zeal to be relaxed by cupidity, and upon a promise of a high reward from that emperor, succeeded in transporting the eggs of the insect from China to the west. The monks eluded the penetrating vigilance of the Chinese, by concealing the eggs in hollow bamboos. Such was at that time the high estimation in which this strange people held the management of silk worms that they considered the business of nursing them an occupation superior to all others and proper for their queens.

The olive tree which produces such an agreeable condiment is a small and bushy evergreen. The fruit, when ripe, is black, but those that are pickled are gathered green, and have their bitterness extracted by an alkaline solution in which they are steeped.

In my next letter you will perhaps have some account of the interesting antiquities of Nismes, a place which abounds with some of the noblest specimens of art. In the meantime recommending myself to your kind prepossessions, I remain,

Yours, ———

ART. VIII.—*History of Europe, from the Treaty of Paris in* 1815. Continued from page 493.

CHAP. II.—ENGLAND. *Distresses of the Country—Riots in the Counties of Suffolk, Cambridge, and Stafford.—Meetings at Spafields, and disturbances in the Metropolis.—Orator Hunt.—Marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg Saalfield.—Death of Mr. Sheridan.*

IN the speech at the commencement of the session of Parliament, the regent congratulated himself and the two Houses on the prosperous condition of the nation. In regard to a very great part of the nation, however, it was early suspected, and it soon became quite evident, that these congratulations were at the best somewhat premature. To so great an extent indeed did this impression gain ground, that both within Parliament and without it a very considerable share of the public attention was ere long directed to the causes out of which the acknowledged distresses of the agricultural part of the nation had arisen, and to the remedies,

by which, in the opinion of various speculators, they might most probably be cured.

The extent of these distresses was exhibited to the House in such an alarming point of view, that no attempt was made to infuse the spirit of party zeal into the discussion of the subject. The business of the committee which was appointed was gone about in the calm manner of a merely scientific society, all men appearing to bring to the investigation minds influenced by no motives except those of the purest and most honourable nature; nor is it to be doubted that this circumstance alone was of considerable efficacy in soothing the spirits of those whose sufferings might have been, not unnaturally, expected to render them irritable.

These distresses although they were brought much too early under the consideration of parliament, were not in fact greater than the distresses of other parts of the empire wherein agriculture had never formed the chief object of attention—among the silk manufacturers, for instance in Spitalfields, and the iron and coal workers of Staffordshire and Wales. The distress was a very general one; and wherever it appeared, among labourers of the ground or manufacturers, it is certain that it had originated in the operation of the same general causes. These causes, however their minutiæ might be disputed, bore all of them no indistinct reference to the highly artificial state wherein the empire and all its concerns had been placed by the unexampled length and pertinacity of the war in which it had been engaged. The sufferings of the agricultural and commercial classes were connected with each other in their origin, and they acted reciprocally so as to increase each other in the sequel. The more immediate causes of all may be considered as having arisen from changes thus produced in the exports, the imports, and the home demands of commerce, in consequence of the alteration which took place in the system of the empire, and of the continental nations, by reason of the downfal of the power of France.

During the continuance of the last war, many things had conspired to stimulate to the highest extent the exertions of every class of the people of England. Cut off by the decrees of Buonaparte from direct intercourse with some of the richest countries in Europe, the policy which England had adopted in revenge of this exclusion, had greatly increased the action of those many circumstances which naturally tended towards rendering her the great or rather sole entrepot of the commerce of the world. In her the whole of that colonial trade which had formerly been sufficient to enrich, not her alone, but France and Holland also, had now centered. The inventive zeal of her manufacturers had gone on from year to year augmenting and improving branches of industry, in which even before, she had been without a rival. The increase of manufacturers had been attended with a perpetual increase in the demand for agricultural produce, and the events of

the two years of scarcity (as they were called) lent an additional spring to the motions of those whose business it was to meet this demand. The increase which took place in the agricultural improvements of the island, was such as had never before been equalled in any similar period of time. Invention followed invention, for economizing labour, and increasing production, till throughout no inconsiderable part of the whole empire the face of the country was entirely changed.

As the year advanced, the inclemency of the weather was such, that the fears of the corn-growers lest they should be ruined by the continuance of a too great abundance in the market, were very soon lost altogether in the fears of the consumers, lest there should be too little. The distress of the poor population in many counties was excessive, and in some manufacturing districts, where a less rigid morality characterises the minds of the people, their distress led to acts of serious violence, which were not checked without very decided measures on the part of the executive. In Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, and Cambridge, the same spirit of tumult successively made its appearance. The workmen in different towns of these counties, irritated by the reduction which had taken place in their wages, and alarmed at the same time by the prospect of a general scarcity of provisions, thought themselves equally entitled to blame the manufacturers and the farmers, and destroyed indiscriminately the machinery of the former, and the barns and rick yards of the latter. In Staffordshire, the stoppage ofseveral great iron works produced an immediate stoppage in some of the immense collieries, and the men thus thrown out of employment, being commonly supposed to be of a very rude and savage disposition, did not begin to manifest symptoms of riot without exciting very serious alarm in the minds of their neighbours. The colliers, however, did not carry themselves in the sequel so as to justify these apprehensions. They filled huge waggons with coals: and dragged them with their own hands through the neighbouring counties, by way of exciting compassion, and one party of them approached in this fashion within a short distance of London. But by the interference and advice of the magistrates they were easily persuaded to return; and the whole disturbances in that district terminated without giving rise to any scene of bloodshed.

In the metropolis itself, towards the close of the season, there occurred a scene of riot more alarming than any thing which had appeared there for many years; and which, had it not been met by the active prudence of the government, might not unprobably have terminated more fatally than even the great riot of Lord George Gordon in 1780. On the 13th November, there took place in Spa-fields one of those huge and motely meetings to which we have already alluded, where the populace, after listening for some time to the pernicious nonsense of some of their vulgar orators, at

last assented to the propriety of embodying, in a petition to the Prince Regent himself, a statement of all those grievances under which they conceived themselves to be suffering, from the wretched system of government to which these islands had been subjected by him and his ministers. This notable petition, abounding in every species of rudeness, insolence, and presumption, was entrusted to the hands of the principal orator of the day, one Hunt, a person already well known in the western counties of England, as a noisy and turbulent, but happily a very stupid assertor of the same doctrines which had been preached with greater ability, in the same quarter, by Mr. Cobbett. The petition was to be carried by Hunt to the Prince in *propria persona*; but the orator found on application at Carlton House, that he must begin with submitting it to the inspection of the Secretary of State. Lord Sidmouth received the document, and forthwith sent it back to Mr. Hunt, assuring him, that the terms in which its petitions were couched, put it entirely out of his power to forward it to its destination. A second meeting of the same mob was, in the meantime, about to be held at Spafields, for the purpose of receiving from this ambassador the tidings of his mission. It so happened, that a public execution had taken place in the city on the morning of the day appointed for this second assemblage, and Hunt, on his arrival at the scene of action, had the satisfaction to find his audience swelled by the addition of all the rabble which usually attend upon such terrible scenes in the metropolis, with any feelings rather than those of salutary terror. The orator made his approach in a waggon, drawn by some of his most trusty adherents. He was preceded by a multitude of trumpeters, bearing banners embroidered with seditious mottos; but neither the least remarkable, nor the least intelligible of his ensigns, were the tri-coloured flag and the *bonnet rouge*,—emblems borrowed from those worthies of Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons, whom Hunt, and such as he, are content to consider as illustrious predecessors in the great cause of liberty.

The account which the orator gave of the success of his embassy was received with shouts of indignation by the multitude, and commented upon in the most inflamatory terms, both by Hunt himself and two of his associates—a father and a son of the name of Watson. From the closing part of the scene Hunt was shrewd and cunning enough to withdraw; but the rabble proceeded, upon their dispersion, to reduce to practice the lessons he had been teaching them, under the guidance of his less prudent co-adjutors the Watsons. The mob marched into the city, and commenced their operations by rifling a gun-smith's shop, where young Watson shot a person who opposed some resistance to their measures. Having procured some arms, they advanced to the Royal Exchange where they were met by the mayor and aldermen, who in vain attempted to disperse them by means of persuasion. A few of the most audacious forced themselves into the Exchange, and the

gates being immediately closed by command of the mayor, they were secured by the officers in attendance. Their companions endeavoured to procure their release by firing over the gates upon the magistrates; but before they had leisure to effect their purpose, a body of horse and foot were marched into the city, and the mob was obliged to disperse. Before the evening came on, they made several attacks upon houses where arms were supposed to be kept, in various parts of the city; but the military were sufficiently numerous, and sufficiently vigilant, to prevent them from obtaining any considerable supply. The government had, indeed, received sufficient warning from the events of the first meeting; and the measures which they adopted in consequence, were such as completely to overawe the insurgents, and restore the metropolis to tranquillity before the end of the day. In the mean time, young Watson, the most daring criminal of the scene, contrived to procure for himself some refuge or disguise, under the protection of which he eventually eluded all attempt at discovery. His father, and some others of his associates, were less prudent or less fortunate.

In the midst of these distresses, the nation derived much gratification from the conclusion of a treaty of marriage between the Princess Charlotte Augusta, the daughter of the Regent, and presumptive heiress of the throne, and Prince Leopold, a younger son of the house of Saxe-Coburg Saalfield.* The hopes which the people reposed in this young princess were mingled with more than an usual proportion of tenderness and affection; for every circumstance of her demeanour, which had reached their knowledge, had tended to represent her character as one of singular artlessness, frankness, and benevolence.

The prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg had greatly distinguished himself in the campaigns preceding the first abdication of Buonaparte, and had attended the allied Sovereigns on their visit to England, in the summer of the year 1814. Being introduced amidst the gayeties of that festal season, to the young princess of Wales, it was understood that he had been regarded by her with singular interest, and that the impression made upon her by his appearance and manners had greatly contributed to determine her in her final rejection of the suit of the prince of Orange.

The interest which the people already felt in the fate of the young princess, was kept up and strengthened, from day to day, by every circumstance of her opening character, as developed in the deportment of her married life. Transferred at once from a state of comparative seclusion into the full eye of the people, she met their gaze with a native gracefulness, and unaffected benigni-

* The House of Saxe Cobourg, are descended from the fourth Cadet of the Ernestine branch of the House of Saxony, which was deprived of the Electorate by the Emperor Charles V.

ty, which excited in her favour a mingled sentiment of respect and attachment. She mixed in the amusements, the occupations, the devotions of the people, and in every thing she endeared herself by showing that her thoughts were cast in the same mould with theirs. But much as she delighted them by her public appearances, the privacy of her habitual existence, and the belief that this privacy was the tribute and token of her conjugal love, awoke the deepest feeling of affection for the princess. The people rejoiced in seeing that the first gentlewoman of England appreciated and exemplified the purity of the domestic morals and the domestic happiness of her country.

The domestic history of this year (1816) cannot be closed without mentioning the death of an individual, who, although he had for some time ceased to be a member of the senate, or to be regarded as adding strength to any party in the state, had by the exertions of his earlier life, won for himself a right to a high place both in the political and in the literary history of his country, and whose death, therefore, was of right regarded as a public event by his surviving contemporaries. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was descended from a family, in whom genius appears to have been a hereditary possession, and whose representatives have enjoyed uninterruptedly, for the last hundred years, the privilege of living in intimate friendship with the most remarkable men of their country. He was himself designed originally for the profession of the law, but this he soon quitted for the drama, in which he met with immediate and splendid success. But by accident becoming known to Mr. Fox, he was induced by him to turn his views towards political life, and having secured a seat in parliament, his powers of wit and eloquence soon raised him to a high reputation, at a period when the public admiration was already shared by a since unequalled constellation of illustrious orators and statesmen. It is not necessary to allude to the long series of splendid appearances by which he supported this high character for many successive years. In the decline of his age, however, habits of dissipation and extravagance, which had not been able to check his career when in the full vigour of manhood, seem to have gathered round him in additional strength, and to have not only rendered him useless as a statesman, but utterly unhappy, and alas! far less respectable than he should have been in his private life. Having exhausted every means of credit his closing scene was embittered with sorrows of a nature to which men of his high station are in general strangers; even the aid of his friends, it would appear, had been denied or rejected, for although his remains were followed to the grave by a long procession of princes and nobles, he died amidst the wretchedness, almost the squalor of poverty. Born with very amiable dispositions, and with a genius of the most happy order, and favoured with opportunities such as have fallen to the share of few, such was the end of Sheridan—a severe, but it may be a salutary

lesson, how vain it is, with the most splendid endowments and successes, to expect true felicity even in this state of existence, without fixedness of principle and simplicity of life.

ART. IX.—*Explanation of the engraving in this number.*

THE present number is embellished with a representation of an interesting scene in the new American novel, entitled the Spy. The design is by Mr. Clay, and we are indebted to the burin of Mr. Childs, for the engraving. We think our readers will agree with us in the opinion, that the picture possesses great merit.

In order to comprehend the story which is related in this Illustration, it may be necessary to state that Harvey Birch, the Spy, who was an object of particular anxiety to Major Dunwoodie, had been caught by that active Virginian, and condemned to be hanged. On the night before his execution, he was confined in the chamber of Betty Flanagan, a drunken termagant, who performed the office of washerwoman to the troop. Coming home intoxicated, she was permitted to enter her apartment, where she quickly sunk into a deep slumber. The prisoner availed himself of her situation, to despoil her of her garments, under the disguise of which he made his escape. We shall now proceed to extract a few passages from the tale.

"While his comrades were sleeping, in perfect forgetfulness of their hardships and dangers, the slumbers of Dunwoodie were broken and unquiet. After spending a night of restlessness, he rose unrefreshed from the rude bed where he had thrown himself in his clothes, and without awaking any of the group around him, wandered into the open air in search of relief.———

"In this disturbed state of mind the Major wandered through the orchard, and was stopped in his walk by arriving at the base of those rocks which had protected the Skinners in their flight, before he was conscious whither his steps had carried him. He was about to turn, and retrace his path to his quarters, when he was startled by a voice bidding him to—

"Stand or die."

Dunwoodie turned in amazement, and beheld the figure of a man placed at a little distance above him on a shelving rock, with a musket in his hands that was levelled at himself. The light was not yet sufficiently powerful to reach the recesses of that gloomy spot, and a second look was necessary before he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was the pedlar who stood before him!!" Vol. II. pp. 24, 25.

ART. X.—*Incidents in the early history of America.*

AMONG the Antinomians who were banished from Boston, about the year 1638, and took refuge in New Hampshire, was

captain John Underhill, in whose story will appear some very strong characteristics of the spirit of these times. He had been a soldier in the Netherlands, and was brought over to New England by Gov. Winthrop, to train the people in military discipline. He served the country in the Pequod war, and was in such reputation in the town of Boston, that they had chosen him one of their deputies. Deeply tinctured with Antinomian principles, and possessed of an high degree of enthusiasm, he made a capital figure in the controversy, being one of the subscribers to a petition in which the court was censured, with an indecent severity for their proceedings against a person named Wheelright. For this offence he was disfranchised. He then made a voyage to England; and upon his return, petitioned the court for the three hundred acres of land, which had been promised him for his former services, intending to remove after Wheelright. In his petition he acknowleged his offence in condemning the court, and declared "that the Lord had brought him to a sense of his sin in that respect, so that he had been in great trouble on account thereof." On this occasion, the court thought proper to question him concerning an offensive expression, which he had uttered on board the ship in which he came from England, "that the government at Boston, were as zealous as the Scribes and Pharisees, and as Paul before his conversion." He denied the charge, but it was proved to his face by a woman who was passenger with him, and whom he had endeavoured to seduce to his opinions. He was also questioned for what he had said to her, concerning the manner of his receiving assurance, which was "that having long lain under a spirit of bondage, he could get no assurance; till at length as he was taking a pipe of tobacco, the spirit set home upon him, an absolute promise of free grace with such assurance and joy, that he had never since doubted of his good estate; neither should he whatever sins he might fall into."

In the year 1689, in that part of the town of Dover, (New Hampshire) which lies about the first falls in the river Cocheco, were five garrisoned houses; three on the north side, viz. Waldron's, Otis' and Heard's; and two on the south side; viz. Peter Coffin's and his son's. These houses were surrounded with timber walls, the gates of which, as well as the house doors, were secured with bolts and bars. The neighbouring families retired to these houses by night; but by an unaccountable negligence no watch was kept. The Indians, who were daily passing through the town visiting and trading with the inhabitants, as usual in times of peace, viewed their situation with an attentive eye. Some hints of a mischievous design had been given out by their squaws; but in such dark and ambiguous terms that no one could comprehend their meaning. Some of the people were uneasy, but Waldron, who, from a long course of experience, was intimately

acquainted with the Indians, and on other occasions had been ready enough to suspect them, was now so thoroughly secure, that, when some of the people hinted their fears to him, he merrily bade them go and plant their pumpkins, saying he would tell them when the Indians would break out. The very evening before the mischief was done, being told by a young man that the town was full of Indians, and that the people were much concerned, he answered, that he knew the Indians very well, and there was no danger.

The plan which the Indians had preconcerted was, that two squaws should go to each of the garrisoned houses in the evening, and ask leave to lodge by the fire; that in the night when the people were asleep, they should open the doors and gates, and give the signal by a whistle; upon which the strange Indians, who were to be within hearing, should rush in and take their long meditated revenge. This plan being ripe for execution, on the evening of Thursday the 27th of June, two squaws applied to each of the garrisons for lodging, as they frequently did in time of peace. They were admitted into all but the younger Coffin's, and the people at their request, showed them how to open the doors, in case they should have occasion to go out in the night. *Mesandowit*, one of their chiefs, went to *Waldron*'s garrison and was kindly entertained as he had often been before. The squaws told the major that a number of Indians, were coming to trade with him the next day: and *Mesandowit* whilst at supper, with his usual familiarity, said "Brother *Waldron* what would you do if the strange Indians should come?" The major carelessly answered, that he could assemble an hundred men by lifting up his finger. In this unsuspecting confidence, the family retired to rest.

When all was quiet the gates were opened, and the signal was given. The Indians entered, set a guard on the door, and rushed into the major's apartment, which was an inner room. Awakened by the noise, he jumped out of bed, and though now advanced in life to the age of above eighty years, he retained so much vigour as to drive them with his sword through two or three doors; but as he was returning for his other arms they came behind him, stunned him with a hatchet, drew him into his hall and seating him in an elbow chair on a long table, insultingly asked him "who shall judge Indians now?" They then obliged the people in the house to get them some victuals; and when they had done eating they cut the major across the breast and belly with knives, each one with a stroke saying "I cross out my account." They then cut off his nose and ears, forcing them into his mouth; and when spent with the loss of blood, he was falling down from the table one of them held his own sword under him, which put an end to his misery. They also killed his son-in-law, Abraham Lee; but took his daughter, Lee, with several others, and having pillaged the house, left it on fire. Otis' garrison, which was next to the ma-

jor's, met with the same fate: he was killed with several others, and his wife and child were *captivated*. Heard's was saved by the barking of a dog just as they were entering. Elder Wentworth, who was awakened by the noise, pushed them out, and falling on his back, set his feet against the gate and held it till he had alarmed the people: two balls we fired through it, but both missed him. Coffin's house was surprised, but as the Indians had no particular enmity to him they spared his life, and the lives of his family, and contented themselves with pillaging the house. Finding a bag of money, they made him throw it by handfuls on the floor, whilst they amused themselves in scrambling for it.

In the year 1786, in New Hampshire, the same party which was zealous in favour of paper currency, and against laws which obliged them to pay their debts, proceeded to inveigh against courts and lawyers. The inferior courts were represented as sinecures for judges and clerks: the defaulting, appealing, demurring, abatement, fees, and bills of costs, without any decision, were complained of as burdens, and an abolition of these courts became a part of the popular cry. But the party did not content themselves with writing in the public papers. An attempt was made to call a convention at Concord, whilst the assembly was sitting there, who should petition the legislature in favour of the plan; and it was thought that the presence of such a body of men, convened at the same time and place, would have great weight. This attempt was defeated in a manner singular and humorous.

At the first sitting of the assembly, (June) when five only of the members of the proposed convention were in town, some wags, among whom were several young lawyers, pretended to have been chosen by the towns in which they lived for the same purpose. In conference with the five, they penetrated their views, and permitted them to post an advertisement, for all the members who were in town to assemble immediately; it being of the utmost importance to present their petition as early in the session as possible. By this means sixteen pretended members with the five real ones, formed themselves into a convention, choosing one of the five their president, and one of the sixteen their clerk. They carried on their debates and passed votes with much apparent solemnity. Having framed a petition complaining in the most extravagant terms of their grievances: praying for a loan of three millions of dollars, for the abolition of inferior courts, and a reduction of the number of the lawyers to *two* only in a county, and for a free trade with all the world; they went in procession to the assembly (some of whom had been previously let into the secret), and with great formality presented their petition, which was suffered to lie on the table, and was afterwards withdrawn. The convention then dissolved; and when others who had been really

chosen by the towns arrived, they were exceedingly mortified on finding their views, for that time, so completely frustrated.

In the beginning of January 1744, Gov. Wentworth (of New Hampshire), requested of the members of the general court (Legislature) that they would lay themselves under an oath of secrecy to receive a proposal from him of very great importance. This was the first request of the kind, which had ever been made to a legislative body in the colonies. They readily took the oath, and he communicated to them the plan which he had formed for attacking Louisburg. The secret was kept for some days, till an honest member, who performed the family devotion at his lodgings, inadvertently discovered it by praying for a blessing on the attempt.

Columbus' son who wrote his history, says he was moderately tall and long visaged; his complexion a good red and white; that he had light eyes and cheeks somewbat full, but neither too fat nor too lean; that in his youth he had fair hair, which turned gray before he was thirty years of age; that he was naturally grave, but affable to strangers, and pleasant frequently among his domestics, strict and devout in religious matters, and though a seaman, was never heard to swear or curse.

All that is commonly remembered of the sailor who first discovered land (on board of Columbus' ship) is, that expecting some great reward from the king of Spain, and being disappointed, he took it in his head in a rage to renounce Christianity, and turned Mahometan.

Art. XI.—*May you like it.* By a country Curate. Philadelphia, re-printed by John Conrad. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 272.

Appropriate titles to books are out of fashion. They have given place to every thing that is quaint, and in some instances altogether inapplicable. "*May you like it,*" is the language of every author to his patrons. Perhaps it is seldom accompanied by a more fervent desire than that which animated the heart of the writer of these pages, if we may judge of his character from his work, which breathes the most exalted piety throughout. "May you like it," is a collection of stories and characters, intended to teach what man should be in the vicissitudes of this chequered life. The design is professedly to recommend religion, "not obtruding itself to disgust the careless and profane—but in its beautiful and happy effects, in its ennobling the best actions and rendering its professors more disposed to make allowances for the failings of others." As even the profane admit, that the universal practice of religious precepts would certainly conduce to the happiness of the world, every attempt to explain their real meaning—and to exhibit them in the

engaging dress to which, of right, their intrinsic value is entitled, should be encouraged by the patronage of a christian community. These tales are said to be the production of a young clergyman of Suffolk, in England. In a style which is simple and pure, he has inculcated sentiments that are eminently fitted to produce happiness here, and peace in that world to which we are all going. We recommend this volume to parents particularly as one which will aid them in the highly responsible station which they occupy; and we can assure the mere literary lounger, that if he possess the slightest spark of feeling, it cannot fail to be elicited in the perusal of these tales.

ART. XII.—*Reception of the first American Ambassador at the Court of St. James.*

IN the following letter, addressed to the secretary of state, Mr. Adams gives an account of his reception at the court of London. When it is recollected that he was the first minister to England, which had been sent to represent us as an independent nation, the address and the reply will be read with deep interest. The language employed by the speakers, though simple and unstudied, is worthy of those exalted personages, and the sentiments are precisely such as ought to be cultivated by the people of both nations.

SIR, *London* 1784.

At one, on Wednesday, the first of June, the master of the ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland-row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me, and introduced me to Mr. Frazier, his undersecretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office, through all the changes in administration, for thirty years, having first been appointed by the earl of Holderness. After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my effects from Holland and France, free of duty, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to court. When we arrived in the ante-chamber, the master of the ceremonies met me, and attended me, while the secretary of state went to take the commands of the king. While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of the ceremonies, the room very full of ministers of state, bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the king's bed-chamber, you may well suppose that I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me, and entertained me with a very agreeable conversation during the whole time. Some other gentlemen, whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments too, until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned, and desired me to go with him to his majesty. I went with his lordship through the

levee-room into the king's closet—the door was shut, and I was left with his majesty and the secretary of state alone. I made the three reverences; one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his majesty in the following words:

"SIR,—The United States of America have appointed me Minister-plenipotentiary to your majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honour to assure your majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family.

"The appointment of a minister from the United States to your majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honour to be the first to stand in your majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection; or, in better words, 'the old good nature, and the good old humour,' between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood. I beg your majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been entrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself."

The king listened to every word I said, with dignity it is true, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremour than I had spoken with and said—

"SIR,—The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but that I am glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, Sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the

first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural and full effect."

I dare not say that these were the king's precise words: and it is even possible that I may have in some particular mistaken his meaning; for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between his periods, and between members of the same period. He was, indeed, much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense; and I think that all which he said to me should at present be kept secret in America, unless his majesty, or his secretary of state, should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his majesty's meaning, as I then understood it, and his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them. I am, &c.

JOHN ADAMS.

ART. XIII.—*Curious original letter from General Washington to the Emperor of Morocco.* Extracted from a work just published at Paris, entitled "*Naufrage du Brick Français La Sophie,*" which was lost on the West Coast of Africa, the 30th of May, 1819.

GREAT AND MAGNANIMOUS FRIEND,

SINCE the date of the letter, which the late congress, by their president, addressed to your Imperial Majesty, the United States of America have thought proper to change their government, and to institute a new one, agreeable to the constitution, of which I have the honour of herewith enclosing a copy. The time necessarily employed in this arduous task, and the derangements occasioned by so great, though peaceable a revolution, will apologize and account for your majesty's not having received those regular advices and marks of attention from the United States, which the friendship and magnanimity of your conduct towards them afforded reason to expect.

The United States having unanimously appointed me to the supreme executive authority in this nation, your majesty's letter of the 17th August, 1788, which by reason of the dissolution of the late government remained unanswered, has been delivered to me. I have also received the letters which your imperial majesty has been so kind as to write, in favour of the United States, to the bashaws of Tunis and Tripoli, and I present to you the sincere acknowledgments and thanks of the United States, for this important mark of your friendship for them.

We greatly regret that the hostile disposition of those regencies, towards this nation, which has never injured them, is not to be

removed on terms in our power to comply with. Within our territories there are no mines, either of gold or silver; and this young nation, just recovering from the waste and desolation of a long war, has not, as yet, had time to acquire riches by agriculture and commerce. But our soil is bountiful, and our people industrious; and we have reason to flatter ourselves that we shall gradually become useful to our friends.

The encouragement, which your majesty has been pleased generously to give to our commerce with your dominions, the punctuality with which you have caused the treaty with us to be observed, and the just and generous measures taken in the case of captain Proctor, make a deep impression on the United States, and confirm their respect for and attachment to your Imperial majesty.

It gives me pleasure to have this opportunity of assuring your majesty, that while I remain at the head of this nation, I shall not cease to promote every measure that may conduce to the friendship and harmony which so happily subsist between your empire and our country, and shall esteem myself happy in every occasion of convincing your majesty of the high sense which (in common with the whole nation) I entertain of the magnanimity, wisdom, and benevolence of your majesty.

In the course of the approaching winter, the national legislature (which is called by the former name of Congress) will assemble, and I shall take care that nothing be omitted that may be necessary to cause the correspondence between our countries to be maintained and conducted in a manner agreeable to your majesty, and satisfactory to all the parties concerned in it.

May the Almighty bless your imperial majesty, our great and magnanimous friend, with his constant guidance and protection.

Written at the city of New York, the first day of December, 1789.

G. WASHINGTON.

ART. XIV.—*Peter Klaus.* The legend of the Goatherd.—Rip Van Winkle.

The following legend is offered to our readers, not only on the score of its intrinsic merit but as being the undoubted source from which Geoffrey Crayon drew his Rip Van Winkle.

This story of the Goatherd is to be found in Busching's Popular Tales, page 327, where it is followed by a second legend on the same subject; both have reference to the celebrated emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, in fact, is the subject of many a winter's tale amongst the Germans, but all springing from one and the same source. According to this primal story, the emperor once took refuge with a party of his followers, in the Kyffhausen mountains, where he still lives, though under the influence of magic. Here he sits, with his friends, on a bench before a stone table, supporting his head on his hands, and in a state of apparent slumber. His red beard has grown through the table down to his feet, while his head nods and his eyes twinkle, as if he slept uneasily or were about to wake. At times this slumber is interrupted, but his naps are, for the most part, tolerably long, something about a hun-

dred years' duration. In his waking moments, he is supposed to be fond of music, and amongst the numerous tales to which his magic state has given rise, there is one of a party of musicians, who thought proper to treat him with a regular concert in his subterranean abode. Each was rewarded with a green bough, a mode of payment so offensive to their expectations, that upon their return to earth, all flung away his gifts, save one, and he kept the bough only as a memorial of the adventure, without the least suspicion of its value; great, however, was his surprise, when, upon showing it to his wife, every leaf was changed into a golden dollar.

But even the first tale of the emperor's prolonged slumber can hardly be deemed original; and perhaps to speak it fairly, is nothing more than a popular version of The Seven Sleepers, not a little disfigured by time and the peculiar superstitions of the country. It is indeed, surprising how small a stock of original matter has sufficed for all the varieties of European legend; the sources are remarkably few to him who has sufficient knowledge of the subject to follow up the various streams to their fountain head; and it is a task which, if ably executed, might prove both curious and instructive.

Peter Klaus was a Goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same enclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes,

but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but no where could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps he descended.

The people, whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthed by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognised the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: It was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The by-standers looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said; "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?" "Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The Goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognised his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment, a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!"—"And your father's?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The Goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour! —Welcome after twenty years!"

ART. XV.—*Retrospection.* By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar. Philadelphia. Collins and Croft.

So universal is the taste for reading novels, that we are pleased when we have an opportunity of recommending to our friends, one that may be read with advantage. "*Retrospection*," from the moral pen of Mrs. Taylor, is preeminently entitled to this distinction. It is a novel because it has a story, but the story is only the loom by whose instrumentality the fabric is produced. The lesson it inculcates is impressed on every page, and is one of incalculable value, because it is of use in our daily intercourse with society, and in every scene of domestic life. It is no less than the intolerable misery of an irritable and ungoverned temper. To those unhappy persons who are fretting away their lives under this scourge, we would recommend this little volume. Could they be persuaded to hold the glass before their own visage, they might here see the folly of marring all the good that Providence has sent them.

Miss Burrows, the heroine, gives a retrospection of her own life. It is filled up by every-day incidents—such as happen to us all. The lovers of romance therefore will find no food for their appetites here. The young lady had a lover indeed, but she lost him by her caprice—and she did not break her heart! She had beauty, wit, and fortune, yet she confesses in her old age, that she never had another—from which young ladies are to be instructed, that a bad temper may be indulged until the manners become so revolting, that gentlemen are willing to forego even the advantage of money rather than be tormented by a fretful wife.

The object of the author being to show the baneful effects of pride and self-will upon their possessor—she has insulated her heroine pretty much from an intercourse with such relatives, as must inevitably be made to be almost equal sufferers with the unhappy subject of their government, when they are condemned to be her daily companions. She is early separated from her connexions, and through a long life, the chief burden of her restless spirit is inflicted on herself. But few people live alone; human society is connected by many ties—ill tempered people therefore, have it very generally in their power to make many others as wretched as they make themselves. More good then, might perhaps result from a picture of a whole family in continual agitation, from one

unfeeling member. Mrs. Taylor's knowledge of the human heart, with her command of easy language, could "hold the mirror up to life."

This lady has chosen to select her specimen from her own sex. Let it not be supposed that she has so done, because she could not find it elsewhere. The restraints under which women are held through every stage of their existence, must necessarily tend to discipline their tempers. But man, "the lord of all below," steps, almost from his cradle, to the throne of liberty. Power and prerogative are altogether his—how much more likely then, is he to scatter "arrows and death" than the weak and timid female.

Both in narrative and manner, "*Retrospection,*" bears a considerable resemblance to "*Discipline,*" an excellent work of the late Mrs. Brunton, to which we gave our decided approbation in this Journal. We think they are calculated to do good, particularly, because, without any formal harangue on religion—very seldom read through by the novel-reader—Religion is the basis of the moral. It pervades every part, and is exhibited as the only certain remedy for selfishness, pride and passion. H.

ART. XVI.—*The Catacombs of Paris.* From the French.

La mort ne surprend pas le sage;
Il est toujours pret à partir
S'etant ou lui même avertir
Du temps ou l'on doit resoudre a ce passage.

SUCH was the sentiment of the least austere of philosophers, (La Fontaine) and he was right. I do not wish to insinuate that we should think incessantly on death, but it appears to me right and useful to meditate sometimes on this important subject, in order that we may familiarize ourselves with it, and await its coming with firmness; without desiring it like fools, or fearing it like cowards. Such I apprehend to be that true wisdom, which, whilst it recommends to us to consider with seriousness the term of our existence, invites us to scatter flowers on the path that conducts us to its termination.

There is a day in the year which religion in unison with philosophy, has consecrated to the most serious meditations:—it is Ash Wednesday;—on that day I like to reflect on the fragility of life, and the uncertainty of its duration; and in order to indulge my melancholy, I descend into the Catacombs. This is a promenade not much frequented, being the sad dwellings of ten generations, to which our own will soon be added. From the Masquerade or the Opera, to the Catacombs, the transition is sudden; but meditation has for me a stronger attraction when it succeeds dissipation, and I feel better disposed to profit by the severe lessons which the dead afford, when I have just been a witness of the follies of the living.

I mentioned last Monday at Madame De R * * * *'s my intention of making this visit to the Catacombs, and as the ticket of admission which the inspector-general of the mines had sent me, permitted me to take one person with me, several offered themselves as companions. Being restricted to one, it was natural that I should give the preference to the daughter of the lady of the house, one of the most amiable women of Paris. Madame De Sesanne determined at all events to make this mysterious visit with me. I feared the effect it might produce on the imagination of a young person of twenty years of age, and at first made some objections, which her mother seconded. But nothing could induce her to renounce the project. It was therefore agreed, that she should call and take me in her carriage the next day at noon.

Madame De Sesanne was punctual to her appointment, and with our pockets as full of wax tapers, as though we had intended to rest fifteen days under ground, we bent our course towards the Barriere D'Enfer (or gate of hell), remarking at the same time, the singular affinity between the name of this entrance, and the place we were going to visit.

The superintendant of the Catacombs who had been notified the evening before of our intended visit, conducted us by a small staircase, made within the enclosure of the buildings of the barrier, to the first vaults, which are ninety feet beneath the surface of the soil. We followed, for the space of a quarter of an hour, the turnings of a narrow gallery, and remarked at unequal distances, the dates of the years, during which the labours of the different parts of the quarries had been undertaken. Upon the top of the vault, from the entrance to the door of the Catacombs, a black line has been traced, which in case of necessity would serve as a clue for the visiter who might go astray in the immense labyrinth.

Our guide led us off for a moment from the road to the Catacombs, and conducted us to the gallery called *Port Mahon*. In this place, a soldier who had followed the Marshall Richelieu in 1756 to Minorca, and whose subsequent dismission had obliged him to labour in these quarries for subsistence, amused himself during his hours of leisure, in modelling in the rock, a plan in relief, of the fortifications of that island. This monument though it might not as respects the arts, be considered as a work of great beauty, or delicate proportions, attests in an honourable manner the address, the memory, and especially the patience, of him who without any knowledge of architecture, without means, and almost without instruments, was able to execute such a work. My young companion was much affected on learning by some words engraved on the rock, that this industrious man, after having spent five years at this work without reward, perished near the same spot by the fall of some rocks, which he was labouring to prevent.

The catacombs being the exclusive object of our curiosity, we hurried our guide to conduct us to them, and stopped but for a moment, to view a ruin of the most picturesque, and frightful aspect. It consisted of large masses of rock poised upon their angles, whose curious and fantastical forms suspended in air, and menacing destruction to all who approached them, produce so remarkable an effect that many painters have made them an object of study.

We arrived finally in a sort of hall, at the bottom of which is a black door ornamented by two *pilastres* of the Tuscan order, and surmounted by this inscription:

"*Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem expectantes.*"

At the moment when we entered this dark enclosure, my young companion drew near to me involuntarily, and I was for a moment frightened at the paleness and alteration of her features. She applied some salts to her nose, and said, with an effort to call up a smile, "do not alarm yourself, I feel an oppression of spirits, but it is not fear."

We entered this palace of Death; its hideous attributes environed us; the walls are covered with them; heaps of bones are bent into arches, raised into columns, and art has found the means of forming out of these last remains of human nature, a species of Mosaic, whose regular aspect, adds to the profound meditation which the place inspires. Death, in the bosom of these Catacombs, is less appalling than elsewhere; its ravages are finished, the worm of the sepulcre has devoured its prey, and the fragments which remain, have nothing more to fear but the hand of time, which is silently reducing them to ashes.

All the ancient burial grounds of Paris, all the churches have poured into these vast caverns, the human spoils which had been confided to them for many ages. Ten generations are here swallowed up, and this subterraneous population is esteemed to be three times more numerous, than that which is still in motion on the surface of the soil.

Inscriptions placed upon pillars of freestone, point out to what quarters of Paris those remains had belonged. Here all distinctions of sex, of fortune, of rank, have disappeared. The rich man despoiled of his mausoleum of marble, the poor man, come out a little sooner from his coffin of pine, here mingle together their last fragments. For them, it is now, that equality commences. What serious reflections do these objects produce!* The author of the

* The celebrated Curran who paid a visit to Paris about a year ago, thus speaks of the Catacombs, in a letter to a friend:—"I do not remember ever to have had my mind compressed into so small a space. So many human beings, so many sufferers, so various in rank, so equallized in the grave. As I gazed upon the strange congregation, I could not distinguish

"*Genius of Christianity*" deserves to be the interpreter of them. "The soul" (says he,) "shudders in contemplating so much nothingness, and so much grandeur; when we search for an expression sufficiently magnificent, to paint all that is most noble, the other half of the object demands a term the most low, to express all that is most vile. Every thing announces that we are in the empire of ruins, and there is a certain odour of ashes diffused through these funeral vaults, which makes us believe we respire past time."

Emilia, recovered from her emotions, had quitted my arm, and with a taper in her hand, walked over these cold abodes. The numerous philosophical, moral, and religious inscriptions traced upon the walls, attracted by turns her attention. She pointed out to me among others these verses of Malfilatre, which I believe have never been published.

Insensés! nous parlons en maitres,
Nous qui, dans l'ocean des tres,
Nageons tristement confondus!
Nous, dont l'existence légère,
Pareille à l'ombre passagère,
Commence, parait, et n'est plus.

She requested me to translate the Latin sentences, when she came to this:

Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.

Being told that it signified, "Thou searchest where thou shalt be after thy death?—where thou wast before thy birth."—She replied "I do not perceive either the justice, or the morality of such a maxim, especially as it is a complete contradiction of another which I read a little further on;

Si l'ame finit avec le corps,
D'ou lui vient le presentiment de son immortalite?

("If the soul ceases with the body, whence does it derive the presentiment of its immortality.)"

"I do not approve," I replied, "more than you, and particularly in such a place, of this mixture of contradictory opinions, which enfeeble, if they do not destroy each other. Uncertainty, I am fond of believing, quits man at the gates of the tomb, and hope descends there with him, only that she may show him eternity on the other shore."

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what head had raved or reasoned, hoped or burned. I looked for thought, I looked for dimples; I asked whither is all gone? Did wisdom ever flow from these lips, or soft persuasion dwell upon them? and if both or either, which was the most captivating, which the most interesting? all silent; they left me to answer for them;"—"so shall the fairest face appear;"—I was full of the subject.

Having visited many halls, and gone over the different galleries which conducted to them, we arrived at a litfle chapel in which an expiatory altar is erected. Its form has something in it more appalling than the rest of the Catacombs. We looked for an inscription, which might inform us to what manes, or what recollections, it was consecrated. We read, or at least thought we read, this terrible date in characters of blood; "2 of September 1792." My companion uttered a cry of horror, and her imagination was so struck, that she fancied she heard a long groan. Surprised myself by an unexpected noise, I started, I looked fearfully around, and almost expected to see the shuddering victims of that sanguinary day, rise before me.

Our conductor now opened the door of the Geological cavern, destined to preserve samples of every species of minerals which are found in these quarries. This hall conducts to another, in which much care has been taken to collect together, to class, and label in regular order, the osteological monstruosities which have been found in the Catacombs, many of which attest, at the same time the abberations of nature, and the efforts of art to succour her. It is to M. Pericart De Thury, chief engineer of the imperial mines, that we are indebted for these two subterraneous cabinets, and for all the ameliorations which have taken place within several years in the Catacombs. Whilst I observed these pieces of anatomy, Madame De Sesanne remained at some distance from me leaning on an antique altar, formed entirely of human remains. In the meditative attitude in which my young companion was placed, one of the roses of her bouquet, had shed its leaves on the altar, and its pedestal. I should be embarrassed to describe the thoughts which offered themselves to my mind, or the movements which agitated my heart, in contemplating beneath these gloomy vaults, an old man of eighty, and a woman shining in all the glow and freshness of youth and beauty--meditating together on the dust of the dead, and leaves of roses, scattered upon heaps of human bones!

The voice of our guide awakened us both from the profound reverie in which we were absorbed. We regained the staircase, which is to the eastward of the road to Orleans. Emilia in putting her foot on the first step, perceived that I remained behind; "come," said she, "do you not see they are going to shut the door." "I was considering within myself," said I smiling, "whether, at my years, it was worth while to take the trouble of coming out!" She came to me, took my hand; I saw a tear standing in her eye, and the emotion I felt, did not permit me to doubt that I was still in the land of the living!

ART. XVII.—*Sketches of manners and times from Graydon's Memoirs of a life in Pennsylvania.*

OF all the cities in the world, Philadelphia was, for its size, one of the most peaceable and unwarlike; and Grant was not

wholly without data for supposing that, with an inconsiderable force, he could make his way at least through Pennsylvania. So much had the manners of the quakers, and its long exemption from hostile alarm, nourished this disposition, that a mere handful of lawless frontier men was found sufficient to throw the capital into consternation. The unpunished, and even applauded massacre of certain Indians at Lancaster, who, in the jail of that town, had vainly flattered themselves that they possessed an asylum, had so encouraged their murderers, who called themselves *Paxton Boys*, that they threatened to perpetrate the like enormity upon a number of other Indians, under the protection of government in the metropolis; and for this purpose, they at length put themselves in arms, and actually began their march. Their force, though known to be small in the beginning, continually increased as it went along, the *vires acquiret eundo* being no less the attribute of terror than of fame. Between the two the invaders were augmented to some thousands by the time they had approached within a day or two's journey of their object. To the credit, however, of the Philadelphians, every possible effort was made to frustrate the inhuman design of the banditti; and the Quakers, as well as others, who had proper feelings on the occasion, exerted themselves for the protection of the terrified Indians, who were shut up in the barracks, and for whose more immediate defence part of a British regiment of foot was stationed there. But the citadel, or place of arms, was in the very heart of the city, all around and within the old court-house, and Friend's meeting house. Here stood the artillery under the command of Captain Loxley, a very honest, though little dingy-looking man, with regimentals, considerably war-worn, or tarnished; a very salamander or *fire drake* in the public estimation, whose vital air was deemed the fume of sulphureous explosion, and who, by whatever means he had acquired his science, was always put foremost when great guns were in question. Here it was that the grand stand was to be made against the approaching invaders, who if rumour might be credited, had now extended their murderous purposes beyond the savages, to their patrons and abettors. Hence the cause had materially changed its complexion, and, instead of resting on a basis of mere humanity and plighted faith, it had emphatically become the cause of self preservation; little doubt being entertained that the capital would be sacked, in case of the predominance of a barbarous foe. In this state of consternation and dismay, all business was laid aside for the more important occupation of arms. Drums, colours, rusty halberts and bayonets, were brought forth from their lurking-places; and as every good citizen who had a sword had girded it to his thigh, so every one who had a gun had placed it on his shoulder. In short, *bella, horrida bella*, war, destructive war, was about to desolate the hitherto peaceful streets of Philadelphia.

But with all this, the old proverb was not belied; and the benign influence of this *ill wind* was sensibly felt by us school-boys. The dreaded event was overbalanced in our minds by the holidays which were the effect of it; and so far as I can recal my feelings on the occasion, they very much preponderated on the side of hilarity.

As the defensive army was without eyes, it had of course no better information than such as common bruit could supply; and hence many untoward consequences ensued. One was the near extinction of a troop of mounted butchers from Germantown, who, scampering down Market street with the best intentions in the world, were announced as the Paxton Boys, and by this mistake very narrowly escaped a greeting from the rude throats of Captain Loxley's artillery. The word FIRE was already quivering on his lips, but Pallas came in shape of something and suppressed it. Another emanation from this unmilitary defect of vision was the curious order, that every householder in Market Street should affix one or more candles at his door before daylight, on the morning of the day on which, from some sufficient reason no doubt, it had been elicited that the enemy would full surely make his attack, and by no other than this identical route, on the citadel. Whether this illumination was merely intended to prevent surprise, or whether it was that the commander who enjoined it was determined, like Ajax, that, if perish he must, he would perish in the face of day, I do not know; but certain it is that such a decree went forth, and was religiously complied with. This I can affirm, from the circumstance of having resided in Market Street at the time. The sage precaution, however, proved superfluous, although with respect merely to the nearness of the redoubted invaders, there was colour for it. It was soon ascertained that they had reached Germantown, and a deputation of the least obnoxious citizens, with the olive branch, was sent out to meet them. After a parley of some days, an armistice was agreed upon, and peace at length so effectually restored, that the formidable stragglers who had excited so much terror, were permitted as friends to enter the city."

But it was not alone by hostile alarms that the good people of Philadelphia were annoyed. Their tranquillity had been likewise disturbed by the uncitizenlike conduct of a pair of British Officers, who, for want of something better to do, had plunged themselves into an excess of intemperance; and in the plenitude of wine and hilarity, paraded the streets at all hours,

'*A la clarte de cieux dans l'ombre de la nuit,*'

to the no small terror of the sober and the timid. The firm of this duumvirate was Ogle and Friend, names always coupled together, like those of Castor and Pollux, or of Pylades and Orestes. But the cement which connected them was scarcely so pure as that which had united those heroes of antiquity. It could hardly be

called friendship, but was rather a confederacy in debauchery and riot, exemplified in a never ending round of frolic and fun. It was related of Ogle, that, upon hiring a servant, he had stipulated with him that he should never get drunk but when his master was sober. But the fellow some time after requested his discharge, giving for his reason, that he had in truth no dislike to a social glass himself, but it had so happened, that the terms of the agreement had absolutely cut him off from any chance of ever indulging his propensity.

Many are the pranks I have heard ascribed, either conjointly or separately, to this *par nobile fratrum*. That of Ogle's first appearance in Philadelphia has been thus related to me by Mr. Will Richards, the apothecary, who, *it is well known*, was, from his size and manner a fine figure for Falstaff as the imagination can conceive. "One afternoon," said he, "an officer in full regimentals, booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand, spattered with mud from top to toe, and reeling under the effects of an overdose of liquor, made his entrance into the coffee-house, in a box of which I was sitting, perusing a newspaper. He was probably under the impression, that every man he was to meet would be a Quaker, and that a Quaker was no other than a licensed Simon Pure for his amusement; for no sooner had he entered, than throwing his arms about the neck of Mr. Joshua Fisher, with the exclamation of—'Ah, my dear Broadbrim, give me a kiss,' he began to slaver him most lovingly. As Joshua was a good deal embarrassed by the salutation, and wholly unable to parry the assault or shake off the fond intruder, I interfered in his behalf, and effected a separation, when Ogle, turning to me, cried out, 'Hah! my jolly fellow, give me a smack of your fat chops,' and immediately fell to hugging and kissing me, as he had done Fisher. But, instead of the coyness he had shown, I hugged and kissed in my turn, as hard as I was able, until my weight at length brought Ogle to the floor, and myself on top of him. Nevertheless I kept kissing away, until nearly mashed and suffocated, he exclaimed, 'For heaven's sake let me up, let me up, or you will smother me!' Having sufficiently tormented him, and avenged Joshua Fisher, I permitted him to rise, when he seemed a good deal sobered, and finding that I was neither a Quaker, nor wholly ignorant of the world, he evinced some respect for me, took a seat with me in a box, and entering into conversation, soon discovered that, however he might be disguised by intoxication, he well knew what belonged to the character of a gentleman."—"This," says Richards, "was the commencement of an acquaintance between us; and Captain Ogle sometimes called to see me, upon which occasions he always behaved with the utmost propriety and decorum."

Among the disaffected (royalists) in Philadelphia, Dr. Kearsley was pre-eminently ardent and rash. An extremely zealous loyalist, and impetuous in his temper, he had given much umbrage to

the Whigs; and, if I am not mistaken, he had been detected in some hostile machinations. Hence he was deemed a proper subject for the fashionable punishment of tarring, feathering, and carting. He was seized at his own door, by a party of the militia, and, in the attempt to resist them, received a wound in his hand from a bayonet. Being overpowered, he was placed in a cart provided for the purpose, and, amidst a multitude of boys and idlers, paraded through the streets to the tune of the rogue's march. I happened to be at the coffee-house when the concourse arrived there. They made a halt, while the Doctor, foaming with rage and indignation, without his hat, his wig dishevelled and bloody from his wounded hand, stood up in the cart and called for a bowl of punch. It was quickly handed to him; when, so vehement was his thirst, that he drained it of its contents before he took it from his lips. What were the feelings of others on this lawless proceeding I know not, but mine, I must confess revolted, at the spectacle. I was shocked at seeing a lately respected citizen so cruelly villified, and was imprudent enough to say that, had I been a magistrate, I would at every hazard, have interposed my authority in suppression of the outrage. But this was not the only instance which convinced me that I wanted nerves for a revolution. It must be admitted, however, that the conduct of the populace was marked by a lenity which peculiarly distinguished the cradle of our republicanism. Tar and feathers had been dispensed with, and, excepting the injury he had received in his hand, no sort of violence was offered by the mob to their victim. But to a man of high spirit, as the Doctor was, the indignity, in its lightest form, was sufficient to madden him: it probably had this effect, since his conduct became so extremely outrageous, that it was thought necessary to confine him. From the city he was soon after removed to Carlisle, where he died during the war.

A few days after the carting of Mr. Kearsely, Mr. Isaac Hunt, the attorney,* was treated in the same manner, but he managed the matter much better than his precursor. Instead of braving his conductors like the Doctor, Mr. Hunt was a pattern of meekness and humility; and at every halt that was made, he rose and expressed his acknowledgments to the crowd for their forbearance and civility. After a parade of an hour or two, he was set down at his own door, as uninjured in body as in mind. He soon after removed to one of the islands, if I mistake not, to Barbadoes, where, it was understood, he took orders.

Not long after these occurrences, Major Skene of the British army, ventured to show himself in Philadelphia. Whatever might have been his inducement to the measure, it was deemed expedient by the newly constituted authorities to have him arrested and

* An uncle, probably, of Leigh Hunt.—*Ed. P. F.*

secured. A guard was accordingly placed over him at his lodgings, at the city tavern. The officer to whose charge he was especially committed, was Mr. Francis Wade, the brewer, an Irishman of distinguished zeal in the cause, and one who was supposed to possess talents peculiarly befitting him for the task of curbing the spirit of an haughty Briton, which Skene undoubtedly was. I well recollect the day that the guard was paraded to escort him out of the city on his way to some other station. An immense crowd of spectators stood before the door of his quarters, and lined the street through which he was to pass. The weather being warm, the window sashes of his apartment were raised, and Skene, with his bottle of wine upon the table, having just finished his dinner, roared out, in the voice of a Stentor, *God save great George our King.* Had the spirit of seventy-five in any degree resembled the spirit of Jacobinism, to which it has been unjustly compared, this bravado would unquestionably have brought the major to the *lamp post,* and set his head upon a pike; but, as fortunately for him, it did not, he was suffered to proceed with his song, and the auditory seemed more generally amused than offended.

Art. XVIII.—*Anecdotes.*

"I jest to Oberon, and make him laugh."—*Shakspeare.*

Voltaire seems to have known his countrymen thoroughly, when he asserted that they were either monkies or tigers.

Irish Bull.—An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate.—"And what did you do with it," added the confessor, "Father," said he, "I made *tea* of it."

Pot Luck.—A German was invited, by an English family, to partake of pot-luck for dinner. He would eat no roast beef for dinner, no turkey; all the dishes passed him untouched. On being asked the reason of his loss of his appetite—"I do vaite for dat excellent pote loock," said he.

Henry IV.—This monarch coming one day into the apartment of the Countess of Cleves, he found her tablets, on which De Noaile, who was in love with the princess, had written these words:

"Nul heur, nul bien me contente
"Absent de ma divinitè."

Henry added these lines to them:

"N' appellez pas ainsi ma ante
"Elle aime trop l' humanitè."

English of the above:

No earthly good compensates me for the absence of my divinity.
Call not my aunt thus—she is too fond of human nature.

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons.—In spite of the ill-founded contempt this great man professed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness, and said, when she called on him at Bolt Court, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately provide her with a chair,—"You see, madam, wherever you go there are no *seats* to be got."

Sobieski.—When the great Sobieski, to whose valour not only Vienna, but the German empire, owed its preservation from the Turkish power, was asked in extremity to make his will, he laughed in the face of the bishop, who had been obliged to take the most round-a-bout method to make the proposal. "The misfortune of royalty," said the king recollecting himself, "is that we are abused while we are alive, and can it be expected we should be obeyed after we are dead."

Thomas Sheridan.—Some years ago the junior Sheridan, who inherited a large portion of the wit and genius of his father was dining with a party of his father's constituents, at the Swan, in Stafford. Among the company were, of course a great many shoemakers (I beg their pardon I mean shoe *manufacturers*.) One of the most eminent of them was in the chair, and, in the course of the afternoon, he called upon young Sheridan for a sentiment. This call not being immediately attended to, the president, in rather an angry tone, repeated it. Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbour with a story, appeared displeased at this second interruption, and desiring a bumper might be filled, he gave—"May the manufacture of Stafford be *trampled upon* by all the world." It is needless to say that this sentiment given with apparent warmth, restored him to the good graces of the president.

Sir John Harrington used to say—The clattering of armour; the noise of great ordinace; the sound of trumpet and drumme; the neying of horses, do not so much trouble the sweete muses, as doth the barbling of lawyers, and the patering of attorneys.

Ariosto.—Sir John Harrington relates the following anecdote in his life of this poet.—Coming one day by a potter's shoppe, that had many earthen vessels readie made, to sell, on his stall, the potter fortuned at that time to sing some staffe or other out of *Orlando Furioso*, I think that where *Renaldo* requesteth his horse to tarrie for him, in the first booke, the 32 staffe: Or some such grave matter fit for a potter, but he plotted the verses out so ilfavouredly (as might well beseeme his durtie occupation) that Ariosto being, or at least making semblance to be, in a great rage with all, with a little walking stick he had in his hand, brake divers of the pots: the poore potter put quite beside his song, and almost beside himself, to see his market halfe mard before it was a quarter done, in a soure manner, between railing and whyning, as-

ked what he meant, to wrong a poore man that had never done him injury in all his life:—"Yes, varlet, quoth Ariosto, "I am yet scarce even with thee, for the wrong thou hast done me here afore my face, for I have broken but half a dozen base pots of thine, that are not worth so many halfe-pence: but thou hast broken and mangled a fine stanza of mine worth a marke of gold.

Curious Mistake of Authors.—A gentleman who had moved in a very subordinate sphere of life, unexpectedly coming into a fortune, by the death of an opulent, though distant relation, pretended to set up for a critic and connoisseur in the belles lettres. One day, in a mixed assemblage, where many of the company were scholars, he contended with all the pride of imaginary learning, and criticism, "that Elegant Extracts in Prose was a good author, but that Elegant Extracts in Verse was a far better.

Dr. Lowther Yates, *the late Master of Catherine Hall.*—An under-graduate having passed him in the streets of Cambridge, without capping him, and it not being the first offence of the kind he took notice of it. "I did not *observe* you," said the freshman, "I have been only entered a week at the university."—"True" said the Doctor, "I ought to have recollected that puppies do not see till they are nine days old."

Mr. Goodall, *a learned Assistant at Eton.*—The same morning he married Miss Prior, daughter of one of the assistants, to the great astonishment of the scholars he attended his duty as a master. A luckless boy who had played truant on the supposition

> "That when a lady's in the case,
> "All other things, of course, give place,"

pleaded as an excuse for his absence, that he really thought Mr. G. had a *prior* engagement.

Bon Mot.—A Cantab had been seized by the university constable; or in other words proctor. The proctor's name was Mr. Bacchus—the gownsman reeling, and hot with the Tuscan grapé, stammered out—

> *Quo me*, Bacche, *rapis tui,*
> *Plenum?*

It is almost unnecessary to observe, the culprit was set at liberty.

Art. XIX.—*Poetry.*

A SOLILOQUY.

To fight or not to fight?—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in this world to suffer
The snubs and cuffs of ev'ry silly knave—
Or by one great act of courage end them?—
To meet—to stand—to shoot—
And by a valiant snap to say we end

The scorn, the insults, that all flesh must meet with,
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.—
To stand, to shoot—perchance to fall?
Ay, there's the rub—for in that fearful chance,
Whose well-tried pistol best can hit the mark,
Must give us trembling pause.—There's the respect,
That makes the *Man of Honour* groan beneath
A load of ills.—For who would bear the sneers
Of wits, the frowns of ladies—and the duns
Of upstart wealth—when he himself might fix
His character—by sending but a challenge!
Who but would nobly dare to brave the curse,
The mother's curse—the widow's bitter tears—
But that a doubt of his opponent's aim
Might not be good—puzzles the will, and makes
Us rather bear these mighty ills, then risk
The loss of life or limb. Thus, dread of falling
Back to our native nothingness perhaps,
Or hobbling off, with but one foot, appals
The Hero's heart—and turns us all
To Cowards! CONSTANTIA.

Philadelphia.

HOPE.

As o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's wat'ry grave,
And his lone bosom cheers.

Then, though the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach secure his cherish'd home,
The Haven of his love.

So when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
Illume the Pilgrim's way,

And point to that serene abode
Where virtuous Faith shall rest;
Protected by the sufferer's God
And be forever blest.

Oh still, though sorrow's rayless night,
O'ershade my worldly way;
May pure Religion's holy light
Shed on my soul its ray. SYDNEY.

EPIGRAM.

CHARLES, grave or merry, at no lie would stick,
And taught, at length, his memory the same trick.
Believing thus, what he so oft repeats,
He's brought the thing to such a pass, poor youth!
That now himself and no one else he cheats,
Save when unluckily he tells the truth.

SONG.

The following song by the modern Anacreon, Captain Morris, received the prize of the gold cup from a Harmonic Society.

Come, thou soul-reviving *Cup*,
And try thy healing art:
Light the Fancy's visions up—
And warm my wasted heart!
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Mem'ry's fading dream;
Give me while thy lip I kiss,
The heav'n that's in thy stream.

In thy fount the Lyric muse
Ever dipp'd her wing,
Anacreon fed upon thy dews,
And Horace drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my spirit find,
Freshen there my languid brain—
And store my vacant mind!

When, blest *Cup*, thy fires divine
Pierce through Time's dark reign,
All the joys, that once were mine
I snatch from Death again;
And, though oft fond anguish rise
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes—
And drinks the tear behind.

Ne'er, sweet *Cup*, was vot'ry blest
More through life than me,
And that life, with grateful breast,
Thou seest I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd while time runs *through the glass*
To Fancy's brighter day!

Then, magic Cup, again for me
Thy power creative try;
Again let Hope-fed Fancy see
A heaven in Beauty's eye!
O lift my lighten'd heart away
On Pleasure's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss to-day,
To-morrow may not bring!

ON THE DEATH OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more!
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

AN INDIAN WAR-SONG.

By Mrs. Morton.

Rear'd 'midst the war empurpled plain
What Illinois submits to pain!
How can the glory darting fire
The coward chill of death inspire!

The Sun a blazing heat bestows,
The Moon 'midst pensive evening glows,
The Stars in sparkling beauty shine,
And own their flaming source divine.

Then let me hail the immortal fire
And in the sacred flame expire;
Nor yet those Huron hands restrain:
This bosom scorns the throb of pain.

No griefs this warrior soul can bow,
No pangs contract this even brow,
Not all your threats excite a fear,
Not all your force can start a tear.

Think not with me my tribe decays,
More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise;
Not unaveng'd their Sachem dies,
Not unattended greets the skies.

SONNET.

Lately at afternoon, the sun hot-shining,
Flush'd with the grape and in poetics deep;

On a soft sopha carelessly reclining,
Tuning new sonnets, lo! I fell asleep.

Through the vine-bower'd windows then inclining,
My mistress from the garden chanc'd to peep;
And left her lilies with the heat repining,
On tip-toe to my cool recess to creep.

She read the verse for her sweet self intended:
We must indeed, she said, those lips salute,
Which blushingly do use such modest suit,
That maiden meekness may not be offended,
She kiss'd, I wak'd—how eloquently mute
Her eyes, her blushes, the sweet fault defended.

EPIGRAM.

With lengthen'd face and drawling chin,
One ask'd "is friend Ow—en within?"
When John, who dearly lov'd a joke,
In tone like that the Quaker spoke,
With face and body bent full low,
As drawlingly replied N——o!

TO THE MEMORY OF ALEXANDER M. FISHER,

Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, who perished in the Albion.

FROM THE NATIONAL ADVOCATE.

From the plain of Olympus the coursers of day
Had circled Apollo in glory away;
The Queen of the Crescent was low o'er the west,
And bright were the gems on the blue of her vest.

Where Erin lies green, 'mid the surges that roar
In merciless rage round the rocks of her shore,
The breath of the ocean came fresh o'er the sail,
And proudly the Albion rode with the gale.

The land was in view, and the mariner's eye
Beam'd bright that the home of the Briton was nigh;
The sea-weary passenger banish'd his sorrow,
And thought with delight on the bliss of to-morrow.

To-morrow! Ah yes, that to-morrow shall come,
But never the day that shall give thee thy home;
To-morrow thy form shall be rock'd by the wave,
The coral thy pillow, and ocean thy grave!

A cloud o'er the east spread its mantle of gloom,
Like Dispair as she raves round the Infidel's tomb;
Then slowly ascends till she wraps from the eye
The last star of night on the robe of the sky.

The seaman to quarters the master commands,
The cordage plays warm through the mariner's hands,
But ere to the ship they can safety afford,
The main and the foremast are swept by the board.

The seas roll in mountains and deluge the deck,
The vessel, ungovern'd, drives swiftly a wreck;
The sufferers call but the effort is vain,
For ruin and death have the rule of the main.

O Fisher! I knew thee when childhood's sweet charms,
Were fondly caress'd in a mother's soft arms:
I knew thee in youth; for how oft did we rove
Through the shade of some distant and sheltering grove.

Fair science our theme, and distinction our aim,
We dream'd of the bays that our merit might claim;
But death has forbid thee to honour us more,
And merg'd thee in ocean, far, far from our shore.

Thy virtue was pure as the breath of that morn,
When man on the bosom of Eden was born:
Thy genius was bright as the first vermeil ray
That sheds on the hill-tops the splendour of day.

May pinions of light to thy spirit be given,
With Newton to range through the science of heaven;
There sorrow and darkness no longer control,
But fountains of knowledge spring fresh in the soul.

"PIERRE."*

THE ALBION.

By W. B. Tappan.

The storm is weathered, and the fiend Dispair,
Who the long weary day stood sullen by,
Hath fled. And now is heard the frequent prayer
From grateful altars wafted; in each eye
Hope lights her beacon,—busy fancy now
Sketches fond scenes of bliss, for port is near;—

* "Pierre" is the signature of Solyman Brown, formerly a resident of this state.—Eds. Herald.

The proud ship cleaves the foam with steady prow,
The sea-boy sings of home, by peril made more dear.

'Tis deathly slumber, sure, not calm repose,—
The sleep of agony hath seized them; why
Else this deep lethargy? O, can ye close
Your lids, when Desolation marches by?
Or quiet dream, when horror waits ye soon?—
Waken, ye tempest tost? Wherefore?—the wave,
Whose altitude mocks heaven, rolling on,
Will soon receive ye,—ready is your coral grave.

The morning smiles, the breeze is fraught with balm,
Hibernia seems freshly from the main
To spring, beauteous and young. Nature is calm.
Far, far, unruffled, spreads the billowy plain,
God's handy work, the world of waters, where
The elements disport, and He is seen
In strength pavilioned, on His cloudy car,
Riding the wild night storm, and humbling this terrene.

The morning smiles, the ocean billow sleeps,—
But where the tall ship that late ploughed its breast,
The gallant ALBION?—Pity, shuddering, weeps;
No more,—only, that on the dark wave's crest
That night at times, were dimly seen, 'tis said,
Some forms of misery, whose hands in vain
Were lift imploring,—they sunk with the dead,—
And piteous cries and shrieks were heard,—'twas still again.
* * * * * * * *

Yet THOU,* the child of feeling, shalt receive
The tribute of warm tears. Around thy name
Mercy will twine her never-fading wreath,
Fairer than trophies won by heirs of fame;
Thou gavest, what ocean had denied, a shroud,
With rites of sepulture. I am yet proud
Of mankind, for thy sake, God's benizon
On thee!—the deed shall live when thy sand, too, hath run.

LINES

ON THE MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK OF THE ALBION.

From the Liverpool Courier.

IF ever sorrow moved the manly breast,
Or grief distill'd did proof of pity speak;

* Jacob Mark, Esq. U. S. Consul at Kinsale.

Those pearly symbols now will stand confest,
And roll in silence down the seaman's cheek.

The gallant ship no more! O bitter truth,
The lady fair, and her protectors brave,
The rich, the poor, the aged, and the youth,
Have found alike a gloomy deep sea grave.

The Albion's lost, and Williams is no more,
The kind, the brave, the seaman and the friend;
Ev'n holy men, who do their God adore,
Will, o'er the news, in silent anguish bend.

Mourn, friendship mourn, and pay a tribute there,
A big tear drop to blend with ocean's wave;
Then tell the stoic, Nature can't forbear
To think of Williams and his deep sea grave.

Columbia's seamen will the loss deplore,
Whilst Britons mourn the glass so quickly run;
Responding grief resounds from shore to shore,
And owns, in point of love, they are but one.

Mysterious Providence had veil'd the woe
In shades impervious to sense or pride;
All we or monarchs are allowed to know,
Is that a man hath lived and then hath died.

O God! behold, with pitying eye the flood,
And cause the gloom to beam a moral ray;
O consecrate the loss for public good,
Till countless ages shall have rolled away.

THE ALBION.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Swift across the Atlantic's breast,
Speed the gallant Albion,
When the sun set in the west,
And the blush of day was gone—
Proudly o'er the billows blue,
Spread each wide expanded sail,
Then all hearts beat high, nor knew
Death was lurking in the gale!

Night her raven mantle threw
O'er the waters, dark and wild—
And the tempest-spirit flew
Where so late the sun had smil'd—

In the cloud-envelop'd sky
Ruin showed his awful form,
While the seaman's fearful cry
Mingled with the raging storm.

Then fair woman's dying wail
Echoed on the foaming surge,
Mingling with the midnight gale,
By Hibernia's rocky verge—
Then the chief * who stood the fight
By thy side Napoleon,
Trembled as the tempest's might
Shook the fated Albion.

Hark! that shout of wild dismay—
That death-groan of agony,
As the grave receives its prey
In the deep devouring sea:—
See the mountain billows swell
O'er the reeling Albion
Hark! that loud and last farewell,
She is heaving—she is gone! FLORIO.

New York, 1 *June*, 1822.

TO A DESERTED FAIR ONE.

By Sir Robert Ayton, 1650.

I do confess thee sweet and fair,
And near I might have gone to love thee,
Had I not found the slighest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I did pronounce thee sweet, yet find
Thee so regardless of thy sweets,
Thy favours are too like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou rovest with more than one,
Thou art worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
Armed with her briars, how sweetly smells;
But, plucked and soiled by vulgar hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

*General Desnouettes.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like withered blossoms cast aside,
And I shall sigh, while some will smile
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

LINES

Written on the death of Professor Fisher, by Dr. James G. Percival.

From the (New Haven) National Pilot.

We ask no flowers to deck thy tomb,
Thy name in purer light shall bloom;
When every flower on earth is dead,
And all that bloom below are fled.

To thee, the light of mind was given,
The centre of thy soul was heaven;
In early youth the spirit came,
And wrapped thee in its wings of fame.

The lambent light that round thee flowed,
Rose to its high and bright abode;
And bore thy restless eye afar,
To read the fate of sun and star.

Fain would we think the chain is broke,
That bound thy spirit to its yoke;
That now no mist of earth can blind
Thy bright, thy pure and perfect mind.

Thy grave is on a foreign strand,
Thy tomb is in a foreign land;
No kinsman came, no friend was near,
To close thine eye and deck thy bier.

But friends shall gather round thy tomb
And long lament thy early doom;
And thither science oft repair,
To plant thy choicest laurels there.

NEW YEAR ADDRESS,

Of the Carrier of the Illinois Gazette to his Patrons on the first day of January, 1822.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was handed about on *New Year's Morning*, by a merry wight in our Office, who doubles the characters of *Carrier* and *Printer's Devil*.

As our Presidents, Governors, and other great men, fail not to have their speeches published for the amusement and edification of the public, we think it but fair that the *Printer's Devil*, who "only duns on New Year's Day," should enjoy the same immunity; particularly as he labours all the rest of the year for the benefit of others:—*Let us always give the Devil his due.*—Ill. Gaz.

At Shawnee, when the cash was low,
When merchants must their gains forego,
Dull, dull as winter was the flow,
Of paper passing currently.

But Shawnee saw another sight,
When State Bank paper came to light,
Redeeming debtors from the night
Of dreary dark insolvency.

Then shook our sides with laughter riven,
Then merchants were to shaving driven,
And lawyers starv'd, who erst had thriven,
By ruin, wreck, and misery.

But brighter yet the smiles shall glow
On Shawnee's plain of virgin snow,
And kindlier yet the torrent flow
Of paper, passing currently.

The Printers gather near and far,
The poet's notes, that *go at par*,
The Pressman grasps the massy *bar*,
And issues paper fearlessly.

The Carrier brings you, fresh and wet,
Each Saturday a new Gazette,
And gloomy mortals cease to fret,
Amid a maze of novelty.

'Tis morn; the olden year has fled,
Another rises in its stead,
And courteous John, with silent tread,
Paces the village rapidly.

The Printer's Devil! John has long
Trod Shawnee's streets and lanes among,
Advertisements, and news, and song,
Ranged in his columns decently.

If marriages or deaths prevail,
Or rumour mount the western gale
Of great events,—he brings the tale,
And spreads it with alacrity.

Who knows if Alexander reigns—
If France has burst her British chains—
If Andalusia's sunny plains
Glow with the light of liberty?

When Brougham spoke, or Byron wrote,
Or Wellington had got the gout,
How would the matter have come out,
Except through his civility?

John told you when Imperial Nap
Slept in Helena's flinty lap;
Disclos'd, at large, the sad mishap
In England's Royal Family.

Nor failed the glorious news to bring,
When George "looked every inch a king,"
Royal "from chine to chitterling,"
The pink of modern chivalry!

How London's Mayor was made a knight,
And Scotia's bard described the sight,
And Erin's goblets sparkled bright,
With Erin's hospitality.

Erin the land of love and song!
Forgot her chains, and joined the throng,
That sealed with praises loud and long,
The downfal of her liberty!

Erin! the land of love and wine!
Like Israel's flock, forsook her shrine,
And bade the holy shamrock twine
The calf of base idolatry!

Nor this alone—his weekly round,
The CARRIER went with look profound,
Though torrents pour'd and tempests frowned;
His paper, passing currently.

And Shawnee's sons have read the lore,
That ne'er had beam'd on Shawnee's shore,
Had John been sick, or John been sore,
Or slept too late on Saturday.

Such are his toils through heat and cold,
Nor need his patrons now be told,
That 'tis a custom sage and old,
TO PAY for his fidelity.

How oft our *Editors* display,
Their talents in the *dunning way*!
John only duns on NEW YEAR's DAY,
And then with meek humility.

My song is o'er. Aproach ye brave,
Nor seek your paper cash to save!
Wave, Shawnee, all your purses wave,
That John may join your revelry.

Few days until again we meet,
Fresh news shall fill my spreading sheet;
To every door the CARRIER's feet,
Again shall bear him willingly.

WAR!

In evil hour, and with unhallow'd voice
Profaning the pure gift of Poesy,
Did he begin to sing, he first who sung
Of arms, and combats, and the proud array
Of warriors on the embattled plain, and rais'd
The aspiring spirit to hopes of fair renown
By deeds of violence. For since that time
The imperious Victor, oft, unsatisfied
With bloody spoil and tyrannous conquest, dares
To challenge fame and honour; and too oft
The Poet bending low to lawless power
Hath paid unseemly reverence, yea, and brought
Streams, clearest of the Aonian fount, to wash
Blood-stain'd Ambition. If the stroke of War
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else;
If they that make the cause might taste the effect,
And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix,
Then might the Bard, (though child of Peace) delight
To twine fresh wreaths around the Conqueror's brow,
Or haply strike his high-toned harp to swell
The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on,
Whom Justice arms for vengeance: but alas!
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heaviest on the exposed innocent;
And they that stir its fury, while it raves,
Stand at safe distance; send their mandate forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding; – Ah, who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,

And Famine, and the ghastly train of woes,
That follow at the dogged heels of War?
They in the pomp and pride of victory
Rejoicing, o'er the desolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burn't,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph, hymns to God
O'er the destruction of his gracious works,—
Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughter'd sons.
Detested be their sword, abhorr'd their name,
And scorn'd the tongues that praise them!

—ooo—

ANDREW JONES.

By Wordsworth.

I hate that Andrew Jones: he'll bring
His children up to waste and pillage.
I wish the press gang, or the drum
With its tantara sound would come
And sweep him from the village.

I said not this, because he loves
Through the day long to swear and tipple;
But for the poor, dear sake of one,
To whom a foul deed he has done—
A friendless man, a travelling cripple.

For this poor, crawling, helpless wretch,
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny from his purse had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone,
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch thick the dust lay on the ground,
For it had long been droughty weather;
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust, till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew pass'd that way
Just at the time: and there he found
The cripple, in the mid-day heat,
Standing alone—and at his feet,
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stoop'd and took the penny up;
And when the cripple nearer drew,

Quoth Andrew, "under half a crown,
What a man finds is all his own—
And so my friend, good day to you."

And *hence* I said that Andrew's boys
Would all be train'd to waste and pillage,
And wish'd the press-gang or the drum
With its tantara sound would come
And sweep him from the village.

CUMNOR HALL.

The ballad of Cumnor Hall was first printed in Evan's Collection of Old Ballads, edit. 1784, vol. iv. with the antique spelling of queen Elizabeth's period.—In a subsequent edition of this interesting work, in 1810, the poem was modernized, and from that, the copy has been taken which is now presented to the reader:—

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl's, the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I receiv'd
When happy in my father's hall:
No faithless husband then me griev'd;
No chiding fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flow'r more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised;
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was priz'd?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest—pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes, now neglected and despis'd,
The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
But he that once their charms so priz'd,
Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What flow'ret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare;
That eastern flow'rs, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken—when those gaudes are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flow'rs are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injur'd surely may repine,)
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day.

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have wo.

"The simple nymphs! they little know;
How far more happy's their estate—
To smile for joy—than sigh for wo—
To be content—than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them!
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanc'd to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say
Countess, prepare—thy end is near.

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to sooth me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
Countess prepare—thy end is near."

Thus sore and sad that lady griev'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
And many a heart-felt sigh she heav'd,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd his wing
Around the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green;
Wo was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball,
For ever since that dreary hour,
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

ART. XX.—*Literary Intelligence.*

WE have been favoured with the perusal of a portion of a very interesting work, now in the press, in this city, entitled, an "*Account of an Expedition from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains*, performed in the years 1819—20, by order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the command of S. H. Long, Major, United States Topographical Engineers:—from the notes of Major Long, Mr. T. Say, and other gentlemen attached to the Expedition:—compiled by Edwin James."—This work embraces a variety of Topographical information both general and particular, relative to the region traversed by the Expedition, and is accompanied by Maps, on which are delineated the routes of the Exploring party, and the most important geographical features of the country. It will be embellished also with several plates presenting landscape and other views, together with a geological Chart, exhibiting two vertical sections on the parallels of 35 and 41 degrees of North Latitude. The subjects of particular description, in addition to a brief outline of the geology of the country, are animals, plants, &c., hitherto not described. Numerous anecdotes and descriptions illustrative of the character, customs, &c., of the Savages, are introduced,—also vocabularies of several Indian languages, together with a series of meteorological and astronomical observations taken on the Expedition. The work will be comprised in two volumes octavo, of about 500 pages each.

MR. W. H. IRELAND, is preparing for the press, France for the last Seven Years, containing facts, and much valuable information hitherto unknown, with anecdotes, &c.

MR. CHARLES MILLS, author of the learned History of the Crusades, has published the first part, comprizing Italy, of Travels in various countries of Europe, at the time of the revival of Letters and Arts.

The Darling asleep

Sleep on sweet babe in quiet sleep
Thy Mother guards her child from harm
Affection shall its vigils keep
And fondly hush each rude alarm

While I behold my darling Joy
In Cherub Innocence appear
The gentle breathings of my boy
Are Music to his Mothers ear

THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

New-York Monthly Magazine.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various, that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change
> And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—Cowper.

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Art. I.—*Pleasant and Unpleasant People.*

> Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?—*Merchant of Venice.*

I have no desire to jostle people out of their good self-opinion, or the good opinion of others, but to ascertain their real worth, to separate their vices from their virtues, and to have a little more equal dealing in our ordinary judgment of men. Steele, I think, in the Tatler, has in his brief way, given an able judgment on this very subject; and Mr. Hazlitt, some years since, wrote an Essay expressly on it. Possibly little more was wanting; but two blows are always better than one; and as in a question of morality, or any other, where men's interests do not compel them to act or decide, twenty are often insufficient, the second, though infinitely weaker, may have some consequence.

By a pleasant fellow, I mean a man universally accounted so; for in certain moods of the mind, and in particular societies, we all answer to the description:—where opinions are all in agreement—where a mad speculation is kept in decent countenance, or one common-place seconded by another—where our prejudices are humoured, our likes and dislikes nursed and cherished,—where men clap hands to the same song, and join in the same chorus,—there is a nest of pleasant fellows, though they may be wise men or madmen, honest men or knaves.

But the pleasant fellow I mean is equally a pleasant fellow in all companies, and on all occasions; has a spare bed in every *other* man's house, a knife and fork at their table, a good wel-

come, go when and where he will, and a good word after he is gone.

There are many shades and distinctions in this class, as in all others, but these are the distinguishing features of them. Some give you a most fearful shake of the hand on meeting, and hold you by it with a sort of tremulous enjoyment, as if loth to part so soon;—have a boyish joyousness about them, that puts you constantly off your guard, and are delighted to see a friend any where, but at their own house or in jail, and therefore never subject their feelings to the latter unpleasantness. Another variety are only pleasant on fresh acquaintance, or where it serves their purpose; but this last is a contemptible mongrel breed.

A really pleasant fellow is neither a hateful, nor a contemptible one; but is generally a very unpretending person, full of an easy sympathy, active, zealous in a degree, with a quiet self-enjoyment, an enlarged humanity that includes all mankind, and woman kind too, for it knows neither distinction nor preference; taking all things pleasantly that concern him not individually, and thereby making all things pleasant; even sacrificing personal considerations, and always personal consequence and self-respect, in trifles, to the enjoyment of others; setting up no system, nor pulling down any: having no theories, no dreams, no visions, no opinions that he holds worth wrangling or disputing about; and, indeed, few opinions at all. He has always a dash more of the animal than of the intellectual about him; and is too mercurial minded to be easily fixed, or fixed upon. He lives only in the present; for the past is immediately forgotten, because it has no farther consequence, and the future is a blank, because it has no perceptible influence. As he can be delighted with a straw, so is he depressed with its shadow; prick him and he will bleed; tickle him and he will laugh; poison him and he will die; for he has none of the fervency of imagination to carry him out of himself or beyond immediate circumstances. He is fitted neither for the goodly fellowship of the prophets, nor for the noble army of martyrs. If prophets or martyrs have ever been pleasant fellows, as some are reported, it was that from the vast height whence they looked down on the common and ordinary passion and turmoil of the world it seemed too puny and insignificant to interest or excite them. Who that is intent on an immortal life, and holds communion, even in thought, with those beatified spirits that

> Immoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> And for the testimony of truth have borne
> Universal reproach———
> Though worlds
> Judged them perverse——

that looks on life as a needle's point in the vast eternity of

time, can have much regard for its polish, or sympathy with our childish excitement?

Pleasant people are never "backbone" men; they are never heart and hand with you. Their acquaintances are usually of long standing, because quarrelling is not "their cue;" but separate them by any circumstance, and they are indifferent to it. Their hand is not against, neither is it for any man. It is not found in the sheriff's books,—this bond hath it not! They do good, I admit, well measured and doled out; but in this they have the advantage of the world, both in opinion and return.

Laying aside, for the present, whatever may personally affect either, for then it is often the reverse of true, I should say, that pleasant and unpleasant people differ most in this, that the one is without imagination, and looks to the naked reality; the other, with imagination, "aggravates" either joy or sorrow.

Unpleasant people have the larger sympathy and more universal humanity. This, it may be said, is contradictory, and opposed to what I have before observed of pleasant people. But if it be a contradiction, it is in human nature; and, to use an apology of Fielding's, "I am not writing a system, but a history, and am not obliged to reconcile every matter." But I think it is not a contradiction. The pleasant man sympathizes with the world in its ordinary and every day feelings; the man of more questionable temper is roused only by extraordinary circumstances. But he is then awakened to some purpose. He makes common cause with you, in sorrow or suffering; he will needs bear his share of your burthen; for if a portion will be oppressive to him, he sees you sinking under the whole. The pleasant fellow, on the contrary, measures his own shoulders and not your load; he *will* not lend a hand, and give the groan to your "three man beetle" labour; he is content that you should sit down and rest, but has no fancy to "bear the logs the while."

The great majority of these pleasant fellows are indebted to their negative rather than their positive qualities; they have no deep feeling, no engrossing sympathy, no universal fellowship; the establishments of the Holy Alliance, and the Abolition of the Inquisition, were the same to them; "let the gall'd jade wince, their withers are unwrung;" "let the world go whistle," they have their toast and coffee. I would wager my existence that the man, mentioned by Clarendon, as out hunting in the neighbourhood of Edge-hill on the very morning of the fight, was one of them.

The two subjects on which men feel most intensely, politics and religion, are shut out from the conversation of a pleasant fellow; for there is no sure common-place that will suit all sects and parties on either subject; and to hazard an opinion is to speculate with his character, and put his amiability in jeopardy. Yet these men are the soul of mixed company, because their souls are in it;

and there is no unpleasant shadow either of memory or anticipation to overcast their jollity.

Pleasant and unpleasant men are alike the sport of fortune and circumstance; equally subject "to every skiey influence," but not in an equal degree. The personal suffering of the one has no foil from the greater sufferings of thousands; the other has a measure and proportion, and considers it in relation to what might be or has been; it is a touch that awakens his humanity:—a pebble does not bruize because it has fallen on him; he remembers the stoning of Stephen;—a twinge of the rheumatism is borne as one of those natural ills "that flesh is heir to," and rouses him only as he remembers the infliction of the torture and the rack, that so many human beings have been subjected in all ages for opinion, whether of belief or unbelief. The prick of a pin is painful to the one as it affects himself; there is more sorrowing at it than at the battle of Waterloo: to the other it is the prick of a pin.

Pleasant fellows are indifferent, cold, heartless, unintellectual, people; there is no engrossing passion, no oppressive thought, no prejudice, and therefore, possibly no partiality or strong friendship; for friendship is but a partiality, founded on something real, which it tricks up into something unreal. We are none of us what our friends fondly believe.

In our estimate of unpleasant people, we all give weight enough to their disagreeable and palpable defects, but are not so ready to make the just deduction from a pleasant fellow, because his are neither so obtrusive, nor so likely to affect ourselves. There would be more equality in our commendation or dispraise, and consequently more justice in the decision, if we balanced the general virtues of the one against his palpable faults, and the indifference and moral insignificance of the other against his pleasant virtues. It is in this spirit that the selfish hardness and callosity with which pleasant people shake off care and sorrow, and are made insensible to any deep or lasting passion, is mistaken so often for elasticity of spirit.

It was the pleasant fellow of his time that Ben Jonson described in a very clever Epigram on "The Town's Honest Man;"

> You wonder who this is, and why I name
> Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:
> Naming so many too! but this is one
> Suffers no name, but a description;
> *A subtle thing that doth affections win*
> *By speaking well o' the company it's in,*
> Talks loud and bawdy, has a gather'd deal
> Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.
> Can come from Tripoly, leap stools and wink,
> Do all that 'longs to the anarchy of drink,
> Except the duel: can sing songs and catches,
> Give every one his dose of mirth: *did witches*
> *Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,*
> And him it lays on;—

The point of some part of this description was confined to the poet's age; but much of it is of universal application, and suited to all times. To watch "whose name's unwelcome to the present ear" is just the reverse of the unpleasant man; who, as people always bear too hard on the follies or vices of others, is sure to be opposed to his company, because he loves truth and justice better than agreement and pleasantry. I think the Dean, in Mrs. Inchbald's Nature and Art, had a little of the pleasant fellow about him; and the following description will serve to show the character under other circumstances, and in more important situations, than we have yet considered it.

If the dean had loved his wife but moderately, seeing all her faults clearly as he did, he must frequently have quarrelled with her: if he had loved her with tenderness, he must have treated her with a degree of violence, in the hope of mending her failings: but having neither personal nor mental affection towards her, sufficiently interesting to give himself the trouble to contradict her will in any thing, he passed for one of the best husbands in the world.

This is the pleasant Benedict!

It is some proof with me, of the justice of these distinctions, that men's characters are essentially different in their different relations; and even where they are most anxious to be pleasant, they are rarely successful. Few of us have found our fathers pleasant fellows, although many of them, of course, were superlatively so to other people; and I hope our sons will object the same thing to us. The interest we have in our children is too great, the stake is too large, to be sported with; our hopes and fears are perpetually outrunning the occasion; we are the sport of possibilities, and cannot enjoy the real present, from some glimpse of an unreal future; we question how far chuck-farthing and marbles lead to the gaming-table, and our shins ache at football before the boys are kicked. All this makes strange havoc with our temper—frets and irritates us—whereas, equality and indifference are the sure footing of a pleasant fellow. A man is little fitted, with a thousand such speculations on his mind, to take all things smoothly, and to be himself the centre of sociality.

The turn of thought here might serve, if the occasion were fitting, to hazard a word or two on domestic education. This in brief. It is not enough that a father does on occasion "turn his solemnness out of doors;" he must keep it there. Besides, fathers are not only too "solemn," but too much with their children, and too full of thought and anxiety; they are eternally thinking for them, whereas children must think for themselves. They love to feel their own independence. If a father decide for a home education, it should be where there is room enough for the boy to lose himself, or rather to lose his father; where he may get out of the reach of thought, of care, and consequently of danger, for he knows of none that is not pointed out to him. In my opinion, a father has not to try his knowledge, but his nerves, be-

fore he undertakes the education of his son; and if he can see him stagger along a parapet, swing on the rotten branch of a tree, plunge into the water "reeking hot," in the dog days, in fact, hazard limbs and life itself without a word or a hint of caution, he is not only fitted to be pedagogue in his own family, but has many requisites to make a pleasant fellow, there or any where else.

But this little digression has broken in upon my sketch, which I shall now leave to be filled up by the reader's imagination. Mr. Hazlitt's character is, I think, of a good natured man. How far they have points in agreement I know not, not having read his Essay since its first publication; but good nature has reference in my view to a deeper feeling, and even to some positive virtue, which, though it may be found in, is not at all essential to, the character of a pleasant fellow. Yet even good nature itself is too profitable a virtue: it is a venture that hath most usurious return: it is not, nor is it any thing like, *goodness of nature*, which "I take," says Lord Bacon, "to be *the affecting of the Weale of Men*, what the Grecians called pilanthropia;" goodness of nature is, in fact, so far different from good nature, that it is the very nature that sometimes spoils a man's temper:—"that affection for the weale of men" will throw a gloom over the mind, and dash a whole afternoon's pleasantness. THURMA.

ART. II.—*Last Will and Testament—the House of Weeping.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

SINCE the day when the town of Haslau first became the seat of a court, no man could remember that any one event in its annals (always excepting the birth of the hereditary prince) had been looked for with so anxious a curiosity as the opening of the last will and testament left by Van der Kabel. This Van der Kabel might be styled the Haslau Crœsus; and his whole life might be termed, according to the pleasure of the wits, one long festival of God-sends, or a daily washing of golden sands, nightly impregnated by golden showers of Danae. Seven distant surviving relatives of seven distant relatives deceased, of the said Van der Kabel, entertained some little hopes of a place amongst his legatees, grounded upon an assurance which he had made, "that upon his oath he would not fail to *remember them* in his will." These hopes, however, were but faint and weakly; for they could not repose any extraordinary confidence in his good faith—not only because, in all cases, he conducted his affairs in a disinterested spirit, and with a perverse obstinacy of moral principle, whereas his seven relatives were mere novices, and young beginners in the trade of morality,—but also because, in all these moral extravagancies of his (so distressing to the feelings of the

sincere rascal,) he thought proper to be very satirical, and had his heart so full of odd caprices, tricks, and snares, for unsuspicious scoundrels that (as they all said) no man, who was but raw in the art of virtue, could deal with him or place any reliance upon his intentions. Indeed the covert laughter which played about his temples, and the falsetto tones of his sneering voice somewhat weakened the advantageous impression which was made by the noble composition of his face, and by a pair of large hands, from which were daily dropping favours little and great, benefit-nights, Christmas-boxes, and new year's gifts: for this reason it was that, by the whole flock of birds who sought shelter in his boughs, and who fed and built their nests on him, as on any wild service tree, he was, notwithstanding, reputed a secret magazine of springes; and they were scarce able to find eyes for the visible berries which fed them, in their scrutiny after the supposed gossamer snares.

In the interval between two apoplectic fits he had drawn up his will, and had deposited it with the magistrate. When he was just at the point of death he transferred to the seven presumptive heirs the certificate of this deposit; and even then said, in his old tone—how far it was from his expectation, that by any such anticipation of his approaching decease, he could at all depress the spirits of men so steady and sedate, whom, for his own part, he would much rather regard in the light of laughing than of weeping heirs: to which remark one only of the whole number, namely, Mr. Harprecht, inspector-of-police, replied as a cool ironist to a bitter one—"that the total amount of concern and of *interest*, which might severally belong to them in such a loss, was not (they were sincerely sorry it was not) in their power to determine."

At length the time is come when the seven heirs have made their appearance at the town-hall, with their certificate-of-deposit; *videlicet*, the ecclesiastical councillor of Glantz; Harprecht, the inspector-of-police; Neupeter, the court-agent; the court-fiscal, Knoll; Pasvogel, the bookseller; the reader of the morning lecture, Flacks; and Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace. Solemnly, and in due form, they demanded of the magistrate the schedule of effects consigned to him by the late Kabel, and the opening of his will. The principal executor of this will was Mr. Mayor himself: the sub-executors were the rest of the town-council. Thereupon, without delay, the schedule and the will were fetched from the register-office of the council, to the council-chamber: both were exhibited in rotation to the members of the council and the heirs, in order that they might see the privy seal of the town impressed upon them: the registry-of-consignment, indorsed upon the schedule, was read aloud to the seven heirs by the town-clerk: and by that registry it was notified to them, that the deceased had actually consigned the schedule to the magis-

trate, and entrusted it to the coporation-chest; and that on the day of consignment he was still of sound mind:—finally, the seven seals, which he had himself affixed to the instrument, were found unbroken. These preliminaries gone through, it was now (but not until a brief registry of all these forms had been drawn up by the town-clerk) lawful in God's name, that the will should be opened and read aloud by Mr. Mayor, word for word, as follows:—

"I Van der Kabel, on this 7th of May, 179–, being in my house, at Haslau, situate in Dog-street, deliver and make known this for my last will; and without many millions of words; notwithstanding I have been both a German notary and a Dutch schoolmaster. Howsoever I may disgrace my old professions by this parsimony of words, I believe myself to be so far at home in the art and calling of a notary, that I am competent to act for myself as a testator in due form, and as a regular devisor of property.

"It is a custom with testators to premise the moving causes of their wills. These, in my case, as in most others, are regard for my happy departure, and for the disposal of the succession to my property—which, by the way, is the object of a tender passion in various quarters. To say any thing about my funeral, and all that—would be absurd and stupid. This, and what shape my remains shall take, let the eternal sun settle above, not in any gloomy winter, but in some of his most verdant springs.

"As to those charitable foundations, and memorial institutions of benevolence, about which notaries are so much occupied, in my case I appoint as follows: to three thousand of my poor townsmen, of every class I assign just the same number of florins, which sum I will that, on the anniversary of my death, they shall spend jovially in feasting, upon the town common, where they are previously to pitch their camp, unless the military camp of his Serene Highness be already pitched there, in preparation for the reviews: and when the gala is ended, I would have them cut up the tents into clothes. Item, to all the school-masters in our principality I bequeath one golden Augustus. Item, to the Jews of this place I bequeath my pew in the high church.—As I would wish that my will should be divided into clauses, this is to be considered the first.

"CLAUSE II.

"Amongst the important offices of a will, it is universally agreed to be one, that from amongst the presumptive and presumptuous expectants, it should name those who are, and those who are not, to succeed to the inheritance; that it should create heirs, and should destroy them. In conformity to this notion, I give and bequeath to Mr. Glantz, the councillor for ecclesiastical affairs; as also to Mr. Knoll, the exchequer officer; likewise to Mr. Peter Neupeter, the court-agent; item to Mr. Harprecht, director of

police; furthermore to Mr. Flacks, the morning lecturer; in like manner to the court bookseller, Mr. Pasvogel; and finally to Monsieur Flitte,——nothing: not so much because they have no just claims upon me—standing, as they do in the remotest possible decree of consanguinity; nor again, because they are, for the most part, themselves rich enough to leave handsome inheritances; as because I am assured, indeed I have it from their own lips, that they entertain a far stronger regard for my insignificant person than for my splendid property; my body, therefore, or as large a share of it as they can get, I bequeath to them."

At this point, seven faces, like those of the seven sleepers, gradually elongated into preternatural extent. The ecclesiastical councillor, a young man, but already famous throughout Germany for his sermons printed or preached, was especially aggrieved by such offensive personality: Monsieur Flitte rapped out a curse that rattled even in the ears of magistracy: the chin of Flacks, the morning lecturer, gravitated downwards into the dimensions of a patriachal beard: and the town-council could distinguish an assortment of audible reproaches to the memory of Mr. Kabel, such as prig, rascal, profane wretch, &c. But the Mayor motioned with his hand; and immediately the Fiscal and the bookseller recomposed their features and set their faces like so many traps, with springs, and triggers, all at full cock, that they might catch every syllable; and then, with a gravity that cost him some efforts, his worship read on as follows:—

"CLAUSE III.

"Excepting always, and be it excepted, my present house in Dog-street: which house, by virtue of this third clause, is to descend and to pass in full property, just as it now stands, to that one of my seven relatives above-mentioned, who shall, in the space of one half hour (to be computed from the reciting of this clause,) shed, to the memory of me his departed kinsman, sooner than the other six competitors, one, or if possible, a couple of tears, in the presence of a respectable magistrate, who is to make a protocol thereof. Should, however, *all remain dry*, in that case, the house must lapse to the heir general—whom I shall proceed to name."

Here Mr. Mayor closed the will: doubtless, he observed the condition annexed to the bequest was an unusual one, but yet, in no respect contrary to law: to him that wept the first the court was bound to adjudge the house: and then, placing his watch on the session table, the pointers of which indicated that it was now just half past eleven, he calmly sat down—that he might duly witness, in his official character of executor, assisted by the whole court of Alderman, who should be the first to produce the requisite tear or tears on behalf of the testator.

That since the terraqueous globe has moved or existed, there can ever have met a more lugubrious congress, or one more out of temper and enraged than this of Seven United Provinces, as it were, all dry and all confederated for the purpose of weeping,—I suppose no impartial judge will believe. At first some invaluable minutes were lost in pure confusion of mind, in astonishment, and in peals of laughter: the congress found itself too suddenly translated into the condition of the dog to which, in the very moment of his keenest assault upon some object of his appetites, the fiend cried out—Halt! whereupon, standing up, as he was, on his hind legs, his teeth grinning, and snarling with the fury of desire, he halted and remained petrified:—from the graspings of hope, however distant, to the necessity of weeping for a wager, the congress found the transition too abrupt and harsh.

One thing was evident to all—that for a shower that was to come down at such a full gallop, for a baptism of the eyes to be performed at such a hunting pace, it was vain to think of raising up any pure water of grief: no hydraulics could affect this: yet in twenty-six minutes (four unfortunately were already gone,) in one way or other, perhaps, some business might be done.

"Was there ever such a cursed act," said the merchant Neupeter, "such a piece of buffoonery enjoined by any man of sense and discretion? For my part, I can't understand what the d—l it means." However, he understood thus much, that a house was by possibility floating in his purse upon a tear: and *that* was enough to cause a violent irritation in his lachrymal glands.

Knoll, the fiscal, was screwing up, twisting, and distorting his features pretty much in the style of a poor artisan on Saturday night, whom some fellow-workman is bar*ber*-ously razoring and scraping by the light of a cobler's candle: furious was his wrath at this abuse and profanation of the title *Last Will and Testament*; and at one time, poor soul! he was near enough to tears—of vexation.

The wily bookseller, Pasvogel, without loss of time, sate down quietly to business: he ran through a cursory retrospect of all the works any ways moving or affecting, that he had himself either published or sold on commission;—took a flying survey of the Pathetic in general: and in this way of going to work he had fair expectations that in the end he should brew something or other: as yet, however, he looked very much like a dog who is slowly licking off an emetic which the Parisian surgeon Demet has administered by smearing it on his nose: time,—gentlemen, time was required for the operation.

Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace, fairly danced up and down the Sessions-chamber: with bursts of laughter he surveyed the rueful faces around him: he confessed that he was not the richest among them; but for the whole city of Strasburg and Alsace to boot, he was not the man that could or would weep on such a

merry occasion. He went on with his unseasonable laughter and indecent mirth, until Harprecht, the Police Inspector, looked at him very significantly, and said—that perhaps Monsieur flattered himself that he might by means of laughter squeeze or express the tears required from the well-known Meibomian-glands, the caruncula, &c. and might thus piratically provide himself with surreptitious rain;* but in that case, he must remind him that he could no more win the day with any such secretions, than he could carry to account a course of sneezes or wilfully blowing his nose; a channel into which it was well known that very many tears, far more than were now wanted, flowed out of the eyes through the nasal duct; more indeed, by a good deal, than were ever known to flow downwards to the bottom of most pews at a funeral sermon. Monsieur Flitte of Alsace, however, protested that he was laughing out of pure fun, and for his own amusement; and, upon his honour, with no *ulterior views*.

The inspector, on his side, being pretty well acquainted with the hopeless condition of his own dephlegmatised heart, endeavoured to force into his eyes something that might meet the occasion by staring with them wide open, in a state of rigid expansion.

The morning-lecturer Flacks, looked like a Jew beggar mounted on a stallion which is running away with him: meantime, what by domestic tribulations, what by those he witnessed at his own lecture, his heart was furnished with such a promising bank of heavy laden clouds that he could easily have delivered upon the spot the main quantity of water required, had it not been for the house which floated on the top of the storm; and which, just as all was ready, came driving in with the tide, too gay and gladsome a spectacle not to banish his gloom, and thus fairly dammed up the waters.

The ecclesiastical councillor,—who had become acquainted with his own nature by his long experience in preaching funeral sermons, and sermons on the new year, and knew full well that he was himself always the first person, and frequently the last, to be affected by the pathos of his own eloquence,—now rose with dignified solemnity, on seeing himself and the others hanging so long by the dry rope, and addressed the chamber:—No man, he said, who had read his printed works, could fail to know that he carried a heart about him as well as other people; and a heart,

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* In the original, the word is Fenster-schweiss, window-sweat; i. e. (as the translator understands the passage) Monsieur Flitte was suspected of a design to swindle the company, by exhibiting his two windows streaming with spurious moisture, such as hoar frost produces on the windows when melted by the heat of the room, rather than with that genuine and unadulterated rain which Mr. Kabel demanded.

he would add, that had occasion to repress such holy testimonies of its tenderness as tears, lest he should thereby draw too heavily on the sympathies and the purses of his fellow-men, rather than elaborately to provoke them by stimulants for any secondary views, or to serve an indirect purpose of his own: "this heart," said he, "has already shed tears (but they were shed secretly) for Kabel was my friend:" and, so saying, he paused for a moment and looked about him.

With pleasure he observed, that all were still sitting as dry as corks: indeed, at this particular moment, when he himself by interrupting their several water-works had made them furiously angry, it might as well have been expected that crocodiles, fallow-deer, elephants, witches, or ravens, should weep for Van der Kabel, as his presumptive heirs. Among them all, Flacks was the only one who continued to make way: he kept steadily before his mind the following little extempore assortment of objects:—Van der Kabel's good and beneficent acts;—the old petticoats, so worn and tattered, and the grey hair of his female congregation at morning service; Lazarus with his dogs; his own long coffin; innumerable decapitations; the Sorrows of Werter; a miniature field of battle; and finally, himself and his own melancholy condition at this moment, itself enough to melt any heart, condemned as he was in the bloom of youth, by the second clause of Van der Kabel's will, to tribulation, and tears, and struggles:—Well done, Flacks! Three strokes more with the pump-handle, and the water is pumped up—and the house along with it.

Meantime Glantz, the ecclesiastical councillor, proceeded in his pathetic harangue:—"Oh, Kabel, my Kabel," he ejaculated, and almost wept with joy at the near approach of his tears, "the time shall come that by the side of thy loving breast, covered with earth, mine also shall lie mouldering and in cor—"

—*ruption*, he would have said: but Flacks starting up in trouble, and with eyes at that moment overflowing, threw a hasty glance around him, and said—"with submission, gentlemen, to the best of my belief I am weeping;" then sitting down, with great satisfaction he allowed the tears to stream down his face; that done, he soon recovered his cheerfulness and his *aridity*. Glantz, the councillor, thus saw the prize fished away before his eyes,—those very eyes which he had already brought into an *Accessit*,* or inchoate state of humidity: this vexed him: and his mortification was the greater on thinking of his own pathetic

* To the English reader it may be necessary to explain, that in the Continental Universities, &c, when a succession of prizes is offered, graduated according to the degrees of merit, the elliptical formula of "*Accessit*" denotes the second prize: and hence, where only a single prize is offered, the second degree of merit may properly be expressed by the term here used.

exertions, and the abortive appetite for the prize which he had thus uttered in words as ineffectual as his own sermons: and, at this moment, he was ready to weep for spite—and "to weep the more because he wept in vain." As to Flacks, a protocol was immediately drawn up of his watery compliance with the will of Van der Kabel: and the messuage in Dog-street was knocked down to him for ever. The Mayor adjudged it to the poor devil with all his heart: indeed, this was the first occasion ever known in the principality of Haslau, on which the tears of a schoolmaster and a curate had converted themselves—not into mere amber that incloses only a worthless insect, like the tears of the Heliades, but, like those of the goddess Freia, into heavy gold. Glantz congratulated Flacks very warmly; and observed, with a smiling air, that possibly he had himself lent him a helping hand by his pathetic address. As to the others, the separation between them and Flacks was too palpable, in the mortifying distinction of *wet* and *dry*,—to allow of any cordiality between them; and they stood aloof therefore: but they staid to hear the rest of the will, which the now awaited in a state of anxious agitation.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of Anacreon.* By J. E. HALL.

(Concluded from page 94.)

REMOTE from the intrigues of the court, and unruffled by the din of contention, our days were joyful and serene like those which nurture the beautiful Halcyon.* Enjoying the uninterrupted society of a friend whom I esteemed, and a wife whom I loved, the gods had left me nothing to wish. When I reflected upon the happiness which this intercourse produced, I could not but acknowledge the source of it. "How sweet to the soul of man," would I exclaim, "is the society of a beloved wife! when wearied and broken down by the labours of the day, her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitudes and anxieties, and heavier misfortunes of life, are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic vexations to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes, for his sake, her share of domestic labour, upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and participation. By the immortal gods! a wife is not, as she is falsely represented by some, a burthen or a sorrow to man. No, she

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* Simonides explains this trite metaphor: "For as Jove during the winter season gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this clement and temperate time of the year the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon. (King-Fisher.)

shares his burthens and alleviates his sorrows. For there is no toil nor difficulty so insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual efforts and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership."

After we had been settled a short time in our new abode, Anacreon resolved to send an invitation to Lesbos for Sappho Among others the following ode, in which he described the simplicity of our fare and the warmth of his affection, was composed upon this occasion:

TO SAPPHO.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat;
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But it was not reserved for him again to enjoy the society of this lovely woman, whose genius was only equalled by her misfortunes. Before the courier had departed, I received information from one of my friends at Mytilene, that Sappho had terminated her life and her sufferings by precipitating herself into the sea from the summit of a mountain in Leucadia. The following fragment of an ode was found on the shore:

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there I'll float, to waves resign'd,
For Love intoxicates my mind!

The mournful intelligence was unfortunately communicated to Anacreon, while he was engaged in a banquet with a few of his former friends. The sudden dismay which this unexpected information occasioned was such that he did not observe a grape-stone which was floating in his wine. He was choked by the contents of the cup, and the melancholy consequences were soon too visible in his countenance. I ran to succour him; but with a smile that bespoke the feeble exertions of nature, he signified that it was too late. I gave him a cup of wine in hopes of relieving him. He took it from me, and, as he held it in his hand, he gave me this ode in which he announced his departure from us in a strain of prophetic inspiration which resembles the plaintive notes of the expiring swan:

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.

Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

He then poured out a libation to the Eumenides, the inexorable ministers of the vengeance of Pluto, and having thus endeavoured to appease their fury, he sunk upon his couch. It was in vain that we prayed to Apollo, to whom sudden deaths are imputed. Anacreon likewise would have prayed to Mercury, to whom is confided the mournful office of conducting ghosts to the shades below; but the pangs of death were upon him and the power of utterance was denied. We sounded brazen kettles, to expel those furies which are ever on the alert to carry the unfortunate to places of torment. We crowded around his couch, that we might hear his dying words; we kissed him and endeavoured to imbibe his latest breath into our mouths.

I had heard for the last time the sounds of a voice which had never addressed me but in the language of kindness—the lustre of those eyes which had ever beamed with the refulgent sparkles of mirth and joy became dim, and, after a faint struggle, he sought the shades of Elysium!

He retained his senses so as to be able to depart in a decent posture. As soon as we found that he had expired, his eyes and mouth were closed, and before the body was cold it was stretched; and soon afterwards it was washed by the females of the household. After it had been rubbed with fragrant oil and other costly ointments, it was clad in a splendid white robe, by which was indicated the pure spirit of the deceased. It was then covered with green boughs and flowers, the liveliness and brilliancy of whose hues denoted the felicity which was to be enjoyed after this life. Being placed upon a bier, it was carried to the entrance of the door. Here it was exposed to public view in order to prevent any suspicion of his death having been occasioned by a wound. The feet were turned to the door, to signify that he would never return; and the corpse was constantly watched, to prevent the pollution of flies or the violence of rude curiosity. The mouth was filled with cake composed of flour, honey and water, to appease the fury of Cerberus, and a piece of money was placed upon it, as a bribe to the surly ferryman of the Styx.

The hair of Anacreon was cut off and hung upon the door to indicate the house of sorrow to the heart of sensibility; and while the corpse remained there, a vessel of water stood nigh, that those who touched it might purify themselves. After it had

been preserved seventeen days and nights we prepared for the solemn ceremony of interment.

But it was supposed, that the spirit of our departed friend, would be better satisfied if his ashes were deposited in his natal soil, and we therefore determined to burn the body. In the dead of the night, when the silence of nature accorded with the sadness of our souls, and the awfulness of the ceremony, we lighted our torches, to preserve us from the evil spirits which then ventured abroad. As soon as the sun arose, we took our last farewell, and conveyed the body from the house. As we moved along with a slow pace, our uncovered heads bent down, and supported by our hands, attested our respect, and the serious notes of the Carian and Phrygian flutes, bewailed the loss of our friend. Some persons sprinkled their heads with ashes, and muttered the funeral interjection ἰὴ, ἰὴ, ἰὴ, while others rolled their bodies in the dust. When we arrived at the pile the body was placed in the middle of it, with a quantity of precious ointments and perfumes, and also the fat of beasts, to increase the force of the flames. The garments of the deceased being thrown in, the sad office of communicating fire to the pile, devolved upon me, as none of the relations of Anacreon were present. Having prayed and offered vows to Æolus to assist the flames, I applied the torch. His immediate friends stood nigh to the pile, cutting off their hair and casting it into the flames, and also pouring out libations of wine. The pile being burnt down, the embers were extinguished by wine. We collected the ashes and enclosed them in a silver urn, which was soon after sent to his relations at Athens.

Grecians! his hallowed ashes are covered by a monument which is erected by the altar of the muses on the margin of Ilyssus. When the mellow tints of the declining sun shall sleep on the waters, and ye assemble on its banks, tread lightly on the sod that covers the silent urn. Violets shall bloom around the sacred spot; there the lotus shall spread its embowering branches, and the roses of spring shall impart their sweetest fragrance to the breeze that lingers around the tomb of the Teian bard.

There the chords of the plaintive lyre shall often respire the sad and solemn notes of wo, and the virgins who dwell at the foot of the double mountain shall chaunt his dirge.

As the winds of the declining year assail the green-clad trees and strew the ground with their foliage, and the approaching spring bids them revive with renovated beauty, so is one generation of man called from the joys of life, and another succeeds. But long shall Ilyssus roll his inspiring flood, and many Olympiads shall ye walk in the porticos of Athens, or stray by the side of thesilver Strymon, before your ears shall be gladdened by such sounds as ye heard from the lyre of Anacreon: for the graces presided at his birth, and the muses delighted to inspire his meditations.

Art. IV.—*Mr.* Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell.*

[Concluded from page 112.]

As civil contention grew hotter, the republicans gained a considerable accession of strength: for in the month of October, 1644, the Commons proposed to the Lords to melt down the King's magazine of plate in the Tower; and though the proposition was much combated by the Upper House, it was carried in the affirmative. Nevertheless, a sort of delicacy was still affected whenever the King was mentioned; and Cromwell, says Mrs. Macaulay, (vol. iv. p. 159. 8vo.) though void of those talents which command the opinions of popular assemblies, yet by the busy zeal of his nature, the seeming sincerity of his character, the vehemence with which he pursued the popular cause, and the intrepidity of his conduct, became an useful instrument in the hands of the republican faction. The Generals of the army, imitating the style of their principals, the Parliament, even when they led on their men to hostile acts against majesty, talked of the sacredness of the King's power and person, and puzzled the honest soldier with the senseless contradiction: but the more ingenuous Cromwell censured the inconsistent delicacy of the Presbyterians; publicly affirmed that tenderness was so far from being due to the King's person, that, as the prime author of the calamities of the times, he ought to be one of the prime sufferers; and declared that *he* should have less scruple in attacking him in the field than any other man. When, also, others insinuated merely that the officers of the army had shewn remissness and negligence, Cromwell went boldly to the House; charged the military commanders with having purposely spun out the war; and asserted that, for their own honour and dignity, the Commons ought to new-model their army, and purge themselves from the reproaches under which they lay, by a self-denying ordinance which should exclude all its members from civil or military posts. The unexpected bold truths, says Mrs. Macaulay, contained in this speech, so astonished the guilty party, that it produced a more sudden and general acquiescence than the utmost powers of rhetoric.

We may thus fairly account for the popularity of Cromwell among the republicans; and his services were found so great in the army, that probably no suspicion was at first entertained of his sincerity, even when, in the short space of a few weeks, he became the first exception to the self-denying ordinance which he had himself so strenuously enforced. After many objections, and several fruitless conferences with the Lords, this ordinance, declaring the members of either House to be discharged at the end of forty days from all offices and command, civil and mili-

tary, passed on the 3d of April, 1645. The Earls of Essex, Warwick, Manchester, Denbigh, and many others, then resigned their commands, and the new-modelled army was intrusted to Sir Thomas Fairfax. Cromwell ought to have tendered his resignation with the other members: but he was sent with a body of horse to relieve Taunton, then besieged by the royalist army. His absence from the House being noticed, orders were dispatched for his attendance, and the new General was directed to employ some other officer on that duty; but Fairfax, over whom most of the contemporary historians agree that Cromwell had the greatest influence, sent a letter to Parliament, expatiating on the services of the Lieutenant-General, and requesting that an exception should be made in his favour for the good of the service. This was immediately done; and Cromwell was the only person who kept his seat in Parliament, together with his command in the army: which would have been a very honourable distinction to him, says Rapin, were there not room to suspect that it was owing to his own intrigues.*

The present author has introduced a long and very minute account of the occasion and origin of this ordinance, and has succeeded entirely to our satisfaction in refuting Lord Clarendon's misrepresentation; which was followed implicitly by Hume, and which derived its consequence only from becoming the ground of a charge of religious hypocrisy, in this instance at least not merited. We have no doubt that Cromwell was influenced by very honest and patriotic feelings, when he urged the measure in the Commons so forcibly, so heartily, and so successfully; for his ambition was not yet fully blown: but it seems to our view not unlikely that the bud was burst on this very occasion. If he had not the ascendancy over Fairfax which is usually ascribed to him, but which Mr. Cromwell discredits, he must have been the more flattered by Fairfax's solicitation to Parliament for an exception in his favour; and the battle of Naseby, which was on the eve of being fought at this time, while it justified the discrimination of the Commander-in-chief, could not fail to impress on Cromwell's mind his own importance. The author reasons very fairly about this ordinance. Had no suspension of it been made in favour of any particular officers, no suspicion of sinister views in the promoters of it could have arisen; and, he observes, whether the object really was to displace the actual commanders for the purpose of introducing those of their own party, we cannot now know with certainty: but 'the suspension of its operation in favour of Cromwell, and a few others, certainly affords grounds for such a suspicion.'

* Rapin states that he was the *only* person: but Whitelock says that Sir William Brereton, Sir Thomas Middleton, and Sir John Rich, members of the House of Commons, were ordered to continue in their commands forty days longer, notwithstanding the ordinance.

A long and really somewhat superfluous defence of Cromwell is undertaken, for his supposed concern in the removal of the King from Holmby House by Cornet Joyce. It is very clear that he knew nothing about this matter till it was over; and, if he had, he would have been fully justified in a measure which attaches no criminality to any of the parties concerned in it. As Cromwell, however, positively denied that he was privy to it, it might become necessary for his biographer to rebut Lord Clarendon's impeachment of his veracity. A very minute narrative is likewise given from Mr. Baron Maseres's publication of tracts, of the negociations between Charles I., Sir John Berkeley, Cromwell, Ireton, and other principal officers of the Parliament army, for the restoration of the King; of his escape from Hampton Court; and of the subsequent proceedings during the treaty of Newport. The paper was written by Sir John Berkeley; and, says the present author,

'It is conceived that a doubt cannot remain in the minds of unprejudiced readers, of this memorial of Cromwell's sincerity, and honest and anxious exertions, to bring to a successful termination this negociation for the restoration of the King, and that, upon much more moderate terms than those offered by the presbyterian party, particularly in respect of the church, which he appears to have left untouched. This forbearance was agreeable to their moderate and tolerant principles as independents. The other propositions are not stated, but the King appears to have objected to only two, besides the above respecting the church, and they all probably might have been got over, or reasonably settled by temperate management. But the King appears to have ruined all by his violent and indiscreet conduct towards the presenters of these propositions, and by his tampering with the different parties, and confiding in none of them. These circumstances and the threats of the agitators were evidently the causes of Cromwell's and the other principal officers' desertion of the King, and joining the army in their subsequent proceeding to his trial.'

The following observations are made on Colonel Pride's exclusion of certain members from the House, exculpatory of Cromwell's concern in it;

'The truth appears to be, that the agitators, who were the republican party in the army, had become too powerful for their general and the other principal officers; and, being determined upon a republican form of government, had intimidated Cromwell, and the other officers who were friendly to the King's return upon proper terms, from further treaty with him: this appears from the preceding extracts from the several fore-mentioned writers. This republican party were in like manner determined to prevent all renewal of treaty with the King; they were also determined upon bringing the King to a trial. To accomplish these, their designs, they adopt the measure of what they term, purging the House of Commons, meaning the exclusion of those members from sitting therein, whom they knew to be favourable to a continuance or renewal of the treaty of Newport, and unfavourable to the purposed measure of bringing the King to a trial. With these views, they probably hastened the coming of the part of the army with Fairfax, and, with its assistance, this exclusion of the obnoxious members, during the absence of Cromwell, lest he should, by his presence, prevent or impede their designs; and overawed the general (Fairfax) and his council of officers, into the sanction of their proceedings. *Thus the whole was accomplished before Cromwell's arrival, and resuming his seat in the House:* and this accords with and confirms the truth

of his (Cromwell's) declaration of his ignorance of these designs, and acquits him of the foul charge of the deliberate falsehood with which his enemies wish to fix him.'

Fairfax was certainly aware of this exclusion, which happened on the 6th of December, 1648; and the way was evidently cleared for it by the remonstrance of the army, dated November 18, 1648, signed by Rusworth, as secretary, by appointment of the General himself. The object of this remonstrance was to induce Parliament to send no more addresses to the King, but to ensure his safe custody and his trial, and to institute for the future an elective monarchy. With deference to the biographer, however, we think it is not quite clear that Cromwell was absent on the 6th. He sat in the House on the 7th, when he received thanks for his great services: but he came to London *on the day before:* and Whitelock states that he lay in one of the King's rich beds at Whitehall on that night. Rapin says, "On the sixth *and* seventh of December this year, the Independents entirely expelled the Presbyterians," &c.; and "*on December the seventh*, the Commons, as they were repairing to their house, found the door within and without guarded by soldiers who hindered many from going in." It may be, perhaps, as Burnet says, that, while Fairfax was determined to bring the King to trial, Cromwell was in some suspense about it, and Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, was the man who urged the measure.

When it was decided that all negociation with the King should cease, many secret consults, according to Clarendon, were held, to determine what they should do with him. Some wished to depose him; others, to deprive him of life by poison, as making the least noise, or by assassination; and a third sort, the Republicans, proposed that he should be brought to a public trial as a malefactor. It is not without surprise that we find the present author stating 'that, *in justice to Cromwell*, it ought to be particularly noticed that he is not here (in Clarendon's account) named as having had any concern in these deliberations, or in this final resolution of bringing the King to trial.' He surely does not mean to say that Cromwell was ignorant of these "many secret consults;" or that he was indifferent to the issue of them; or that he had no preference as to which of the three measures was put in execution; or that he was hostile to all three, but had not courage to avow his hostility, and that he actually signed the death-warrant with his own hand at the time that he objected to the trial and to the tribunal under whose sentence the King was executed? We are not now to discuss the question of right or wrong, as to the execution of Charles*: but we do not see why

* Mr Fox has performed this in a manner so masterly, uniting so much candour with so much courage, that we cannot do better than refer to his observations. See his Life of James II. p. 13, &c.

the biographer of Cromwell deemed it a duty to *exculpate* his ancestor from the guilt of participation in any of the preliminary measures. Let it be granted that Cromwell was sincere in the negotiation for the King's restoration, on moderate terms, and in favouring his escape from Hampton-Court, and placing him in a state of personal freedom to quit the country; let it also be granted that with him the measure of bringing the King to trial did not originate, but that he reluctantly consented to it; still he did consent to it, he did sit as one of his judges, and he did sign the warrant of execution. He is therefore more deeply criminated on the supposition of his absence from these preliminary "consults," or of his being a silent and inefficient auditor at them, than on the supposition of his presence and advice.

In an historical work of this magnitude, embracing so long a period of time, and a rapid succession of the most interesting political events that ever occurred in England, it is not very likely that the author should be fortunate enough to secure an entire concurrence of opinion from all his readers. In addition to those points in the character and conduct of Cromwell, respecting which we have expressed our disapprobation, and our disagreement with his biographer, we could certainly fix on many others. Above all, perhaps, we could express our entire difference of opinion with him as to the character of the Long Parliament, and the violent dissolution of it by a body of musketeers. Even in the most peaceful times, we must always expect a disagreement among men respecting the wisdom of the measures pursued by the existing government: but, before the armies were disbanded who had been engaged in a civil war, and before time had elapsed for the exasperation and animosity of parties to subside, this disagreement must be more strongly felt and more sharply expressed. The Long Parliament was not without its defenders as well as its oppugners; and, to justify its forcible dissolution, Mr. Cromwell takes his station with the latter. Yet we should contend that England never stood on loftier ground, particularly with foreign countries, than under that Parliament. Even Clarendon bears testimony to its high character abroad; and Guthrie, Heath, Trenchard, Ludlow, and Macaulay, the last of whom repeats their eulogies, concur in celebrating the wisdom, justice, and magnanimity of this assembly. Cromwell dreaded the increasing influence of the republican party, and was determined to destroy the republic itself: a purpose which his intrigues with the army enabled him to accomplish. We dissent, therefore, from Mr. Cromwell's justification of the dissolution of the Long Parliament: but we must cheerfully do him the justice to say that on this, as on all controverted points, he gives the most copious testimonies of adverse as well as friendly writers. His work is a defence of the Protector's private and public life, strenuously and indefatigably laboured:

yet it has the rare merit of candour and impartiality, even when the writer is employed in exposing the want of those valuable qualities in such writers as Clarendon, Bates, Harris, and others, who received and circulated every slander against his ancestor, however fraught with falsehood and absurdity.

One feature in Cromwell's character cannot be too highly eulogized, and we entirely accord with the justice of the following remarks:

'Cromwell's settled disapprobation of religious persecution adds no inconsiderable proof of the extraordinary greatness and comprehensiveness of his mind and understanding. He appears to have early and forcibly seen and adopted the great principle of the right of private judgment in matters of religion, contrary to, it is conceived may be said, the universal, opposite principle and practice of those times: none of the religious sects and parties of those days had an idea of toleration; their contest was for power, which should be uppermost and rule the rest, without an apprehension of the justice of allowing their opponents their right of judging for themselves in a matter so highly important to their present and future interests; each sect had its uniformity act, and its consequent persecuting principle, which they enforced with the most rigid severity. This principle Cromwell opposed with all his power; and there is not an instance, in his whole history, of his voluntary disturbance of merely religious opinions.

'Hence, from this principle of disapprobation of religious persecution, would naturally arise his determination to interpose in behalf of the oppressed Vaudois. Neal observes, that the Protector's zeal for the reformed religion made him the refuge of persecuted Protestants in all parts of the world.'

It was in the year 1654 that the Duke of Savoy confirmed to his Protestant subjects, the Piedmontese, all their religious and civil privileges: but, in gross violation of the articles which he had himself proposed and ratified, these poor people were in the very next year (25 January, 1655) directed to quit their estates and property within three days of the publication of the edict, and to be transported; together with their families, to other places, at the pleasure of the Duke, on pain of death and confiscation of houses and goods, if they did not make it appear within twenty days that they had become Catholics. After a fruitless solicitation for mercy to this sovereign monster of the valleys, these persecuted Protestants quitted their houses and goods, and retired with their wives and children, young and old, healthy and sick, lame, blind, and infirm, through rain, and snow, and ice! In the following April, a large army entered their devoted territories, and pillaged and laid waste their country. Those who remained, and refused to be converted, together with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre; and the rest fled into the mountains, whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. Now was he truly a guardian angel and "Protector;" he instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, by which nearly forty thousand pounds were collected; he gave two thousand pounds for his own share; and, which was more, he concerned himself in

the dicffiult duty of seeing that it was faithfully and judiciously applied. Entirely in consequence of his prompt exertions, the persecution was suspended, the Duke recalled his army, and the surviving inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys were re-instated in their cottages, and the peaceful exercise of their religion. On this glorious occasion for the exercise of his power and beneficence, Cromwell stood in the proudest attitude of command. He sent to Mazarin, desiring him to put a stop to the persecution, for he knew well that the French court had the Duke in its power, and could restrain him if it pleased; adding that, if it did not, he must presently break with it. Mazarin promised to do good offices, though it was impossible for him to answer for the effects which they might have. This did not satisfy Cromwell; and the Duke was at last compelled by Mazarin through Cromwell's threat, to arrest his fury. Relative to this business we have several state-letters, written by Milton, who threw his whole heart and soul into it. He also wrote a "Sonnet on the Massacre at Piedmont;" and in the course of a long historical article we may relieve our readers and ourselves by transcribing it for their perusal. When somebody remarked to Dr. Johnson that the author of "Paradise Lost" could not write a good sonnet: "No," said Johnson; "nature endowed Milton with a mighty genius; he was born to hew a colossal figure from the rock, and not to carve faces upon cherry-stones." Yet, when Milton's feelings were roused, he could breathe even into a sonnet the inspiration of his muse:

"*On the late Massacre in Piedmont.*

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not! In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven! Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The Triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

Cromwell sent over to Geneva Sir William Morland, as commissioner-extraordinary for the affairs of the valleys of Piedmont; who collected with great pains and industry all the particulars of this religious butchery, and published an account of it in folio, with numerous cuts. One of the prints records a circumstance introduced by Milton in the above sonnet, and explains his allusion. Morland relates that "a mother was hurled down a mighty rock, with a little infant in her arms; and three days

after, was found dead with the little childe alive, but fast clasped between the arms of the dead mother, which were cold and stiffe, insomuch that those who found them had much ado to get the young childe out."

The same high and noble spirit was manifested by Cromwell in favour of the Huguenots at Nismes: who, on the apprehension of similar atrocities, sent a messenger over to him or protection. He ordered the messenger back to Paris *in an hour's time*, with a letter of peremptory instructions to his own ambassador. Mazarin again complained of these imperious proceedings: but Cromwell was not to be moved; and the Cardinal again yielded to the necessity imposed on him. These deeds have immortalized the memory of Cromwell in the valleys of Piedmont. Nismes and the south of France have witnessed a similar persecution of the Protestants in very late years, and found no Cromwell to frown or Mazarin to tremble.*

The Protector died at Hampton Court, 3d September, 1658, in the full possession of his faculties, and perfectly calm and composed; a tranquillity that, no doubt, says his biographer, was owing to his unconsciousness of those crimes which his enemies have so heavily loaded him.

Mr. Cromwell enters into a very elaborate defence of his ancestor against the charges of enthusiasm and hypocrisy. 'Cromwell,' says he, 'was certainly a religious professor, and nothing has appeared to prove him other than a really religious character.' Where enthusiasm governs, no hypocrisy can be manifested: they may co-exist in the same person, but they cannot rise into activity or even co-exist on the same occasion. The question is, Did Cromwell, for political purposes effect a greater degree of zeal and warmth in religion than he felt? He was frequent, and it is to be hoped, fervent in prayer; having, we are told, the greatest assurance of its *immediate* efficacy; and certainly a heated imagination is no crime in itself:—but did he never affect, for political purposes also a greater *indifference* in religious matters than he felt? If he did, the hypocrisy is equal in both cases. When he takes God to witness,—thus sanctioning his affirmation by a solemn oath,—"that he would rather have lived under his wood-side, and kept a flock of sheep than undertaken such a government as this is," we cannot believe that he spoke truth. It appears from Burnet that, when his godly friends were closetted with him, he would talk of the Deists as Heathens and Infidels, closing his conferences by a long prayer; and this as it seems to us, for a political purpose, namely, to keep on good terms with them: with the same view as, when with the Deists, he would make a jest of his said

* A detailed history of these recent attrocities has just been published, by Mr. Wilkes, and will soon attract our notice.

godly friends, namely, to keep on terms with the Deists also. Rapin, as we have before said, *lets him off gently* for practising this sort of management on the several parties who were all and equally his enemies: but is it not hypocritical, is it not criminal, to make long prayers like the Pharisees of old, for a pretence, whether a man aims by such means to devour widows' houses, or to juggle a political party?

It is said that Cromwell maintained the honour of the English nation in all foreign countries; and that, though not a crowned head, his ambassadors had all the respect paid to them which our King's ambassadors ever obtained. All Italy trembled at his name: his fleet scoured the Mediterranean; and the Turks, from fear of offending him, delivered up Hide, who retained the character of an ambassador for the King, and was brought over and executed for it. In the body-politic or in the body-natural, however, says Mrs. Macaulay, (whose history seems altogether to have escaped the attention of Mr. Cromwell,) the first decline of a robust constitution is not attended with any great degree of visible weakness. Civil contention, that nursery for martial prowess, had produced a warlike spirit in the English, which must give at least a temporary strength to any government:—those commanders, who had fought with a never-failing success under the banners of a commonwealth, could not forget the art of conquering after its extinction;—and England though declining in its power from the first period of the usurpation, was more than a match for nations that were enervated by the effects of long established tyrannies. It was during the short period in which the power of England had been supported by the energy of the republican government which was overthrown by Cromwell, that it had become the terror of all Europe. To republics, says Mrs. Macaulay, the object of envy, to monarchs of hatred, and to both of fear, it was assiduously courted by all the states of Europe. London was full of ambassadors, endeavouring, for their respective superiors, to excuse past demerits, to renew former treaties, and to court stricter alliances. It was under the republic, also, that the whole commerce of the Dutch was cut off in the Channel, and impeded in the Baltic; that their fisheries were totally suspended; and that above sixteen hundred of their ships were taken. To facilitate the establishment of his usurpation, Cromwell concluded a peace with the Dutch, which gave up all the splendid advantages and superiority that the nation had acquired by a successful and glorious war; and thus is he distinctly charged by the historian with having sacrificed to selfish considerations the power and interest of the country.

We cannot, however, pursue the subject farther; and we must take our leave of the present author, thanking him for the valuable addition which he has made to our historical literature.

The last chapter is devoted to the lives of Richard and Henry Cromwell, but we have not space for any discussion of them. Portraits are given of the Protector, his wife, and the sons.

ART. V.—*History of Europe; from the treaty of Paris, in* 1815.

Continued from p. 136.

CHAP. III.—ENGLAND. *Causes of the British Expedition to Algiers.—Sir Sidney Smith's Proposal to the Congress of Vienna.—Negociations of Sir Thomas Maitland and Lord Exmouth in the early part of this year. Massacre of Bona.—Expedition under Lord Exmouth and Admiral Van de Capellen.—Bombardment of Algiers.—Terms of Treaty with the Dey.—Reflections.*

WHEN the representatives of the European nations were assembled together at Vienna, after the first effectual humiliation of the power of France, their attention was speedily and naturally directed towards the situation of Barbary, from the coasts of which three separate armaments of half savage banditti still continued to infest the Mediterranean sea, and so to keep awake, in a meaner and more cruel shape, the energies of war, elsewhere happily asleep for a season throughout the civilized portion of the world. Sir Sidney Smith, whose long and glorious successes in the Mediterranean had introduced him to a perfect knowledge of the atrocious system thus persisted in by the Moorish pirates, took the lead in exciting among the assembled Princes of Christendom, a sense of the necessity for taking some effectual step towards putting an end to a spectacle so disgraceful. The sudden manner in which the Congress of Vienna broke up prevented any definite arrangement from being agreed upon at the moment; but the impression produced upon the public mind had been too deep to be speedily erased, and after the events of 1815 had once again restored tranquility to the continent, a very general expectation prevailed, that the outrages of these barbarian enemies would at last draw down upon their heads some signal and effectual chastisement.

After the conclusion of the general peace in 1814, the States of Tunis and Algiers were induced to increase their establishment of corsair vessels, in consequence of the favourable change which had occurred in regard to freedom of commerce; and the ravages committed by them in the course of that year, were more than sufficient to confirm the British nation, in the opinion already entertained, respecting the necessity of checking them by some just infliction of punishment. Sensible, however that the chief part of any injuries, intended for the guilty Janizaries, would infallibly fall to the share of the comparatively innocent Moorish population, the ministers were willing, if possible, to

accomplish their purpose without having recourse to hostilities. Lord Exmouth accordingly was sent to Algiers, and Sir Thomas Maitland to Tunis, early in the season, with a view to procure some amicable arrangement with the respective governments of these states. These distinguished officers obtained without difficulty many important concessions; a great number of slaves were immediately set at liberty; and, although the demand of entirely abolishing Christian slavery for the future was not immediately complied with, the most solemn assurances were given that an immediate communication should be made on that subject with the Ottoman Porte, (whose authority the Moorish governors were now ambitious of recognising,) and that if the Grand Seignior chose to express his disapprobation, the practice should be put an end to forever. To this the English commanders agreed, and Lord Exmouth immediately returned with his fleet to England, supposing that the object of his voyage had been accomplished. At Algiers, however, the show of submission had been merely assumed for the purposes of the moment, and no sooner were the English squadrons out of sight, than the banditti began to scour the seas as of old: while the Dey sought the means of confirming his power, by opening negociations with the Porte, the Emperor of Morocco, and the Pasha of Egypt. It is even said, that while the English negociator was still at Algiers, the Janizaries held a consultation respecting the propriety of cutting him to pieces while passing to his ship from the Paschalick. The cup of their iniquity, however, was not full till the 31st of May, on which day a massacre of Christians took place at Bona, scarcely exceeded in horror by any that is on record in history. Whether, as it is asserted, by the intelligent Italian traveller Pananti, this scene of cruelty occurred in consequence of positive command from the government of Algiers, or whether it was but the unbidden ebullition of the ferocious passions of the Algerine Janizaries, it is not easy to ascertain; nor is perhaps the distinction of much importance. In the neighbourhood of that city, once the scene of a signal triumph over the Moors by the forces of Spain, there are annually assembled, under the protection of the Dey, a great number of small boats from all the coasts of the Mediterranean, for the purposes of coral fishing. On the day above mentioned, some hundreds of the poor fishermen employed in this traffic were on shore at prayers at noon tide, when of a sudden they were alarmed by the wild cries, with which African soldiers are wont to rush into battle, and, before they could escape to their boats, they found themselves surrounded by a large body of Janizaries and Moors. These barbarians, animated with a blind and bestial rage, massacred the whole of this unoffending multitude in cold blood, and withdrew in triumph, as if they had, by this cowardly atrocity, vindicated the honour of their country, which they had supposed to be much injured by the late negociations.

The news of this outrage reached England very shortly after the return of Lord Exmouth, and convinced both him and the government, that the conciliating manner of the preceding negociations, however benevolently intended, had in fact, led only to the most cruel of results. It was immediately determined that Lord Exmouth should return to Algiers, with a formidable armament, and take vengeance for the infraction of the treaty he had so recently concluded. He set sail accordingly with the following force;—the Queen Charlotte, (his own flag ship) 110 guns; Impregnable, 98; Superb, 74; Minden, 74; Albion, 74; Leander, 50; Severn, 40; Glasgow, 40; Granicus, 36; Hebrus, 36; Heron, 18; Mutine, 18; Prometheus, 18; besides several smaller vessels, provided with Congreve rockets and Shrapnel shells. This armament was assembled in safety at Gibraltar by the beginning of August, where they were joined by a Dutch squadron of five ships, under the command of Admiarl Van de Capellen, who were desirous of aiding in the purpose of the expedition, and whose aid was very gladly accepted by the British admiral.

Before proceeding to Algiers, Lord Exmouth dispatched the Prometheus (Captain Dashwood) for the purpose of bringing away, if possible, the English consul and his family. Captain Dashwood found, on his arrival, that the suspicions of the Dey had already been excited, in respect to the destination of the British armament, and that vigorous measures of defence had been adopted by him and his council of regency. It even appeared, that some private intelligence had reached Algiers respecting the particular plan of attack which his lordship had agreed upon; for the point against which he had resolved to bring his principal force, was found to be receiving every additional strength which could in so short a time be thrown around it. The British captain, however, waited immediaely upon the Dey, who informed him, that he was well aware of Lord Exmouth's designs, and well prepared to make a proper defence against whatever armament might be brought to Algiers. Captain Dashwood disguised his knowledge of the truth; and being permitted to visit the consul's house, succeeded in conveying that gentleman's wife and daughter out of the city, in the disguise of naval uniforms. An infant child of the consul was to follow in a basket, but happening to cry out in passing the gate, was discovered and carried back to the city. "The child," said Lord Exmouth, "was sent off next morning by the Dey— a solitary instance of humanity, which ought not to pass unrecorded." The consul himself was already in confinement, nor would the Dey listen to any proposal for releasing him. There could now be no longer any concealment of the admiral's designs, and accordingly, as soon as the winds permitted, the whole combined force broke up from Gibraltar; they were tossed about for some

time, however did not arrive in sight of Algiers till the morning of the 27th of August.

Being becalmed at some distance off the bay, Lord Exmouth dispatched a boat with a flag of truce to the Dey, carrying a statement of the demands which his government had instructed him to make. These were in substance,—I. The immediate delivery up of all Christian slaves without ransom. II. The restitution of all the money which had been received from Sardinian and Neapolitan captives, since the beginning of the year. III. A solemn declaration from the Dey, that he would respect in future the rights of humanity, and treat all prisoners taken in war according to the usage of the European nations. IV. Peace with the King of the Netherlands, on the like terms as with England. The officer who carried these proposals was directed to wait two or three hours for the answer, at which time, if no reply was sent, he was to return to his lordship's flag ship. He was met near the Mole by the captain of the port, who agreed upon two hours as the period within which the answer should be ready. In the meantime, the wind springing up, the fleet took advantage of it to reach the bay, and the boats and flotilla were prepared for service as speedily as possible. About two o'clock, Lord Exmouth observing his boat returning with the signal that no answer had been received, the order was immediately given that the ships should proceed to occupy the stations assigned them. The Queen Charlotte led the way, aud was anchored in the entrance of the Mole, at the distance of about fifty yards; the other great ships were arranged immediately around the admiral; and in the rear were stationed the smaller vessels destined to throw bombs and rockets at the enemy's fortifications, over the heads of the other ships. At the moment when the Queen Charlotte took her station at the mouth of the harbour, the whole of the piers were crowded with a multitude of spectators, who seemed to be standing in perfect unconcern, as if unconscious that any fire was to ensue; Lord Exmouth, stationed at the prow of his ship, motioned with his hat for them to retire, but in vain, at length, one or two shots were discharged from the Mole, upon which the Queen Charlotte, being by this time lashed to an Algerine brig immediately without the harbour, opened a most destructive fire, the first round of which carried off many hundreds of the idle crowd upon the Mole. "Thus commenced," says Lord Exmouth, "a fire as animated and well supported, as I believe was ever witnessed—which lasted without intermission from a quarter before three until nine, and which did not entirely cease until half-past eleven." During the whole of this firing, nothing could exceed the coolness and precision with which the British kept up their destructive attack. Nor did the enemy evince any symptoms of irresolution in their defence. A fire was maintained from innumerable batteries on the Mole itself,

and from the higher parts of the city, which occasioned to the besiegers a loss of 800 men, and which could not have failed to produce a far more extensive carnage, had the obstinacy of the Algerines been aided by any skill in the management and direction of their artillery.

About 10 o'clock, the batteries around the admiral were completely silenced, and he began to draw off his fleet from the reach of the few shells which the enemy were still throwing on them from a fort in the upper angle of the city. Having removed further out into the bay, he was joined once more by Admiral Van de Capellen, whose squadron had been of considerable service during the action, by keeping various lateral batteries from bearing upon the ships engaged at the mouth of the harbour. The loss of the Algerines was estimated at about seven thousand men.

Next morning the spectacle of desolation presented by the city and harbour was such as to convince Lord Exmouth that the chastisement inflicted must have lowered abundantly the tone of the Dey and his advisers. He sent in therefore a letter to the Dey, in which, after stating that the destruction of the city had been inflicted, in order to punish him for the massacre of Bona, and the contempt with which the messenger of the preceding day had been treated, he offered him the same terms which had on this last occasion so rashly been rejected. After an interval of three hours, three shots were fired from the citadel, the appointed signal that the Dey, was willing to accept of the terms proposed by Lord Exmouth. The minor parts of the negociation were aranged on board the Queen Charlotte, between the British and Dutch commanders, and the deputies of the Dey. At noon, the whole of the Christian slaves in Algiers were marched to the shore and delivered up to the allies, among whom Capellen had the satisfaction to recognise many of his own countrymen. Nearly four hundred thousand dollars were also paid into their hands, being the amount of ransom money received from Naples and Sardinia since the commencement of the year. Some other articles of dispute being arranged to his satisfaction, Lord Exmouth at last drew off his fleet, leaving behind him lasting marks of the severest lesson which the Algerines ever had received—the whole of their navy annihilated, and one half of their city reduced to a heap of ruins.

The news of this event was received in England, and indeed throughout all Europe, with the satisfaction which might naturally be expected to follow so righteous a victory. At home, Lord Exmouth and the officers of his fleet received all the usual tributes of honour; the admiral himself was thanked in his place by the Chancellor, at command of the peers. Abroad, more particularly upon the shores of the Mediterranean, a wide joy was diffused, by the hope that the outrages of the Barbary pirates were now for ever at an end.

Ever since the Congress of Vienna, but more particularly ever since the termination of the expedition under Lord Exmouth, speculators in politics have found a favourite theme, in expatiating on the propriety of some general combination among the powers of Christendom, to conquer and colonise the coast of Barbary. The easy access afforded by six hundred leagues of coast, abounding every where in excellent harbours, the fertility of the soil, which once entitled this region to be called the granary of Europe, but finally, and chiefly, the unpopularity of the present governments, have been enlarged upon, as furnishing the best of motives for the undertaking, and of means for the success of this invasion. Whether any such invasion is likely ever to take place, we cannot pretend to offer any opinion; but the whole condition of this part of the world is such, that it would require greater credulity than we possess, to believe it possible that, at the lapse of another century, the sovereignty shall be found in the same hands which have so long abused it. There are many things in the present situation of several of the European kingdoms, (above all in that of Spain) which seem to us to render it far from improbable, that the colonization of Northern Africa may, ere long, be undertaken by some Christian power. Upon whomever the lot may fall, the honour will not surely be inconsiderable, of restoring to Christendom a region which once possessed no less than six hundred Bishops; and which, in the hands of Carthagenians, Romans, and Saracens, has already exhibited so many specimens of all that renders any region either glorious or prosperous. The Italian traveller, to whom we have already referred, mentions most positively the existence of a superstitious belief among the inhabitants of Barbary, that their country i sdestined to be conquered on a Friday by Christian soldiers clothed in red. The influence of this belief is, it seems, so great, that perpetual watch is kept every Friday from the towers sea-ward, and the gates of every city upon the coast are closed with marks of particular precaution. Our readers must remember the effects produced on the empire of the Yncas of Peru, by the existence of a belief among those people, apparently of the very same nature with this. We shall perhaps incur some chance of ridicule by mentioning this superstition at all; but, if it does exist, it is easy to observe what advantage might be taken of it by a crafty invader.

ART. VI.—*Recollections of a Voyage to Italy in the year* 1800.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In the early part of my life, I was accustomed, as you know, to pass my winters in Philadelphia, and the rest of the year in the country. I spent the greater part of 1799 in rambling through the wilderness which now forms the States of Ohio, Indiana,

Illinois and Missouri. I hunted with the Indians, slept in their wigwams, and was half tempted to remain with them. I am not conscious of being unstable in my pursuits; but when a lad, I was suffered to run wild; and even to those who have been more rigidly trained than myself, there is something very pleasing in changes and transitions, which, whether they are from "grave to gay," or from "lively to severe," are interesting from their contrasts, and strike our feelings as the lights and shades of a picture do our eyes. Among the Indians, who had seen me bring down a turkey on the wing with a single rifle ball, I had the reputation of being a good hunter, and capable of enduring much fatigue; but my companions in the city considered me as a mere Sabyrite, and seldom found me out of bed before noon.

Your predecessor, Mr. Oldschool, the first Oliver, was the only person whom I have known that equalled me in these indolent propensities; but then, although he never liked to get out of bed, yet he might plead that he never had an inclination to go to it. We lived in adjoining rooms, several winters, and I owe much of the happiness of those seasons to his society and affection. Poor D—! I never think of him without a gush of tenderness about my heart.

But to return: One reason of my indolence was, that I had nothing to do, and no one to direct me how to employ the passing hour. We may be "stretched on the rack of a too easy chain." I found that I yawned much more than those of my acquaintance, who had something to occupy or interest them. I sometimes thought myself capable of better things. "I don't know what to do with myself this summer," said I, to an acquaintance, as we were sauntering along the street,—"I really do not know where to go. I am tired of the city, and yet I linger here, as if I had something to attach me to it. I have rambled in the country till there is little of novelty to attract me there. I cannot mount my horse without some greater inducement than riding for an appetite; and as to my horse, I have not seen him since I came here, although that is so long ago, that if he is alive I fancy the charge for his keeping must amount at least to the sum which I paid for him; and, indeed, unless the grooms ride him, he may have forgot the use of his limbs."

"If you are *tired* of both city and country," said my companion, "go to Europe." "You are fond of poetry, painting, and music—go to Italy." "Upon my word," replied I, "it might be very pleasant, and I think, I should like it." "Then I will make some enquiry about a ship to some port there, and let you know if I can hear of one." "Be it so," said I; "I will obey your bidding, should you direct me even to "call spirits from the vasty deep." A few days afterwards he told me, that a ship was ready to sail, bound to Leghorn. All I had to do was to send my trunk on board.

A ship was new to me. I had seen our great lakes, which resemble the ocean, but I had never seen the ocean. I was not, however, so ignorant of either, as an officer of the western army, who accompanied me to Philadelphia, the preceding autumn. He was born on the frontier of Pennsylvania, and when about ten years of age, his father's family was surprised by the Indians, his father and some others killed, and he taken to one of the Indian towns, where he was adopted in an Indian family. The boy grew up among them; but his relations discovered him, and with difficulty prevailed upon him to return to his former home, and associates. A lieutenant's commission was procured for him, and he joined the western troops in a campaign against the Indians, in which he was much distinguished for his gallantry. He had obtained a furlough, and accompanied me to the city. We arrived at night; the next morning he was out at day-light, and it was with difficulty that he found his way back to his lodging. He said that he could with more readiness have found his way through fifty miles of woods, than through five squares in the city. The following day he told me that he had seen a very large ship *marching* down the river; but he wished me to go to the Delaware with him, for it was the most singular river he had ever seen; one part of the day it ran one way, and at another time, it ran another way,—he was sure of it; for he had been several times at the wharves, and had seen it running different ways with his own eyes. I found he had never heard of the tide, and it was difficult to make him comprehend it. But to return to myself.

On the 23d of June, the ship was ready to sail, and I stepped on board of her at the wharf, and she dropt down to New Castle, where she came to, to take the captain on board, who having something to execute, had been detained at Philadelphia after her sailing. Early the next morning the captain came on board, and I found that he had already met with some adventures on his way. One of the sailors, taking leave of his companions, had got into a frolic, and when the ship left the city, he was missing. As he was an excellent seaman, the captain was unwilling to leave him behind, and after much search had found him, and, to use his own phrase, had chartered a chaise to take them to New Castle. It was dark when they crossed the ferry at Wilmington. The road for a great part of the distance between the ferry and New Castle, passes over the flats, and is bordered on each side by a ditch. The ground in wet weather is knee deep in mud. I was well acquainted with it; for when a boy I had spent many a day in shooting snipes in the marshes in that neighbourhood; and thought it a good feat with a double barrelled gun to kill two rising at the same moment, and flying in different directions. After crossing the ferry, the captain found the darkness increased by a thick fog which coverd the flats, so that

in a little time he could not see the horse before him; the consequence of which was, that driving too much to one side of the road, a wheel of the chaise got on the descending ground, and the captain and his *compagnon de voyage*, were both thrown into a deep ditch full of water; but as water was their element, they probably came out like Comodore Trumnion, invigorated by their immersion. With much difficulty they got the chaise into its proper position, and as the captain was unwilling to make any more summersets, he placed the sailor in the chaise, with, as he said, a brace in each hand, to follow, while he waded through the mud to *cun* (explore) the way. Whenever the captain found himself getting into the ditch on his *starboard* hand, he would call to Jack "port"—to which Jack would reply, with true nautical precision, "port it is, sir," and pull the poor horse short up with the rein in his left hand. They got into New Castle covered with mud, about one o'clock in the morning, and the captain, as he did not like to come on board, "unanointed, unannealed," changed his dress, and appeared among us in a very gentlemanly garb.

The ship was the Louisa, a letter of Marque, mounting twelve guns, but appearing to have eighteen, six of them being what the sailors called Quakers; that is, very pacific ones, made of wood. She was commanded by Thomas Hoggard, and had a crew of thirty men. It was during our war with the French, and the owners of the ship had armed her, as a protection from the French privateers, which it was supposed she might fall in with.

The first sight of the ocean must strike the rudest breast with an impression of awe. Its immensity, and even its monotony, is sublime. But the appearance was not entirely new to me. I had seen the great lakes with their "blue tumbling billows, topt with foam," apparently as shoreless as the ocean itself. The ship, however, and my companions were all novel, and when the pilot took his leave, I felt very strongly the sensation which every one must feel who leaves a home which contains many who are extremely dear to him. The pilot left us in the evening. We were then outside of the capes, and the breeze blew fresh and chill. There were many things to be arranged about the ship, at which the sailors busied themselves, and to the whistling of the wind among the rigging was added the frequent piping of the boatswain, as orders were given to perform different evolutions. I put on a great coat and remained on deck. The ship went rapidly through the waves. The spray dashed over her bows, while a train of phosphoric light sparkled in her wake. Velocity gives an impression of power, and produces delightful sensations. Some French writer mentions a countryman of his, whom he met in Arabia, who had grown as wild as the Arabs themselves, who told him that nothing was so delightful to him,

as to be mounted on an Heirie, and in full speed in the Desert. Strange as this may appear, I can readily believe it; but his feeling partly arose from the solitude in which he was placed, enabling him to fancy himself a more important part of creation, than he would have thought himself to be, in the midst of a crowd. I recollect the effect of the solitude of the western prairies, and can recall the thrill of mingled pain and pleasure which is produced by the consciousness of being alone in them. The horizon, without a tree, and as unbroken as the ocean—the clear and cold moon within an hour of setting—a silence that could be felt, interrupted by the howl, at long intervals, of a solitary wolf, which seemed two or three miles distant. I have never thought of the line of Campbell, "The wolf's long howl on Onalaska's shore," without recollecting him of the prairies. On shipboard there was no solitude, every thing was bustle and noise. I went forward, and cast my eyes over the bow, and enjoyed the dashing of the spray, as the ships head was buried in the waves, out of which she rose like a feather, giving a powerful idea of the resistance of a fluid, which could so lightly repel a body of upwards of three hundred tons burthen. Looking ahead, something, at first dimly descried, became more and more distinct; and I soon found it to be a ship, approaching in an opposite direction to our course. Apprehensive that I might alarm my companions improperly, I remained long enough to be fully convinced of the nature and situation of the object in view, when going to a sailor who was engaged at something near me, I said, "there is a vessel." Jack turned to me, but made no answer. I repeated, "there is a vessel before us." Still no reply—but I heard one of the crew at a little distance, ask another, "what does he say?" The wind was very fresh, and the ship having a good deal of sail, healed considerably, which together with her high bulwarks, and the bellying of the sails, prevented the sailors from seeing the approach of the stranger. I was apprehensive that the two ships would strike against each other; and suddenly conceiving that the inattention paid to what I said, might be occasioned by my expressing myself in a dialect not understood on board ship, I called out "a sail ahead!" The man nearest to me sprang forward, and seeing the danger, repeated my call in a voice like a trumpet, the helm was instantly clapped hard up, and the two ships, almost touching, and on different tacks, dashed by each other like the wind. The tars themselves felt it a narrow escape, and the one whose attention I had roused, exclaimed, after holding his breath till we were fairly clear, "d—n my eyes, but that was touch and go!" We supposed that we had been unnoticed by the other ship. Not a word was said on either side. Many vessels, in all probability, are annually lost by coming in collision with each other on the ocean. I have never been sea-sick; but the wind was chilly, and the sea rough, and, I felt a slight

qualmishness that intimated to me the propriety of retiring to my couch, where I slept as well as I could expect to be permitted to do, by the pitching of the vessel, and in a situation so novel. When I went on deck in the morning, I found every thing in excellent regulation. The sun had risen in an unclouded sky; the gale of the preceding evening had moderated to a fine breeze, and blew from a favourable point; and the captain, with a very good-natured countenance, was pacing the deck, apparently pleased

> "to see
> The gallant ship so lustily
> Furrow the green sea foam."

We were out of sight of land. The sky and the sea were all that the eye found to rest upon; and the variety consisted of the foam-crested billows of the one, and the differently shaped and tinged clouds which passed across the face of the other.

On ship board, the character of the persons composing the family is of much importance to our comfort. I think it is Johnson who observed, that to be at sea is to be in prison with the chance of being drowned; except that, in prison you are likely to meet with the most agreeable company: I, therefore, looked around to see how I was situated. The inmates of the cabin were, besides myself, the captain, two mates, and an Italian gentleman, as a passenger. Of the latter I recollect nothing but that he sang agreeably, and appeared to have a tolerably favourable opinion of himself. The captain's appearance told you that he was a sailor; he was about forty years of age; his idiom peculiarly that of his profession, so that at table he would desire a person to *scull* that plate to him, &c. Of the mates I at that time took little notice; I supposed them your every-day-kind of sailors, with but little knowledge beyond that of their profession; but I was not a physiognomist; if I had been, I would easily have discovered in one of them, "the hand to do, the heart to dare."

I soon found that it would be useful to endeavour to occupy myself with something in order to prevent my time from hanging heavily on my hands, and I told the captain that I would like to learn how to navigate a ship, and tasked his good nature to tell me the names and show me the uses of the different parts of the rigging, and, in return, I would take upon me all the astronomical calculations necessary to ascertain his longitude. He expressed himself very willing to communicate the knowledge which he possessed of the subject which I was desirous of being acquainted with; but said it would be well not to ask questions of the sailors, who would form a very unfavourable opinion of one so ignorant as not to know the difference between the main-brace and the main-top bowline. It was therefore agreed, that all my questions should be asked of him, and I was so apt a

scholar, that in less than a fortnight, I ventured, under his particular instruction to give an order about some part of the working of the ship, and got through it with a pretty good tone. I was so much emboldened by this, that after having repeatedly gone aloft, beginning with the main-top, to which I took care at first to ascend by the weather shrouds, I had the hardihood, on the command to reef top-sails, being given, to make an essay to get on the main top-sail yard, during a squall but in this essay, I found that I had over-rated my abilities; for when on the yard, as the ship pitched with great violence, it required the aid of a sailor on each side to enable me to maintain my position; and when I found myself safely on deck, I made a vow to abandon all yard arms during the remainder of my voyage.

I had a great inclination to see a storm at sea. It is related of some celebrated marine painter (I might say Vernet, but am not sure it was he, and it was most probably some one of the Dutch school,) that when the ship in which he was, was in great danger, and he lashed to the mast, while the sailors beheld their situation with the greatest apprehensions, he viewed it merely as a picture, and was delighted with the effects of the scene, and engaged, in imagination, in transferring to the canvas, the magnificent swell of the foaming billows. My curiosity did not lead me so far as to wish to be in any danger; I was therefore willing to put up with a very moderate storm, and not disposed to insist on the mast being carried away, or the ship left a wreck. One night, one of the officers awoke me with the information that there was a fine gale of wind, and some lightning to be seen, which it was worth while going on deck for. I accordingly got up. The sea did not, as we are told by voyagers, it frequently does, run mountains high; but it certainly ran very lofty. The ship lay to under a stay-sail, which was the only sail set. The wind did not merely whistle, but whizzed through the rigging with such force, that together with the roaring of the waves, it was difficult to distinguish the words of a person exerting his voice close by me; and the lightning flashed in such streams, that considering the artillery on deck, and the iron in all parts of the ship, it appeared to me that we should scarcely escape it. There was no bustle on board. The ship had been made *snug*. The rain fell in sheets; but the sailors who were accustomed "to bide the peltings of the pitiless storm," seemed very unconcerned in the midst of a scene which might have been sufficient to terrify a landsman. As for the mate, whose watch it was, he looked as if he could have said with the boatswain in the tempest, "Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough;" while for myself I might be excused if I

> "Ey'd the shrouds and swelling sail,
> With many a benedicite."

As it was, I could not help repeating the

> Illi robur et aes triplex
> Circa pectus erat qui fragilem truci
> Commisit pelago ratem
> Primus, &c.*

I, however, felt sufficient composure; for when I went on board, aware that scenes of this kind in which there was no danger might appear to an eye unaccustomed to them in a very fearful light, I determined to take my tone as much as possible, from the aspect of the sailors around me, and therefore looked to their countenances, rather than the billows, in order to form my opinion of the risk, and seeing them very tranquil, I readily became so myself. I cannot say much about this storm, although I believe it might be considered as a pretty fair specimen of foul weather, "fair is foul, and foul is fair;" other voyagers have seen much sublimer ones.

But I don't like storms, and I detest tempests, which I suppose, are to the other, as the superlative is to the comparative. I would not give one zephyr for a thousand Austers, Euruses, or Boreases. I do not like the scene

> "When lightning fires
> The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;"

and would much rather

> "Spread my careless limbs, amidst the cool
> Of plantain shades," &c.
> And enjoy all "the Arabian heaven" which
> "Youthful poets fancy."—

Fair weather, and a smooth sea may be pleasant, if we have a pleasant society with them. The rising and setting of the sun, when his full orb is seen just over the horizon, is very fine; and moonlight nights are delightful. The moon has been the theme of poets in all ages, and nothing can equal the soothing and tranquillizing effects of its clear light at sea. In the dewy freshness of the night, I have gazed for hours upon its fine effect on the waves, as they danced and sparkled in its brilliancy, which marked a broad path from the vessel to the verge of the horizon. Nothing can be more delightful than this effect when the weather is fine, and the wind fair; for then there is no noise of orders given and bustle to execute them, to mar your meditation; and

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* Thus translated by Mr. Francis:

> Of oak, or brass, with triple fold,
> Around that daring mortal's bosom roll'd,
> Who first to the wild ocean's rage
> Launch'd the frail bark—

Printer's Devil.

the consciousness of speeding on your course, the tranquillity on board, and the gentle dashing of the wave as it breaks against the ships bows, and passes along her sides in glittering foam, harmonizes deliciously with the serenity of the "night's regent" when "riding in her brightest noon." At a late hour of the night, when the "mid watch" has been some time on their duty, the helmsman at his post, attentively eyeing the needle by which his course is directed, and which has been exquisitely compared to the sensitive heart, that

> "Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
> And turning, trembles too;"

the officer in command pacing the quarter deck with a regular and monotonous step; the crew silent, or the indistinctly heard voice of some one narrating his adventures, or a tale which he has heard or read to his listening comrades; all together form a picture which I have felt very powerful on my heart and imagination. In these fine evenings, a sailor who can tell a good story is a valuable acquisition to his shipmates, who are not, in general very fastidious about style, provided he will give them sufficient incident. I was on deck late one night, all sail was set, and the wind fair on the quarter, when hearing something on the forecastle, which from the tone of the speaker appeared to be some tale of his adventures, I went forward, that I might be a partaker of it, and stood unseen in the shadow of the foresail. I found the speaker whose comrades were seated around him, narrating to them a tale which he had read in the Arabian Nights; but having forgot the words he was obliged to give it in his own phraseology. He told them of the King of Persia's son, who having fallen in love with the Emperor of China's daughter, had been separated from her by some malignant *Ginny*—Here he was interrupted by the question of what was a Ginny; this he could not tell, but supposed it to be a conjurer. That the young woman fell sick, and her lover discovering her, sought to introduce himself as "a foreign doctor," who could cure all maladies, but on the nurse informing her that a foreign doctor wished to see her, the princess "swore, d—n her eyes, if he should come within a boat-hook's length of her." The story, which lasted nearly an hour, was all in this style, and extremely well relished by the auditors; and none more than myself. I wish I could repeat it to to you throughout, in the manner in which I heard it.

The language of a thorough sailor is *sui generis*, and much of it is unintelligible to the uninitiated. It was some time before I comprehended readily all the phrases which I heard. In performing many parts of the duty on shipboard, it is customary for the sailor to answer the order, by repeating the words in which it is given; as in directing the steersman hard-a-port, he

replies hard-a-port it is, sir. The steward having misbehaved himself, the captain turned him before the mast, and took a smart active fellow in his place. Just after he had got into his new birth, I desired him to brush my coat, which was on me, which he began to perform so gently that I could scarcely feel him, and I exclaimed, with a little impatience, Brush away Tom. Changing his hand instantly, to a manner which much resembled curry-combing a horse, he repeated, Brush away it is, sir; and was pursuing his operation with so much energy, that I was obliged to moderate him by saying, I am afraid you mistake me for the main-mast, Tom. I was pleased with the sailors, and found them to be the frank, honest, and jovial good-natured fellows which they are generally reported to be.

The monotony of a sea-life renders every accidental variety interesting. A sail discovered in the horizon, or any distant and cloud-like land calls the attention of all on board. The latter is sometimes useful as well as pleasant, and serves to mark to the sailor his position on the chart. On the 29th of July, we passed the Azores, or Western Islands. Pico, except its top, which rose above them, was shrouded by the clouds. From its height condensing the vapours that float around it, I suppose this is frequently the case. Moore mentions the same thing when he passed it:

> "The only envious cloud that lours,
> Hath hung it's shade on Pico's height."

There was a fine effect produced on Tercera, by the sun shining brilliantly on one part of it, while the rest appeared deluged by a heavy shower of rain. The climate of these Islands must be delightful.

On the 7th of August a sail was visible from the mast head, astern of us, and steering our course. She was seen the whole of next day, and appeared in chase of us, close by the wind. The following morning finding her within a few miles of us, the captain ordered the ship to be tacked and stood for her; when along side she proved to be the brig Huntress from New York, bound to Leghorn. On the ensuing day we made the land, which proved to be Cape Spartel, on the Barbary coast. The wind was light and fair, and I went aloft to have a better view of the scenery which we were approaching. I observed something, which appeared to be a large white rock on the shore, directly ahead of us, and had seen it for at least half an hour, when some one made it out to be the sails of a large ship, approaching us, close hauled; but we still could not ascertain what she was, till having approached within two or three miles, she changed her course, and we perceived her to be a vessel of war; in a short time, having tacked again, she came along side, and proved to be the British frigate Topaz.

Cape Spartel is one of the head lands which form the straits of Gibraltar: Cape Trafalgar is the other. The outline of both coasts is very varied, and distant mountains are seen over the lower lands near the shore; but to an American, accustomed to behold the hills and mountains of his own country clothed with towering forests, the bare and rugged hills of both shores present the appearance of great sterility. At this time the wind was fair, and there was every prospect of passing the straits without any difficulty; but the wind suddenly came round to the east, and blew with great violence for several days, so that we tacked from one cape to the other, without making any headway. * I became very tired of it, and could have exclaimed *fortiter occupa portum*, with all my heart. I felt all the tedium which Horace mentions. In this situation we spoke the brig Greyhound from Boston, and the Huntress, which had parted company rejoined us. Till our arrival off Cape Spartel, the voyage might be considered as a very pleasant, although a slow one, the winds in general, being moderate and the weather fine. But we now paid pretty dearly for our former ease, and beat about from cape to cape without being able to get within them.

On the morning of the 19th, we observed several vessels at anchor under the lee of Cape Spartel, and as we had very strong gales, accompanied by a rough sea, the captain determined to bear away, and come to in the smooth water under the lee of the land. As we approached it, he said to me, that he thought I would be able to catch some fish, and directed one of the men to bring me some fishing lines, which I got ready, and waited for the opportunity of trying my luck, when the ship should be hove to. We had not reflected on the possibility of any of these vessels being enemies, and were approaching them with great confidence, when a large brig that lay rather in shore of the others, got under way, and at the same time hoisted the French flag. I saw it the instant it began to ascend, and turning to the captain, who was near me, said "I believed we should have other fish to fry than those I had expected to catch." "By Jove!" exclaimed he, "a French man-of-war brig." All hands were piped, the ship tacked, and in five minutes had as much sail on her as she could carry. As soon as this was done, the decks were cleared, the men called to quarters, the guns double shotted, and every thing prepared for action: the brig was in chase of us. The other vessels, although two or three of them were armed, kept their positions. Conjectures were now hazarded about what the brig could be. She showed eighteen guns. "I'll swear," said one of the mates, "that some of the vessels under the land are not French built ships." "In that case," says another, "they must be her prizes." "If she has taken and manned so many

* Boldly seize the port.—P. D.

prizes," said the captain, "she cannot have many men left on board; and if she has not, she might not be an overmatch for us." "If we could take her," said the first mate, "we should be able to capture all her prizes;—that would be a glorious haul of prize money! In ten minutes it was all arranged. The conjectures were communicated to the crew, and the determination to take the French brig and all her prizes, was received by them with three cheers, so animating that I myself felt a little of their spirit. The ship was then hove to, and she stood for the brig under reefed topsails; on which the brig hauled her wind, took in sail and then tacked again for us. We were directly close along side of each other, when, behold, down came the French colours, and in their place an English ensign was displayed. I heard one near me exclaim, in a tone of great mortification, "d—n me, she's not a Frenchman after all!" It was easy to perceive the honest fellow thought he had lost a large sum of prize money by the transformation of the national ensign.

Our ship had been well armed before leaving her port; and although the number of her men was small in proportion to her guns, yet they were sufficient to work the guns on one side. I have said she had thirty men but this included her officers. Her twelve guns were six-pounders. One part, which is usually neglected in merchant ships, had been well attended to; that is, the security of her quarters. The space between the outer and inner planks above the deck, was stuffed full of seasoned hoop poles, which from their elasticity, formed an admirable defence against shot; and above the woodwork were iron stamcheoas to the height of a man's head, filled with old cables. On the passage, the crew had been frequently exercised at their guns, in which exercise I had participated; and my shipmates acknowledged that I could beat them at a target with a musket or pistol and single ball. It would, indeed, have been singular had I not had some superiority over them at these weapons; for I have been very fond of shooting from my childhood, and can recollect having my gun when so small as not to be able to hold it out without a rest. The captain said he saw no reason why a person who was so expert with a musket, should not be a good marksman with a cannon, and offered me in case of an action, the command of a gun. "Very well," said I, "if we should be compelled to fight, it would be less awkward to be busy than to be idle. Which is considered the most honourable position?" "The quarter deck, for that is usually the most dangerous," said he. Of course I could do nothing else than take a quarter deck gun.

During our conjectures about the supposed French brig and her prizes, I had taken particular notice of the spirited manner of the first mate; and the animation which he displayed at the expected rencounter. It was he who expressed his mortification at seeing the English in the place of the French ensign. He

was about twenty-two years of age, born in Nantucket, out of which he had sailed when but eight years old, on board of a whaler, in a voyage round Cape Horn. There is no better school for a seaman than these voyages. He who is accustomed to pursue his enormous prey amidst the icebergs of Hudson's Bay, or the rocks of Terra del Fuego, can bid defiance to any thing:

> Quem mortis timuit gradum,
> Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
> Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
> Infames scopulos acroceraunia ?*

He had been at sea, with but few intermissions ever since. I had taken little or no notice of him during the voyage. Nothing had occurred to bring him out. It could easily be seen that he was a good sailor, and perfectly at home in all parts of his duty: but this had very little interest for a landsman, and I had seldom spoken to him. The trite adage of *nimicum ne crede colori*† applies to many men who seem better than they are; but Charles Ramsdell was better than he seemed to be. He was not only an expert sailor; but a brave, frank, and honourable fellow.

During the following night, the wind moderated, and the next morning, (the 20th,) became fair, and we stood into the straits of Gibraltar. At 4 A. M. Tarifa bore N. W. Ceuta point, S. E. by E. and the rock of Gibraltar N. E.

I was very soundly asleep when Ramsdell came to awaken me and said, "I think that we shall have a battle; there are several French privateers near us." "Well," said I, "I shall hear you when you begin, and that will be time enough to get up." "No," replied he, "you had better see that the men are ready at your gun; I am very certain that you will be wanted there shortly." I laid a few minutes longer, till thinking that it would not be to my credit, if my companions should imagine me more disposed to remain snugly in my birth, than to join them, I got up. On repairing to the deck, I saw several vessels under the Spanish shore, which were pointed out to me as French and Spanish privateers and gun-boats. There were at that time four American brigs in sight—one was near the Spanish shore; the other three astern of us. Two of the latter were the Huntress of New York and the Greyhound of Boston. The brig near the shore appeared to be unarmed. One of the privateers boarded her, and sent her under the guns of a fort. Several sails were visible far astern of us, which we supposed to be the fleet we had seen under cape Spartel. Some of the privateers stood for these,

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* What various forms of death could fright
The man, who view'd with fix'd, unshaken sight,
The floating monsters, waves enflam'd,
And rocks for shipwreck'd fleets ill-fam'd ?

Francis' Horace.

† Trust not to appearances.—P. D.

while two of the largest bore down on the brigs astern of us. It was the duty of our captain, as it is the duty of all commanders of merchant vessels to avoid an action. The breeze was fair but light, and we had all sail set. I find by the log-book a copy of which is before me, that the remarks were made only to three o'clock in the morning, at which time we were going at the rate of only two knots (or miles) an hour; but the current, which always set from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, favoured us. The privateers sailed remarkably well. The hindmost one began to fire on the brig nearest to her, which being unarmed, and seeing no prospect of escape, hauled down her colours and hove to for the privateer to board her. We were then at a considerable distance. I felt very much like a person who sees a venomous snake in the act of swallowing a beautiful bird. The quarter guns had been run out of the stern ports.—I asked the captain to give me permission to fire a shot at the privateer, to which he assented, but said she was too far off for me to hit. I aimed the piece and fired; the shot struck in the true direction but short of her, on which she immediately hove to for her consort to come up to her, which she did in a few minutes, (the brig not having been boarded but lying to with her topsail to the coast) and after some consultation, they both, neglecting the three brigs which they could easily have taken, as they were unarmed, bore directly down on us. Each of them, as we afterwards ascertained, carried two long brass twenty-four pounders, which worked on slides, and were served by regular artillerists, in her bows; and as they came down on us, these were fired with very excellent aim; and that at a distance, which from the inferior size of our guns, we did not think it expedient to answer. The effect of this distant fire, is, I think, more unpleasant than that of a closer action. You see the gush of smoke from the gun; you know you are in the spot aimed at; a twenty-four pound shot is on its way to you; you can count eight or ten deliberately before it reaches the spot, and before it is decided whether it strikes you or not. For my part I endeavoured to persuade myself that this would not strike me; but apprehensive that if one of those shot came through the stern, it would bring a volley of splinters with it, I jumped on the taffrail, and sat there endeavouring to judge of the distance by counting the seconds which elapsed from the firing of the gun till the shot passed, which it did with a whiz, which I did not find quite such pleasant music, as Charles the XIIth declared the first volley of musket balls which he heard, to be. It was thought best to retain our fire till the enemy should be quite near us. I had remarked a good many holes made in our sails, and ropes cut away by the round shot, when my attention was attracted by a sputtering noise, and I was just going to ask the captain what it was, when catching me by the arm, he said "they are firing grape, get from the taffrail." It was my duty to obey, which I

did without the slightest demur. I think I can recollect my feelings at the time very well. I had in the course of the voyage more than half an inclination to see an action; but then I should have preferred having the controul of both its duration and its intensity. As it was, I could not help seeing that we were greatly outnumbered; the consequence was, a very hesitating mood whether I should like it or not. I had never seen one. It was worth something to see one. It is not every day that we have the opportunity: but the morning was misty and chill—that kind of weather which is called raw, and I had not eat my breakfast; and let me tell you, Mr. Oldschool, that a breakfast before a battle is not to be despised. I fancy no one likes to fight before breakfast; and I knew not how to get it. The wheel had been unshipped, and the tiller ropes rove through blocks in the cabin; and the cook was stationed there to assist in working the ship: the steward was at one of the guns. If I was again in such a situation, I would advise a different disposition of affairs. While I was in this blank humour, Ramsdell said to me, with as much glee in his countenance as if he had just been partaking of an excellent sea-pye, and a can of grog, (by the way there was no grog given to the men before the action; that was another error,) "I'll warrant, we'll knock the dust out of these fellow's jackets, if they come along side of us." From the size of the enemy's vessels, I was not quite so certain of the correctness of this declaration as he appeard to be. They were up with us in as short a time as he desired, and before I could make up my mind whether I wished them in our vicinity or not. Their fire was returned with spirit. The wind was light, but fair for Gibralter, the batteries and shipping of which were within sight, having by this time emerged from the straits and passed Europa point. The captain thought it best to keep the sail on the ship, and continue the course, although we fought under great disadvantage by doing so, as we were able to reply to their fire with the two stern guns only. The captain apprehended, that the privateers might suspect that a running fight would place us within the protection of the British batteries, before its conclusion, and therefore would attempt to carry the ship by boarding, and he directed the boarding nettings to be triced up, which placed us all, as it were, in a cage; but the enemy threw such showers of grape and cannister upon us, that in a quarter of an hour's time the boarding nettings were cut away in all directions, and the rigging was so cut to pieces, that the ship became perfectly unmanageable, and she drifted without our having any power of directing her course. About this time the ensign was shot away from the mizen peak, and fell on deck. The Frenchmen supposed we had struck, and both vessels began to cheer; but a continuation of our fire soon convinced them that they had been mistaken, and a very smart sailor, of whose name I recollect only the first part which was Tom, without waiting for

orders, snatched up the ensign, ran up the mizen shrouds, and tied it fast. It was not, however, long before the mizen shrouds were shot away andit fell a second time,when the part of it which was left, being torn into ribbands, was run up to the fore top gallant mast head, and displayed such a tattered escutchon that it would have been impossible to tell what nation it belonged to.

The vessels of the enemy were long and low, built for sailing, and full of men. In the disabled situation of our ship. one of them took a position directly under our stern, and within fifty yards of us: the other lay on our larboard quarter, about double that distance. We could not give the least direction to our ship; but as the current set us to the eastward, and the wind, though light was fair, and assisted our drifting, it was evident that it was necessary only to fight long enough for the ship to be carried into such a situation, that if the privateers should at last succeed in capturing her, they could not get her against wind and current to Algeziras; but would have to abandon her to the British vessels of war, which we could see very composedly viewing all our troubles from Gibralter. I do not hesitate to acknowledge, that after the engagement had lasted an hour or so, my curiosity was sufficiently satisfied with its duration and effects, and I should not have objected to some of the British vessels coming to partake of the honours to be obtained: on the contrary, I cast my eyes several times in the direction of Gibraltar, when the smoke would permit me to see it, and felt no small degree of surprise at the tranquility with which the combat appeared to be viewed. But the sailors and soldiers on that station are accustomed to see and hear cannonading, and custom does wonders. Or, they might not have considered it any part of their business.

"What do you stop for?" said Charles the XIIth to his secretary, who, looking much aghast, had suspended his writing, at a time when the king was dictating to him. "The bomb, sire!" exclaimed the secretary, alluding to one, which the moment before had fallen through the roof, and whose fuse was hissing its preparation to explode. "What has the bomb to do with your business? Go on with the letter," said his majesty. So, I suppose, the British sailors minded their business, and left us to get on with ours.

The Frenchmen, in consequence of their vicinity and their vessels being lower than ours, were very much exposed to our shot. We could bring but two cannon to bear on them; but they were completely within the effect of our muskets, and during the action I looked at them repeatedly with much astonishment, and could not help saying to myself, "it is really surprising that they are not all killed yet!" They certainly bore the fire with much fortitude and perseverance, and took a great deal of beating. The captain of one of them had but one arm; but with that he flourished his sword in fine style, and was constant-

ly encouraging his men. Twice I levelled a musket at him; and as often thought it was a pity for the poor fellow, who behaved so well, and turned it on others; but notwithstanding my humanity, before the action was over, he got a ball in his remaining arm, from some other person. One of the stern guns being overloaded (for there was a strong temptation to fill them to their muzzles with canister shot,) in its recoil canted over, and as I took a hand-spike to assist in bringing it into a proper position, the captain applied his shoulder to it to assist me. At that moment a grape shot which came through the port hole, struck him in the upper part of his breast and passed through his body, as he leaned in a stooping position. He fell, and the first mate, who was close by, assisted me to carry him below into the cabin. I have mentioned an Italian passenger; when the engagement was likely to take place, the captain thinking that he appeared to have no inclination to take a part in it, veiled his desire that he should remain below, by telling him, that he would be much obliged by his assisting the cook who was stationed in the cabin at the tiller ropes; to this he assented, and I had neither seen nor thought of him after, till I went into the cabin, where he and the cook were placed, with the tiller ropes in their hands, although the ship had long ceased to obey any direction from them. They were both crying lustily; but from different motives; the one from simple apprehension of the danger; the other at what he conceived to be the degradation of being placed in a post of less danger that he was entitled to from his experience. He was an old man, with a very rough and weather beaten face, had served his country in the revolutionary war, and lost one leg on board a privateer. It was owing to the latter circumstance, that the captain, supposing his activity impeded and his ability not equal to his inclination, had sent him below. The old fellow was exclaiming, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, in all the variety of execrations furnished by the marine lexicon, which is very copious, at his being kept below. His companion said nothing; but perhaps he thought the more. While I was endeavouring to place the captain in as easy a position as possible, Ramsdell observing the hatchway leading from the cabin to the magazine, which was directly under it, open, the gunner beneath by its light very composedly filling his cartridges from open casks of powder, drew an old sail over it. At this time one of the privateers ran aboard of us, and endeavoured to enter her men, over the stern, and through the cabin windows, two of which had been left open. Those who made the attempt over the stern, first entered our boat which hung there, and which being very much cut to pieces with the shot, when a number of the Frenchmen entered, gave way, and dropped them into the sea. Those who attempted the cabin windows were very unceremoniously pushed back, without any re-

gard on their side to the grace of attitude,for which their countrymen are so celebrated, and without much concern on our part whether they gained their ship, or joined their companions, who had just tumbled into the waves. The old cook bore a hand in this, and useda pike with infinite good will. The dead lights were then got into their places. All this had kept us a considerable time below, and when it was accomplished we ran on deck. I was up first, and was much astonished at the appearance of affairs there. There were but three of our men to be seen. These were the second mate, the boatswain, and Tom, the gallant fellow who had tied the colours to the mizen shrouds. I stood like a goose; I think so, because I am sure I felt like one. I could not imagine what had become of the men. To me it was all incomprehensible. Ramsdell was on deck the instant after me. He comprehended the whole thing at a glance, and with a presence of mind which I then thought, and still think wonderful, he ran, forward to the forecastle, and stooping at the hatchway, called like a trumpet, and in the pure nautical style, "D——n your limbs, why are you skulking below, when the Frenchmen are making all the sail they can away from us." If he had told them as was the case, that at that moment the Frenchmen were lashing their bowsprit to our starboard mizen rigging, they might not have been extremely obedient to a command to come on deck; but Ramsdell supposed that any information of that nature was unnecessary, and that they might be left to trust their eyes in that particular when they came on deck. Perhaps he uttered the only words which would have brought the fellows in an instant to their duty. As it was, they rushed on deck as fast they could push each other through the hatchway. Let me do them the justice to say, that they had not discovered the slightest disposition to flinch from their guns till Ramsdell and I left the deck. He left it to assist in carrying his commanding officer below, and did not expect to be absent a minute. When in the cabin he could not leave it till the magazine was secured; for a wad coming in at the cabin window might have blown up the ship; and when that was done, the window had to be closed. By the time the crew got aft, the enemy were climbing over our quarters, and were promply met and repulsed with boarding pikes. An officer, distinguished by an epaulet, (I do not know what right any one on board a privateer had to wear it unless he belonged to the artillerists on board) was shot on our side and fell overboard. In the midst of all this confusion, I saw a mischievous little dog of about twelve or fourteen, who had displayed throughout the action as much glee as if it was all a frolic, make a dart at one of the port-holes. "What is the matter Ned?" said I. "Why, sir, one fellow was firing through the port; but he has got my boarding pike with him." After repeated attempts to board, and finding his post very uncomforta-

ble, an antagonist endeavoured to cut loose his lashing, but in this he failed, all who attempted it were shot; till at last his men fairly took to their heels, and ran below. Now would have been our turn to board; but we could not spare the men, as the other privateer had ranged along side during the close contest with her companion, and threatened us with an attempt to board from that side. This was the first time during the action we were able to get all our guns to bear on her, and the firing had become very animated, when a slight squall, (the breeze which was very light in the beginning of the action had now freshened considerably) striking the head sails, which hung flapping in all directions, brought our ship round, and the bowsprit of the privateer which was lashed to her unable to bear the strain, or probably being injured by our shot, snapped short off, and we saw in an instant that she was loose from us. Her crew perceived it also, and hastening on deck, made some sail on her, and stood away from us, attended by her comrade, and saluted with three cheers by our men.

I have often been surprised at the length of time which we hear of battles lasting, and the little destruction of human life on one or t'other side. This action was fought nearly all the time close aboard, and it lasted upwards of eight glasses, that is four hours. Our ship was literally cut to pieces in her spars, sails and rigging; and yet, to the astonishment of every one on board, not a man but the captain was touched. I counted the marks of the grape shot in the lower masts, and the foremast, which had the least, had upwards of forty. The situation of the ship would be best known by the report of two naval officers, who made a survey of her when she got into Gibraltar, on account of the underwriters. I quote their words; for I preserved a copy of the document. After condemning almost all her spars, as unfit to be used again, they say, "we have likewise examined the standing and running rigging, and find the whole of it shot and cut, except of the former, the forestay, mainstay, and bobstay; and of the latter, the starboard mainbrace, the reef-tackle, and mizen stay-sail haulyards. They who know the rigging of a ship, will from such a statement, conceive the situation of this one; and yet, I repeat it, not an individual of the crew was touched but the captain. The loss of our antagonist, was very different. We saw a number lying dead and wounded on their decks, and many were pushed overboard from our stern and quarters, three of whom, with the marks of boarding pikes about them, floating into Gibraltar, where they were buried, two or three days after. When the privateers left us, they stood over to Algeziras. While in Gibraltar, I saw a resident of Algeziras, who said he was there when they arrived, and that he saw twenty dead bodies landed from one of them. Two men whom he had had in his employment, and who left him a few days before, were with

them; one was killed and the other sent to the hospital desperately wounded. The privateers were full of men, so that a shot could scarcely go amiss. One of them mounted two twenty-four pounders, brass guns, on slides, and ten nine-pounders besides swivels; the other had ten guns, two of them like the others, working on slides. These guns, we were informed, were worked in both vessels by regular artillerists, nearly all of whom were killed. It might have been one of their officers that wore the epaulet. To soften the disgrace of the defeat, our antagonists reported in Algeziras, that our ship was a British transport of eighteen guns, with three hundred troops on board, and that she had fought part of the action under American colours. The colours they could not deny, for they were plainly seen during the action from Algeziras, although it was impossible to tell in their ragged state what they were. Our ship was unquestionably saved by the attention which had been paid to the strengthening of those parts which screened the men. A person could not spread his hand, from the main chains aft, and on the stern without touching holes made by grape shot; but the shot had penetrated only through the outer plank, and had lodged among the hoop-poles. No man could have remained alive on the deck, had not that protection been there. "The better part of valour" in more ways than one, "is discretion." The action saved the three brigs. They made the best of their way, and their sails were seen, when they were hull down to leeward.

After the action was over, I looked around on my companions, and could scarcely tell one from the other; the smoke and powder having made them as dingy as so many colliers. The first thing to be attended to was to get something to eat and drink, and Ramsdell, who took the command of the ship, directed the cook and steward to produce their supplies, "make a bucket of grog, steward," said he, "and, my lads! drink what you will, but take care not to drink too much; we may have something more to do yet; for I see some gun boats coming out of Algeziras." "Oh," replied one of the men, "I'll engage we can beat as many of those fellows, as can lie between us and the rock." After a hearty breakfast, the men went to splicing the ropes, so as to set some sail that would assist them in getting the ship into the harbour of Gibraltar, from which we now saw a number of boats and barges putting off to us. They were soon along side, and hailed to say that they would assist in towing us in. I then first saw that Ramsdell, as well as myself, had made some remarks about their dilatoriness; for, he declined their offer in rather a gruff tone, and said that their assistance might have been of some use an hour or two ago.

As soon as the anchor was dropped, the ship was filled with British officers; among whom was the Governor, General O'Hara, who having enquired for the person in command of the

ship, said to him, "I am an old man, as you see," taking off his hat, and showing his fine white hair, "and have seen many actions both by sea and by land, but I have never before seen a little ship so gallantly defended as this has been." And in the evening, the admiral on the station, whose name I forget, sent to request Mr. Ramsdell to go on board of his ship, where he received him with great politeness, and said, "a letter from me may not be amiss, to show your owners and underwriters what I think of your conduct to day." He then sate down and wrote a note, the purport of which was, that after a most gallant defence of several hours against a very superior force, within sight of the garrison of Gibraltar, and some of his majesty's ships, laying there, Mr. Ramsdell had conducted his ship into port, in her dismantled state, in a very seaman-like manner. This, we supposed, was an unusual tribute of praise, elicited from an English Admiral in favour of the commander of a merchant vessel of a different nation.

Captain Hoggard languished for some time with his wound, and died. He was buried with great respect; a long train of British officers attending his funeral. The American flag was laid upon his coffin as a pall. It was intended to use the ship's ensign, but as there was only about two thirds of it remaining, Ramsdell said it would look like ostentation to display the tattered banner, and another was borrowed for the occasion. A stone was put over his grave, stating his name and age, and that he had fallen in an action with two French privateers.

The cargo on board the ship was very valuable; much of it was ensured in England, and I have since heard that the underwriters at Lloyds' presented the widow of captain Hoggard with one thousand dollars, and that some of our own Insurance Companies made her presents also. These gifts are creditable to those who present them, and have a very useful effect upon the sailors who are expected to defend the vessel and cargo; besides which, in the present case, the action saved the three American brigs that were astern of us when it commenced.

Conversing one day with Ramsdell about the action, "for my part," said he, "I had determined not to be taken alive. Last year I was taken in the straits. Our ship carried six guns; we had but twelve men; and we were attacked by two French privateers. I was first mate. I thought we could beat any thing. I was foolish enough to be very anxious that they should come up with us, as the captain carried all sail he could on the ship to escape; but they out-sailed us, and got along side. They commenced firing at a distance, while we reserved our fire till they came close; we then took in sail and began to engage, and I have often since laughed frequently at our preparation. Not knowing where we should be attacked, and wishing to be ready at all points, we ran two guns out of the stern ports, so that we

had two astern, and but two on each side. When we rounded to, and the captain asked, are you all ready fore and aft, it was instantly replied, all ready, sir; and on his giving the word well, *now then*, we fired a whole broadside, two guns at them, bang! bang! and to it we went. The engagement lasted nearly three glasses, by which time we had three men killed, and our rigging very much cut up, and there appeared no hope of escaping, when the captain said to me, 'Mr. Ramsdell, I believe we shall have to strike at last; for if they kill many more of our men, we shall have none left to work a gun.' 'I am afraid so,' said I, 'for we can make no sail on the ship.' 'Well then haul down the colours said he;' upon which I looked round, and, behold! we had forgot to hoist them, and had been fighting all the time without any; so, I had to go into the cabin, get the ensign, and hoist it, and we fought another glass, during which we had another man killed, in order to let the Frenchmen see it, before we pulled it down. They boarded us directly from all sides, and were so enraged at our resistance, and at having some of their men killed, that instead of giving us some credit, which if they were brave men, or any thing but privateersmen, they would have done, the scoundrels beat those of us who were left, in such a manner that I thought they would have killed every one of us. I swore then that I never would be taken alive again, by those kind of pirates."

I took up my quarters at a very pleasant hotel, and as the ship was obliged to remain from the 20th of August till the 12th of October to refit, I found sufficient amusement at so very interesting a place. Gibraltar has been sufficiently described, and my narration shall be confined to the incidents of the voyage. The governor, as a mark of particular favour, permitted the ship to be hauled into the king's dock to be repaired, and directed that she should be supplied with any thing she should want, and which could not be obtained elsewhere, out of his majesty's stores. This was understood, however, not to be without paying for them; and I think, it cost eight or ten thousand dollars to repair the damages done to the ship in part of one morning. The day after the action, I went on board, to see how the ship looked, and to speak to the crew, several of whom I found with black eyes, and the marks of bloody noses, and on enquiring the cause, was told that having too great an allowance of grog the evening before, they had had a battle royal; but they said it was all for love, and there appeared to be no resentment harboured among them for the consequences. While the ship remained in Gibraltar, greater privileges of passing the gates of the garrison were given to her crew, than to any other sailors; and it was found that men who belonged to other vessels, and who wished to pass the guard at unusual times, on being asked what ship they belonged to, were in the habit of answering, "the Louisa."

On the 12th of October, the ship being sufficiently repaired, sailed from Gibraltar, bound up the Mediterranean, having two ships of eighteen guns each from Liverpool in company. In the evening of the next day, we discovered three sail of large ships standing across our course; one of them a frigate made a signal which was obeyed by the two Liverpool ships, who hove to for her; but seeing that the direction in which the largest was sailing would bring us along side of her, capt. Ramsdell thought he would prevent any delay by continuing his course, and speaking her instead of the frigate, for which the ships in our company had laid to; he accordingly stood on, and when within hailing distance, took his speaking trumpet to be in readiness to answer a hail which he expected: but no hail was made, and the strange ship which proved to be the Minotaur of 84 guns, was manœuvred as if with the intention of running our ship down, and which was very nearly effected. It appeared afterwards, that the Louisa was mistaken for an English ship, and that the frigate had communicated by signal that the three were all English, and according to the etiquette to be preserved by merchant ships, to those of his majesty's navy, we should in such case have hauled up for the frigate to examine us. It was with difficulty that our ship avoided the immense bulk which brushed by us, our yard-arms being about a level with her quarter-deck. At the same time we were hailed with a long string of most virulent execrations, and asked why we had not hove to for the frigate. Ramsdell was a good-hearted, good-natured fellow; off duty he would scarcely have been known for a sailor; on duty, he felt "all as one as a piece of his ship." His temper was roused by the apparent attempt to run us down, and when this was succeeded by the hail which I have mentioned, he threw his trumpet on the deck, with the greatest indignation, and cried, "I'll be d——d if I will answer such a hail—no, I'll not answer, if the ship should be sunk under me for not doing it." At this moment we saw a boat lowered from the Minotaur. I said to him, "they will fire into us, if you don't heave to," (we were then under topsails.) "I don't care," said he, "I'll neither answer nor heave to; they may fire if they please." By this time the boat, manned with fifteen or twenty men, was pulling after us; the evening was growing dark fast. The officer in the boat was continually calling out "Why don't you heave to? Why don't you heave your main-top-sail aback?" It grew dark; we could see nothing of the ships; but the boat close to us pursued with the same calls from the officer of "Why don't you heave to? Why don't you heave your main-top-sail aback?" When we approached the large ship, Ramsdell had taken in sail, and intended to heave to for her. He now could easily by hoisting sail, have left the boat which was in chase; but he would neither add nor take in sail; he merely said, let him come along side if he can. At last, by

great exertions the boat was got along side. Ramsdell then ordered the main-top-sail aback, and lanthorn to be brought on deck; "but" said he, "throw no rope to them; let the fellow who commands come on board the best way he can; and suffer no one else to come on board." The officer with great difficulty, scrambled up the side, and exclaimed as he reached the deck, "I never saw English sailors behave in this manner before."—"You are not on board of an English ship," said Ramsdell; "how dared you to hail me in the manner you did?" "Not on board of an English ship," said the officer, with great astonishment, "what ship am I on board of?" "Of an American ship, and if I should treat you as you deserve, I would take you and your boats crew along to the port I am bound to, and there let you find your way back to your ship as well as you could." "Sir," said the officer, "his has been a mistake; we were told by a signal from the frigate that this was an English ship." "And if it were an English ship, had you any right to hail her like a pirate? Go, sir, to your boat, and tell the captain of your ship, that I expected to find an English officer always a gentleman; and if he asks you who formed so wrong an opinion of him, tell him Charles Ramsdell, of the American ship Louisa." By this time guns were fired, and blue lights burnt, and rockets set off on board the English ship, as signals for the boat; and the officer took his departure, in a tone somewhat different from the one he had on his arrival.

Here we parted from the Liverpool ships. "If," said Ramsdell "we are to be treated in this manner by every British ship of war that we may meet merely because we are in their company, we had better cut the connexion, and have nothing to do with them."

On the following morning, we fell in with a brig from Boston, bound up the Mediterranean, with the commander, who wished to keep in our company, Ramsdell was acquainted. The next morning we saw a vessel standing across our course, which when she approached to within about two miles, appeared to be reconnoitering us, upon which the ship laid to for her to come down. When she came within long gun-shot, she showed Spanish colours, and fired a gun, which we answered, by showing our colours, and firing a gun to leeward. We now found her to be an armed ship of 18 guns, apparently full of men. She again stood towards us, and came to at about half gun-shot. I was leaning on the quarters looking at her, when Ramsdell took me by the arm, and said, walk forward a little, the fellow will try to throw a shot between the main and mizen, just over the place where you stand. Directly a gun was fired, the shot of which struck the water close by our stern, and the ship then came along side of us, and sent her boat aboard. Our men were all at their quarters, I had taken my old station, and while their officer went into the cabin to look at the ships' papers, some of the Spaniards from the boat were suffered to come on deck. One

of them asked a sailor, in very broken English, for some tobacco. "Here's my tobacco-box," said the sailor, with a very sour phiz, taking a musket which stood by him, and strking the but of it against the deck. "Is not this," asked the other, "the ship that had an action with two French privateers in the straits about two months ago?" "Why, do you ask?" said the sailor. "Because, I know her; I was on board of one of the privateers." "Ah, he! shipmate," said the tar, "if you know her so well, you had better advise Jack Spaniard to keep a greater offing."

The officer, had not been long in the cabin, before we heard some high words. It appeared, that on examining the ships papers, he thought, or affected to think, that there was some deficiency in them, and talked of taking the ship into Alicant. "The less you say on that subject the better," said our captain, bundling up his papers; "Come, sir, I must go on deck; I can't be detained here any longer by you:" on which he came from the cabin, very angry, and very unceremoniously leaving the other to follow. The officer, who was in high wrath, at the cavalier treatment, went into his boat, uttering something in Spanish, which I took to be a string of oaths, and saying something in broken English to Ramsdell, which he understood as at heart of firing into us. In the meantime, they in the Spanish ship had obliged the captain of the brig to go on board with his papers, which they detained, but suffered him to go back in his boat to the brig. In this situation, the captain of the brig hailed, and said that the Spaniards had detained his papers, and was going to take the brig into Alicant. Ramsdell ordered four men to jump into the boat. "What, sir," said the first mate, "shall I do, if they detain you?"—"You can fight your ship, Mr. Bennet!" "Oh, then, I know what to do," said Bennet; and as soon as the captain was on board the Spaniards, he ordered the maintopsail to be filled, and ranged along side, within twenty yards of the Spanish vessel, all hands at the guns, and a fellow, who could play on the fife, piping Yankee Doodle. We learnt afterwards, that the captain, on going into the cabin, saw the brig's papers on the table, and seized them without any ceremony. There were several officers, who attempted to stop him; but he drew his cutlass, and forced his way on deck. Here we saw a great bustle, and a number of muskets presented at him, and at the same time heard him hail, "Mr. Bennet, fire a broad-side right where I stand." Bennet in a minute would have obeyed the order; but we supposed that some of the men who were hemming him in, understood what he said; for they gave way instantly, and he jumped on board the boat, and was rowed to the ship. As soon as he reached the deck, he hailed the brig—"Capt. Davis, I have got your papers; make sail, and if this scoundrel offers to prevent you, I will sink him." Davis, was very alert in obeying the directions of his friend: no impediment was offered, and both vessels stood on their former course.

The conduct of the Spaniard, appeared to be very unjustifiable. The papers of both the ship and brig were all full and fair. A number of Frenchmen were observed on board the Spaniard; and some of our men suspected it to be a French vessel; but in this I think they were mistaken. She was well armed, and some of our men, who were stationed in the tops, counted upwards of an hundred men on deck. The conduct of Ramsdall, may be considered as rash, but it was successful; and success is sometimes the only difference between the hero and madman.

There were many cruisers in our way up the Mediterranean, and I had several opportunities of observing the spirit of our crew. One day, we discovered a sail standing for us. In a little time, she was ascertained to be a brig-of-war, of 18 guns. From her rigging the sailors said she was French. Ramsdell hailed the brig in company, and told the commander to get a considerable offing, in case the vessel coming down on us should prove an enemy. He then took in sail and hove to for her, all the men at their quarters. In this situation the strange vessel manœuvred as if to run astern of us. No colours were displayed on either side. Ramsdell supposing she would cross the stern of our ship, stationed some men so as to wear round at the moment she should do so, by which she would find herself along side instead of astern of us: but at the moment this was expected, she ran along side, close aboard, and hoisted an English flag; but before the flag was displayed, and while she was ranging along side, our sailors said, she is an English brig. She hailed, "Where are you from? Where bound to? What brig is that in company? Have you seen any Frenchmen?" And on receiving answers to these questions, she went off without making any further examination. I afterwards asked one of our sailors, "How did you know that to be an English brig?" "Oh, no Frenchman would run along side of us, as she did." "Well, how did he know our ship to be an American? We might have been a French ship, and had a person who spoke English, on board to answer his questions." "Yes, that is very true; but he knew we were an American, for no French ship of our force, would have laid to for him to come along side of." I might mention in justification of our men's opinion of the rigging, that on our hailing to know what brig it was, we were answered the Mondovi, which from the name was probably a French built one.

At another time, we were chased, very perseveringly, the wind right ahead, from daylight till noon, by a corvette built ship. She tacked whenever we did, and outsailed us. The captain and supercargo of the brig in company, dined that day on board of the ship. By the time we sat down to dinner, the superiority of the vessel in chase could be fairly ascertained from the deck. "The fellow will be up with us by dark," said Rams-

dell, whether Frenchmen or not. However, that need not spoil our dinner; we should fight none the better with empty stomachs. After dinner we went on deck; the chase was about a league from us, to the leeward. The captain said to our guests, "Gentlemen, you had better go on board your brig. Keep a good distance to windward; and if you do so, and this should prove to be a Frenchman, though he may take us, I think we will put it out of his power to take you. At the rate we have gone he would get along side of us in the night: we can't avoid that; but as I like to see what I am about, I will save him the trouble of any further chase, and stand down to speak him while we have day-light." Our guests went away in their boat; but the boat directly came back with the four men who had rowed it, and desiring to speak to the captain, they told him that with the permission of captain Davis, they had came to offer their services on board, in case the ship in chase should prove to be an enemy. "You are honest fellows, stout sailors, and true yankees," said he; "come on board, and take your stations, at the guns; we may have need of all the aid we can get before the day is over." All things were ready for action, and the ship under her top-sail, stood down towards the chase. When we ranged along side, she proved like the former one, an English vessel; but we were told that she had been taken from the French, and retained her original spars and rigging. An officer came on board from her, and seeing our men at their guns, turned round to the captain, and said, "surely, sir, you did not intend to engage our ship with your force." "Certainly, I did," said the captain, "but you know I did not think it one of his majesty's ships that we were running down upon."

One morning at day-light, we found ourselves close by two armed cutters. They were smart looking black little things, exactly alike, of ten guns each, and full of men. They hoisted English colours. The one nearest hailed with a trumpet large enough, at least with a tone loud enough, to have belonged to a line of battle ships. "Ho! heave your main-top-sail aback, till I send my boat aboard of you!"—Ramsdell, who was standing beside me looking at them, somewhat nettled by being hailed in that manner by a vessel of the size, imitating the provincial twang, generally supposed to belong to some of the eastern people, and drawling his words, replied,—"Ho! what's that you say, neighbour?" Our neighbour who appeared to understand the derison intended, again hailed with a still deeper roar than his former one, "heave your main-top-sail aback, or I'll fire a broad-side into you!" "Why, now, I guess, cried Ramsdell, still drawling in his former tone, that would be very unkind of you; for you might cut away some of my rigging, and then you'd soon see who would pay the piper." By this time the other cutter hailed in a more respectful manner, and Ramsdell

said, "Well, my little fellow, as you appear to know how to behave yourself, you may come on board."

On the 3d of November, we arrived off Leghorn, where we were brought to by the British frigate Mermaid, and informed that the French troops were in Leghorn, which rendered it impossible for the ship to enter, in consequence of which it was judged prudent to put into Elba, till information could be obtained of the situation of Leghorn; the ship therefore bore away for that Island, since celebrated as the short residence of the modern Charlemagne. On the evening of the 5th, we came to in the outer harbour of Porto Ferajo, with the small bower anchor; but that not holding, in consequence of heavy squalls, we let go the best bower also; notwithstanding which the ship began to drive, and before day-light, being almost on the rocks, under the light-house we were obliged to hoist both anchors, and get the ship under weigh, in order to take a station higher up in the harbour, where the bottom might be better holding ground. It blew in violent squalls, and we were obliged to tack from point to point, making little or no head way. Just at day-light, the fort fired a gun without shot; we supposed it to be a morning gun, and paid no attention to it: but a few minutes afterwards, as we were tacking ship, two or three more, shotted, were fired in quick succession at us. We could not heave to; the ship was in the greatest danger of going on the rocks at the time, and the stupid fellows in the fort appeared to think that we were escaping out of, instead of trying to get into, the harbour. In this dilemma, I told the captain that if he would order some men into the boat, I would endeavour to stop the firing on us. The men were sent into the boat, and I jumped in after, and told them to row right up to the battery, on arriving at which, I was directed to go round a point higher up to the harbour, to the officer of the port. This I did, and told him who we were, and what was our difficulty. I was treated with great politeness, and asked if I wished any refreshment; I requested some coffee and breakfast for my men, and was admiring the promptitude and alacrity with which my request was granted, when a guard of soldiers entered the room and told me rather roughly, that I and my men, must go with them, which I did without hesitation, thinking that they wished to conduct me to the governor or some superior officer of the place, instead of which, they led us to a very uncomfortable looking mansion, whose interior did not belie its outside consisting of one large room floored with brick, and desiring us to walk in, fairly turned the key on us. The grating of the lock made me whistle a long *whew*, and called forth other exclamations from my companions. My anxiety was shortly after very much increased by hearing several cannon fired in the direction I supposed the ship to be. I was utterly unable to conjecture what was the cause of this, and remained in great uncertainty

and anxiety for an hour or two, when one of the men peeping through a crack in the door saw an English naval officer at a little distance, which he informed me of, and knocking at the door, I desired the sentinel to call him to me. He was the captain of a frigate, then lying in the harbour. I told him who I was, and the awkward situation in which I was placed. Make yourself easy, sir, said he, you shall be here but a few minutes. He left me, and directly after the British consul came, who told me that I and my men were at liberty, and desired me to accompany him to a hotel near his home, where I would find all the accommodations I might want. From him I learnt that our ship had been in great danger of being driven on the rocks, which was the occasion of her firing several guns, as signals of distress. She had let go her anchors, but drifted with them all ahead, in consequence of the extreme violence of the squalls, and was obliged to cut her cables. A number of boats had gone to her assistance, among which were four from the British frigate, Sancta Theresa, the master of which had got on board of her, but being unable to regain his boat, had been taken out to sea. "But," said he, "she will soon be back, and in the mean time command whatever is in my power to procure for you." I felt very grateful for such kindness from a perfect stranger, and proffered in a situation where it was so much needed. The next day came, and the next, and the next, but no ship came with them. I ascended the highest ground several times a day, and looked out for her with great solicitude. On the evening of the third day, while I was pacing backwards and forwards on the pavement before the hotel, hearing the rapid approach of horses, I looked up, and behold, the captain leaped from a horse and seized me by the hand. "Why, Ramsdell! where did you come from? where's the ship?" "At Porto Lougone, two leagues from this, where having lost all our anchors, and twenty times escaped the rocks, we at last brought the ship up with a couple of guns instead of anchors. You'll see the master of the frigate, whom we took along with us, and he'll tell you that he never had such a jaunt in all his life. But here's a bundle of your clothes; I thought you would want them, and be rather uncomfortable till you knew what had become of us; therefore, as soon as the ship was secured, I got these rags, and that fellow, who can't understand a word I say to him, and we have come here like a couple of flying proas."

From this place a few days afterwards, I crossed in a sparonaro to Piombino in Tuscany.

Poor Ramsdell! he was an excellent seaman, possessed of the greatest presence of mind, of the most determined courage, and the most affectionate heart. I frequently delight in recollecting him. It is that feeling which has induced me to write this narrative of the events which occurred while I was in his compa-

ny; and in which I have been obliged to mention myself oftener than I would have done, could I have avoided it.

I say poor Ramsdell! The next voyage was his last. He had command of a ship, and is supposed to have been lost in a severe gale of wind in the Atlantic. Neither vessel nor crew were ever heard of.

I know nothing of his parentage or connexions, except, that they lived in Nantucket. R.

ART. VI.—*The Pirate; by the Author of "Waverly, Kenilworth, &c."*

[We have already submitted to our readers, a very copious Review of the PIRATE—(see the No. for January 1822,)—but we are tempted to renew the subject, in the following article, because it contains some excellent observations on the mooted point of novel-reading. The abstract of the story of the romance is omitted, as we suppose it is by this time familiar to every one; but if any one should wish to refresh his recollection, he may refer to the Number just cited.]

WHY does not the Christian Observer review the Waverly Novels? has been so often repeated, that we think it time at length to attend to the inquiry. Our protracted silence will have shown that we are not very vehement admirers either of novels or novel-reading; and, as Christian observers, we do not hold ourselves obliged very frequently to notice works like the present. There are, however, cogent reasons for at length adverting to the subject. The Waverly Novels already amount to no less than thirty-nine volumes: their multifarious contents, good, bad, and indifferent, are eagerly swallowed (for novel readers do not wait to masticate, much less digest, their repast,) by innumerable readers in every corner of the empire: the book shops are crowded with candidates for the first reeking copies the moment a new tale is announced; long before which auspicious event, from the wholesale vender to the itinerant bookstall, the the wary bibliopole placards his widow and counter with the intelligence: edition after edition is bespoken before it can be printed; the humblest circulating library must have its duplicate and triplicate copies; the parlour the drawing-room, and it is well if not the kitchen and servants' hall and nursery also, become possessed of this indispensible piece of furniture: the young and old, the gay and the grave, all sit down with avidity to the perusal; and more time and energy are perhaps employed in settling who among so many anxious expectants shall first have the precious volume, than would almost suffice for reading it; the lady's maid and footman quarrel for the prior claim to purloin a sight of the parlour copy; while the very cook and her scullion expedite their operations to have a snug hour for the borrowed treasure from the circulating library. Go where you

will, a Waverly Novel peeps forth; you find it on the breakfast table, and under the pillow; concealed in the desk of the clerk, and the till of the shopman; in the sleeve of the gownsman, and the pocket of the squire; on the barouche-box, and in the sword-case; by day-light, by lamp-light, by moon-light, by rush-light; ay, even among the Creek Indians has been seen a volume of these far-famed tales beguiling the tedious hours of the daughter of an Alabama planter, as she sat down with her coffee-pot by the evening fireside in the recesses of an American forest.

> Scandit eodem quo dominus; neque
> Decedit æratâ triremi, et
> Post equitem sedit.

Works thus numerous and popular—and which, both from these circumstances, and from the high degree of talent that pervades them, must have no inconsiderable effect upon the public taste and sentiments—undoubtedly claim some attention in a miscellany like ours; nor shall we shrink from putting our readers in full possession of our sentiments upon them.

There are, also, other reasons which have determined us to enter on the present subject; not the least of which is, that the modified character of the Waverly Novels has gained access for them into many families in which general novel-reading had been strictly interdicted. Even *religious* families, in numerous instances, have suffered these specious works to become the means of breaking down the barrier which had been hitherto maintained between the habits of *bona fide* Christians, and the habits of worldly society; and an opening for injurious or trifling reading being once admitted, it is not easy to anticipate where the evil may stop. A single novel, if not more exceptionable than are the generality of the Waverly Tales, would scarcely have induced us to go far out of our path to notice it: we should have calculated on its dying away without producing any very considerable effects on society, and certainly without causing any material innovations in the habits of those persons to whom novel-reading was a very rare or unknown practice. But such a constant repetition of the draught, even though its composition be but partially deleterious, may be highly dangerous. The volumes in question already amount, as we have stated, to the number of our Articles of Religion; and it will be well if they do not prove "forty stripes save one" for their readers and the public. Each stroke may be gentle, and yet the united effect of the whole severe; especially should the *act* of novel-reading, being thus frequently repeated become a *habit*, and find its way permanently into families hitherto inaccessible to its baneful influence. The Waverly Novels, however, must not be the whole of our theme; for they are but a part, though, for one writer, a very considerable part, of the mass of works of entertainment and

imagination which now so profusely issue from the presses of England and Scotland, and which are eagerly perused by thousands and tens of thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen of all ranks, ages, and capacities. Poetry, in particular, has, of late years, made most prolific shoots: and we wish we could add with truth, that "its leaves are for the healing of the nations." To all this, we must append, as a part of our general indictment, the mass of tales, poems, dramas, and other effusions which float, "trifles light as air," over the stream of our diurnal, and weekly, and monthly literature; and all of which go into the vast aggregate of the national reading, and tend strongly to influence the public taste, sentiments, and conduct.

It seems to us a question of delicate casuistry to what extent religious families may lawfully indulge in the perusal of works of mere taste and imagination. As a general principle, it is easy to say "The less the better;" but such a sweeping denunciation however convenient to the casuist, is not likely to convince or reform those who require conviction or reformation; nor is it, in fact, altogether well-founded. The imagination is not necessarily an enemy; like other faculties of the mind indeed, it is depraved by the Fall; but, like them also, it may be employed, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, for the most valuable purposes. The perversion is not in the faculty, but in its application; and the object of a christain should be, not to extirpate it, but wisely to controul its unlawful tendencies, and to dispose it to virtuous and heavenly objects. To abandon it to the service of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," is both unnecessary and most inexpedient. It ought rather to berescued from this degradation, and employed, as the sacred writers and our Blessed Lord himself employed it in their figures, and parables, and apologues, and allegories, for the glory of God and the good of man. To this we might add, that its occasional exercise furnishes a powerful relief to the man of business or study; and may even be of use in some cases, to the clergy themselves; at least to those of them whose leaden pinions require such an aid, or whose soporific habits of thought and language might be sublimed, to the great satisfaction of their auditories, though often dangerous, faculty.

But the subject strikes us in another aspect. We live in a somewhat unkindly climate: a large portion also of our population are cooped up in towns and cities; we are proverbially subject to rains and fogs and chills, to dark days and long evenings; and the habits of the people, concurring with these natural causes, render in-door occupations and amusements essential to British ideas of comfort. Every parent who wishes to discourage in his children the inordinate love of visiting, gossiping, and pleasure-taking, and at the same time not allow the domestic fireside to become the scene of listlessness, indolence, or inanity,

perhaps of fretfulness or quarreling, must feel the great importance of *light* (we do not say *trifling*) reading as one of the best resources for his purpose. Young persons cannot be every moment employed either in their studies or in active recreations, or in devotional exercises: it is desirable also on many accounts to promote among them a taste for reading, which cannot be altogether done by means of treatises of dry and abstract argument. Here then is a fair opening for books of an innocent and amusing character; such as voyages, travels, the lighter arts and sciences, poetry, and many of the papers in periodical and other publications. The chief, though by no means the only danger, is in the admission of works purely of imagination. As for doubtful sentiments, injudicions expressions, and exceptionable facts and allusions, it is hard to say how they can be wholly excluded, even where works of fiction are most strictly shut out. There are comparatively few books of light reading, even of a useful kind, in which a prudent Christian parent may not detect passages which he could wish altered or omitted. The most moral writers, unless they are sincere Christians, are apt to introduce unscriptural principles and motives; and even sincere Christians are not always men of good taste, and enlightened judgment, or conscious of what will bear reading, word for word, in a family circle. In all these cases, the best safeguard is the *viva voce* comment of a judicious parent or friend; and where this can be had, many a work may be read with advantage, which, if studied in silence and solitude, would have been highly dangerous to a youthful mind.

It is clear, then, that works of imagination cannot be condemned at once and in the gross, simply on account of there being a supposed impropriety in exercising the particular faculty of mind to which they appeal; for the imagination, as we have seen is not necessarily a vehicle of evil, and may even be made a vehicle of good. It is equally clear also, that an occasional occurrence of wrong sentiments or other partial deformities, in works of imagination, cannot be fairly visited with a total banishment of this branch of literature, without applying the same rule to many other classes of works, including a very large proportion of those which are among the very best for the family fireside. One chief class of works of imagination, namely poetry, is found, even by religious parents, to be not only a valuable literary amusement for young persons, but an excellent vehicle for instruction and the promotion of right feelings; provided (as it must be also in the cases of works *not* of imagination) a due exercise of piety and judgment is made in the selection. There is then, in fact nothing, strictly speaking, in works of imagination, which is *malum per se;* and yet, as our readers will discover in the course of our remarks; we perceive so much that is exceptionable in the general, and almost inevitable, accompani-

ments of such works, that we should be inclined to lean more towards the extreme, for an extreme it would certainly be, of total prohibition than of unlimited indulgence.

In order to make the necessary distinctions which belong to the subject, and to lay our ideas before our readers in some degree of order, we shall venture to classify works of imagination under three heads :—

First, Those which are written with an obviously *bad* intention.

Secondly, Those which are written with no definite intention at all, except fame or profit to the author, and amusement to the reader.

Thirdly, Those which are written with a positively good intention.

Of those which come fairly under the first of these classes we shall say very little; since it cannot be necessary, we should hope, to warn any person who can read so grave a page as ours, that *such* works are wholly and peremptorily inadmissible. They will not bear a question : they are clearly contraband; they ought not to be written ; they ought not to be sold ; they ought not to be read. Of this class are some of the productions, especially among the later ones, of Lord Byron. The most unbounded Christian charity cannot give the authors of such works as those to which we allude, credit for a single right feeling or good motive in obtruding them on the world. The publications themselves may evince more or less of genius in their composition; they may be patrician or plebian; they may be poetical or prosaic ; they may be concocted in the regions of Castalia and Hippocrene, or in the purlieus of Grub-street or the Fleet-ditch; they may issue from the loyal press of Mr. Murray, or the radical press of Mr. Hone; they may be "got up" for rose-wood tables and velvet sofas, or for tap-rooms and ale-house benches; but, whatever their extrinsic circumstances, their mischievous character is so palpable that they cannot for a moment be tolerated by any man who is worthy of the name of a Christian, and therefore surely need not form the subject of discussion or animadversion in the pages of the Christian Observer.

The second class, and that which will engross the greater part of our intended remarks, consists of works of imagination, (chiefly works of fictitious narrative,) written without any positive intention of mischief, and with as little serious intention of doing good ; and of which the object is to assist the purse or the literary reputation of the author, and to amuse and interest the reader. In this class we place the Waverly Novels. We cheerfully acquit the writer of any bad intention; we even acknowledge, with pleasure, that he has on many occasions done willing homage to virtue; and, if we except the offensive oaths and profane exclamations which are sometimes found in the mouths of the

personages whom he has created, his pages are generally characterized by a decorum which forms a pleasing contrast to the licentious and inflammatory representations of too many of his brother novelists, Richardson himself not excepted. To admit his gigantic powers would be superfluous; we take these for granted; it is of moral qualities only that we are now speaking. And as we have frankly allowed that the author has no serious wish to do mischief, we think he cannot refuse to admit, in return, that he has as little decided aim to affect any moral good. He evidently loves writing; he seems not averse to fame; and probably has no objection to pecuniary remuneration: and all these three points appear to be united in his present scheme of authorship. He doubtless further wishes his works to stand well with the respectable part of the public; and as a moral man himself, he could have no desire to supplant good morals in others. Still, we should judge that positive *utility* is quite a secondary object with him: where it falls in with the agreeable, so far all is well; but farther than this probably does not appear to him necessary. Something of this kind we can conceive to be the fair balance between the author and his conscience; and we are willing to argue the case on this temperate and not unreasonable supposition.

We shall not scruple, then, to say, that it is with feelings of very considerable regret that we witness the prodigal expenditure of time, and genius, and "talents," (we use the word in its theological as well as literary acceptation,) which occurs in the volumes of the author of Waverly. We cannot but think that such splendid powers of imagination and intellect were bestowed by Providence for far higher purposes than novel writing: we connot but fear that thirty-nine volumes of mere tales, without any good or useful object in view, will form a sorry item in the final account of a human being thus gifted, and responsible for the application of his time, his faculties, and his opportunities of glorifying God, and benefiting mankind. Perhaps, indeed, this sort of language may furnish a good subject for the playful ridicule with which the author is accustomed to visit the Puritanical and Presbyterian offences of former days. We believe, however, that not only the public, but the author himself, would be little disposed to treat with levity, and as mere cant, such terms and ideas as "moral responsibility;" a "state of probation;" and "rendering an account to God at the day of judgment, for every idle word as well as vicious deed;" and we will not deny that thoughts of this nature involuntarily force themselves on our minds as often as we witness men of extraordinary powers wasting their energies year after year in worthless pursuits, "which cannot profit, for they are vain." We would not willingly be fastidious or uncharitable; we would not dry up the fountains of elegant literature, or lay a rude embargo on the lighter produc-

tions of taste and imagination; we would not make religion to consist in an austere renunciation of innocent recreations, or restrict either authors or their readers to the graver departments of divinity and philosophy; but we must ever contend for that great Christian principle, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Rigid as this principle may at first sight appear, it is not so in reality; for the glory of God may be as certainly, though not as directly or obviously, consulted in a *due* indulgence in any proper recreation, useful for the refection of the mind, as in the gravest pursuits of business or charity. But in all these things there is a line of boundary and demarcation not easy to be formally defined, but which a conscientious Christian will readily ascertain in his own case in practice, and which he will be anxious not to transgress, or even to approach. It is not for us to judge between any individual and his conscience; or between his conscience and his Maker; but we may be permitted to lament, that the vast powers expended on the voluminous productions which have called forth these remarks, were not devoted to some object of less dubious benefit to the world, and which, on a death-bed, might perhaps have given greater satisfaction in the retrospect to the the unknown author himself.

But it is not with the writer, but with his works, and their effects on the public, that we are chiefly concerned. Our object in the following pages is to show the tendency of the taste, at present so prevalent, for trifling reading, particularly in the article of fictitious narrative. We have not chosen the tales of the author of Waverly as our immediate subject, on account of their being among the worst species of novels, but precisely because of mere novels they are among the best: they are less inflammatory, less morbid, and far more manly and intellectual than most of their fellow-culprits. Indeed, by many thorough novel-readers, they are considered somewhat tame; the very complaint is made against them which the French have so long urged against Miss Edgeworth, that her works want "*sentiment;*" in short, that they are destitute of the voluptuousness which most readers look for in a novel. All this is so much in their favour, that in selecting them as our "point d'appui," we are giving every advantage to the panegyrist of novel-reading, and taking the ground least favourable to our own argument. We think, however, we shall be able to show, that the general tendency of a habit of novel-reading, even were no individual novel more exceptionable than one of the Waverly Tales, is to a high degree inexpedient and injurious.—We select "The Pirate," not because it is the best or the worst, either in a moral or a literary point of view, of the works of this celebrated author, but because it happens to be the last. As a work of genius, it stands much lower than many of the former productions from his pen, though still sufficiently high to chal-

lenge no mean intellectual suffrage: in its moral aspect, it may be about on a par with them; though in one respect, it is above several of them, as it exhibits a much smaller, though unhappily still ample portion of irreverence for the words and sentiments of the sacred Scriptures.

[Here follows an outline of the tale, for which we have already refered our readers to the preceding volume of the Port Folio. In our next we shall present the general reflections on the subject, which are subjoined in the Christian Observer, to this analyssis.]

ART. VII.—*The Favourite of Nature: a Tale.*

WE are, of course not swayed by the opinion, now gone by, that a work of genius is unworthy critical notice, because there is no other name for it than that of a tale or novel. To say nothing of the important fact, that productions in this walk of literature have the greatest number of readers, and that, therefore, a more jealous critical *surveillance* of them is called for, there are no works in which more talent or eloquence may be displayed, more knowledge of man and mankind unfolded, or more practical and striking lessons of honour and feeling, and even wisdom and virtue, inculcated. We think the work before us cannot be read without deeply touching the feelings and mending the heart; and therefore our omission of it would have been an act of injustice to the public as well as to the author. We should certainly not have noticed it, if it had only told a beautiful tale, if it did not, moreover, work out a moral of the deepest concernment and most extensive application.

Notwithstanding the important, and seemingly essential part assigned, in this novel, to the passion of love, in its most engrossing aspect—nay, notwithstanding the fact, that a person of each sex dies of unrequited love,—we should not style it a mere love novel; in other words, a tale where the progress and fate of a *love-affair*, as it is called, forms the main object, and is not the medium for the conveyance of more dignified and edifying lessons. In the character under its dominion, love is one only of several violent passions, all operating at once; which passions, rather than love, bring on the catastrophe, and raise its warning monument. Although the reader, therefore, on opening this work, may meet with many of the worn-out features of very ordinary novels; may be startled by many pressings to the heart, and strainings to the bosom; may take alarm at the hackneyed, and therefore ill-chosen, names of *Mortimer*, *Rivers*, and *Waldegrave*,—names, we do think, the most prominent in circulating-library nomenclature,—may read the first two thirds of the story with but faint glimpses of the author's object, and in the belief that he is reading a common-place story, be tempted

to throw it aside; we advise him to persevere, and we can assure him that, in the last third part of the tale, which has the farther effect of increasing the value of the whole, by showing the bearing of the parts which preceeded it, he will find a good sense, spirit, beauty and pathos, an unity of plan, developement of virtuous purpose, and consummation of moral effect, which would induce us to place the work in a very respectable rank among those fictitious compositions which are at once interesting and useful.

The author's main object is to trace a miserable and most tragical catastrophe, the impetuous course of several violent passions, which are unbridled by prudence, and uninfluenced by any steady principle of action; and to read this lesson to the young, that, even to the most attractive favourites of nature, if wrapped up in self, and rendered insensible to, because habitually unconscious of, the feelings of their fellow creatures, our sympathies cannot be accorded—nay, our compassion will be almost denied to the acutest agonies of their self-inflicted misery. The lesson is strengthened, in the tale, by the contrast of an opposite character, endowed with warm affections, which, though ardent, are controlled by religious principle, generously and cheerfully making sacrifices of the dearest objects of life, when a sense of duty calls for them.

Eliza Rivers is the highly gifted subject of the author's experiment. In person she is all "that youthful poets fancy when they love;" and has, moreover, every talent and accomplishment which we can imagine extending the power of female charms. She is not without kindly affections, but her whole character is lowered by the violence of her passions. In her, love is quite a disease of the mind, and the means of exciting in her to morbid activity, other passions—not only jealousy, and its attendant hatred, but pride in its most engrossing and selfish form—in so much that all her personal charms fail in producing in the reader's mind a genuine sympathy with her; and even has commiseration of her final sufferings is diminished by the feeling that, with all the noise and clamour of excessive selfish sensibility, she suffers no more than she herself has occasioned to a much worthier person, who suffered in silence. This externally captivating, though far from amiable maid, having been left an orphan, is the inmate of her guardian, Mr. Henley, rector of Fairfield, about a day's journey from London; a man of sense, piety, and worth, which eminently fit him for his sacred office. His only daughter, Louisa, is a little older than his ward; and, as little addicted to self as Eliza is engrossed by it, is a pattern of unaffected piety and benevolence.

Mortimer Durand, Mr. Henley's nephew, comes to Fairfield as his uncle's curate, and being much at the rectory, although not under its roof, is irretriveably in love with the beautiful Eliza, much sooner than we should have expected from the sagacity of

his character. Eliza's vanity is gratified by his attachment, and without her own heart being much concerned, she accepts of him as a lover. Her regard for her betrothed gradually improves into attachment, and his elegant and well-ordered mind considerably influences and enlarges hers. But although his tranquil exercise of his parish duties leads her to assist in many acts of kindness to his pastoral charge, she nevertheless does nothing from a steady principle of action; and her charities are very often postponed to her pleasures. She has the misfortune to have a *bosom friend* in a Miss Brooke, the niece of a Lady Delville, resident in the neighbourhood. These persons usually spend the winter in London, boast of high acquaintance, and ape fashion in all possible ways; of course they make very merry with their beautiful friend's teaching of little village children to read, and her visiting their sick parents; and, it happens, are the means of several charitable intentions, on her part, being frustrated. The anticipation of the displeasure of Mortimer on such occasions is enough to hurt Eliza's pride; and any actual allusions to her failures of duty lead to the display of much petulance and pettishness. Although, before her acquaintance with Mortimer, Miss Rivers had seen, and enthusiastically admired, the elegant Frederick Waldegrave, who arrived from London on a visit to Sir George Melmoth, a neighbouring sporting baronet, there is yet no change in her views. Waldegrave is altogther irresistible in person, manners, and address: but as cold-hearted, selfish, and calculating as a man of the fashionable world can be imagined to be. Except, however, being addicted to gaming, he is not described as being profligate or debauched. This person is, of course, captivated with the exquisite beauty of Miss Rivers; and finds her rural simplicity, and, above all, her undisguised feelings of admiration for himself, in contrast to the artificialness and coldness of the London fair, an exceedingly *piquant* and pleasant sort of autumnal variety. Her engagement, too, renders it safe as he thinks, to amuse himself with his beautiful captive, with something analagous to that advantage which is the angler's over his prey, when, having hooked it, he gives it line, winds up, again allows it *play*, and enjoys its struggles; all the time safe, in his own person, from being drawn by it into the pool. Her feelings towards her gay new admirer do not increase Eliza's relish for the more *sombre* prospects of what her friend Miss Brooke calls a *parson's* wife; and although she has not yet resolved on the base act of absolutely substituting the new lover for the old,—a variation which her vanity never leaves her to doubt, is in her power,—she does not diguise from herself, and has not art enough to veil from her friend Miss Brooke, that the arrangment would be far from disagreeable to her. She is invited by Lady Delville and Miss Brooke to spend a winter with them in Lon-

don; which their much increased power in consequence of Miss Brooke's having succeeded to the immense West India wealth of her father, promises to make one of unusual gaiety and splendour. In London Waldegrave is of course a daily visiter at Lady Delville's; delighted with the unequivocal proofs in her manner, of his being the very idol of Eliza's soul. Mortimer is as contentedly forgotten by her as if *he* had not a feeling on the subject, or had never existed. Her London Lothario intimates to her an intention of going to the Continent, which the young lady receives with the most undisguised emotion, and first *declares* the state of her heart by the inartificial process of a flood of tears. This being a movement rather unexpectedly powerful, the wary angler is actually drawn in, and has one plunge before he has time to take a new position for farther resistance. He cannot escape *declaring*, too, and for some months is considered by his fashionable circle to be the *affianced* of Miss Rivers, as indisputably as was once his predecessor Mortimer; no one in that gay assemblage seeing any thing more in Miss Rivers' change sentiments and lovers, than a very expedient and praise-worthy measure—the which the lady intimates, in course of post, to the said Mortimer Durand, in a letter of five or six lines. *He* comes to London, and rather perplexes his false one by a visit when she is in the midst of preparations for a ball; and bidding her a final, and very inconveniently impassioned adieu, which does make her look grave for a day, returns to the country, falls into a decline, and dies; which last occurrence, but for Waldegrave's presence, and some unusually brilliant parties in prospect, would have been extremely shocking to Miss Eliza Rivers; who, as it is, in the excess of selfishness, asks what right Mortimer Durand had to cross the path of *her* happiness.

A retribution, in identical kind, is in store for our unfeeling heroine. Waldegrave gets himself gradually extricated from the meshes in which he was so unwarily entangled; and, influenced by his indisposition to matrimony—Miss Rivers' small fortune—his losses at play—the ridicule of his friends in St. James's Street—the inconvenience of "the poor girl's" passionate attachment—his threatened thraldom from her jealousy, pride, and petulance—and the inelegance of her too much declared countryfied sensibilities—resolves to begin the process of *shaking off*, by re-announcing a visit to the Continent. Reproaches, vollied with a spirit altogther too alarming to be endured by the tranquillity of the highest London fashion, it may easily be believed, do not change his resolution; and to the Continent he goes.

The anxieties and self-tormentings of the ungovernable Eliza, in her lover's absence, are well described. These are aggravated tenfold by receiving from him, during a month only one very short formal letter, in answer to a score of epistles, of almost raving

love and jealousy, written from Kensington, where she has taken up her abode for the summer and autumn, in the boarding-house of her former French governess, to be *at hand*. Her fears have no bounds, and frantic with jealousy, she resolves to set off for Paris: a resolution no sooner formed than begun to be executed, when our heroine has a glimpse of her faithless swain, in a hackney coach, driving along Oxford Street to the eastward. Her conduct, at such a crisis, is suitable to her temperament. She runs after the coach, but the coachman, in the noise and confusion, neither sees nor hears her. She is in an instant in another coach, her only direction being, "to the city!" She has not proceeded a hundred yards, till a long line of coaches, chariots, waggons, and all possible means of transport, but at that moment of obstruction, induce her to leap out and run forward on foot; till a gleam of reason, and a great deal of fatigue and agitation, bring her up in a confectioner's shop, where she composes herself, and calling another coach, names the more definite destination of "Kensington." She is now, of course, more wild than ever. Waldegrave *is* in London, and, too surely, avoids her. Regardless of every consideration but her raging passion, she confounds her skulking lover, who supposed himself quite *incog.* by pronouncing upon him in his apartments in the Albany Arcade. He *must* accompany the crazy and very troublesome Miss Rivers home to Kensington; where, with a calmness which was only equalled by her own notification to Mortimer, he tells her, once for all, that *the thing will not do*, and that he means, for his part at least, to think no more about it; a remedy which he recommends, as very expedient, for her to adopt also; and, taking his hat, and the anticipated opportunity of the most violent paroxysm he had yet witnessed, glides out of the house. The scene is admirably wrought by the author, and while we are not called upon to abate one iota of our disdain and reprobation of the conduct of the heartless Waldegrave, her own conduct to Mortimer precludes our sympathy with Eliza, and converts all her impassioned reproaches of her second lover, into so many condemnations of herself, for the treatment of her first.

In the midst of these agonies, her gentle virtuous guardian, Mr. Henley, who had come to town on other business, is announced to her; and both she and the reader are relieved by the judicious contrast. On learning her story, the good man at once urges her to return with him to Fairfield, assuring her, to her no small surprise, that, notwithstanding all that has happened, neither himself nor Louisa has lost any of their fond affection for her. She at first refuses; but, after Mr. Henley is gone, changes her mind, posts down after him with her usual impetuosity, and throws herself into a fever of some duration by the journey. On her recovery, it is soon but too obvious that she is to fulfil, in

every point, the same destiny with Mortimer; for she, too, is in a deep and incurable decline. The most beautiful and affecting part of the tale here begins. By the gently affectionate, and religious persuasives of the admirable Louisa, Eliza's mind is tranquillized, and a material change is gradually wrought in her character. We say gradually, for the novelist is most happy in the delineation of the lingering departure of the convert's more worldly feelings—feelings, even for her betrayer, which lead her, like Eloise, "to murmur in her vows." Her last trial is got over when Lady Delville, with singular want of tact, informs her, by letter, of Waldegrave's marriage to her rich friend Miss Brooke.

One beautiful incident is purposely kept to the last by the author; and by it the complete cure of Eliza is affected. She had often reproached herself for her clamorous and selfish grief, when made fully aware of the serenity and resignation of Mortimer's end, and the Christian forbearance with which he checked every word of reproach of her, as well as lamentation for himself: but, even yet, the image of the worthless Waldegrave would occasionally haunt her, till an inadvertent word dropped from Louisa, from which Eliza darted to the conclusion that a deep feeling of attachment to Mortimer had been heroically concealed in the gentle bosom of her friend, and that his love for herself, although fatal to that friend's whole fabric of worldly happiness had, with a refined and disinterested affection known to few, been encouraged by that excellent creature, because it tended to the happiness of two friends so dear to her. This well-managed contrast, of attachment subdued in silence,—of love "ne'er told," with unbridled, selfish, noisy passion, is quite admirable, and gives a moral power to the story we have detailed, altogether irresistible.

Eliza's frightful disease advances rapidly, and at last, in a manner, in describing which the author shows considerable power and feeling, she reclines her head on the faithful bosom of her admired friend, and dies.

It would be unjust not to give a few specimens of the descriptions, incidents, and delineations of character in this work. Many of the minor characters are necessarily very ordinary, and such as are to be met with in almost every novel; and although we cannot say that any of the characters, even the heroine's, are perfectly original conceptions, several of them are exceedingly ably outlined as well as filled up, and all perform suitably the parts allotted to them.

There occurs, early in the narrative, a portrait, to the life, of what has been so well termed "a familiar puppy," of a youth little more than just from school, whose self-conceit, ease, and impertinence, are altogether intolerable. This stripling addresses his seniors, and the large choice of his betters, by their sirnames

—hands off the first lady in the drawing-room to dinner—makes puns upon the company indiscriminately—volunteers his opinion, which is always first in order, sudden, and dogmatical—seats himself where he is sure to be an intrusion, and commits many other excesses, like to those of a similar newly *ex-scholiated* personage, in a company of which the inimitable Parson Adams was one, where the old corrective habit of the Doctor drew from him the exclamation, "Oh! that I had thee on another lad's back!" and half raised him, with a pedagogue's impulse, to realize the threat on the spot, in the urgency of the occasion.

"Sir George walked off with her empty tea-cup, when young Bartley, who had been silent for about the space of three minutes and a half, now loitered up to her, and throwing himself into the chair which the baronet had just vacated, asked her, "if she did not think Melmoth a pleasant 'good humoured fellow?' That happy faculty which, as we have observed, my Lord Bacon so commends, removed from Mr. William at all times any unpleasant apprehension of approaching too nearly to familiarity in his discourse; therefore, though he could see, as in fact it was impossible not to see, the haughty air with which Eliza asked him 'if it were *Sir George* Melmoth he was speaking of?' he read in it no transient disgust at the freedom of his manner, but very naturally attributed it to her being provoked at his interrupting their *tête-à-tête*."

Miss Brooke, although a lady of fashion, with claims to *originality* unquestioned in the country, by the four Miss Bartleys, and the three Miss Johnsons, and Miss Maria Sidney, and even by Miss Rivers herself,—Louisa and Mortimer alone starting a heretical doubt on this important head—is really, as it turns out, the mere copier of a greater original in town; that original herself being, alas! but a copier from a yet higher copier, in the curiously graduated scale of fashion, where real originality, such as it is, "is set at a dizzy height" indeed. This astonishing personage, Miss Brooke's *immediate* prototype, bursts upon the senses of the unpractised Eliza in the form of the *bruşque*, bold, perfectly fashionable, and therefore truly vulgar Miss Ormond. This lady comes accompanied by the most unqualified *dandy* ever consigned by the grinning bystanders to the appropriate neuter gender.

"Miss Ormond was accompanied by a dandy-like looking young man, whom she introduced as Mr. Newcome, if an introduction it could be called, that consisted in, 'Well, Lady Delville, I have brought you the man I promised you for the opera, but you have got a better I see;—ah! Waldegrave, how did you get here?'"

"Whilst Mr. Waldegrave was explaining, Lady Delville was making as low a curtsey to this unknown opera-man as the spherical nature of her figure admitted of; which Miss Ormond observing, she exclaimed,

"Oh don't use any ceremony with him. It will be quite thrown away, I assure you: he is monstrous good-natured, but horrid silly; and a finished dandy, and high fashion, and his name's Newcome, and that's all I have to say about him."

"Far from evincing any pique or confusion at being styled 'horrid silly,' Mr. Newcome did nothing but smile and looked pleased as Miss Ormond proceeded in her rhodomontade. To be a 'dandy and high fashion,' as it was the end, constituted also the solace and enjoyment of his existence.'——

"I never knew he had either taste or fancy," said Miss Ormond' "except for stiff stays and starched neckcloths."

"Excepting always that inimitable great coat," said Mr. Waldegrave.

"Oh yes, the coat! do, for pity's sake walk to the window, Newcome, and show that coat. Its beauties are absolutely lost in that retired corner."

"To Eliza's utter astonishment, Mr. Newcome prepared to obey this command without hesitation; only repeating, "'Pon my soul, Miss Ormond, you are so arbitrary; 'pon my soul!"

"And that coat really is the right thing, is it, Newcome?" said Mr. Waldegrave.

"Oh decidedly! decidedly the right thing," replied he, with a tone of solemnity.

"Amusing rather, don't you think he is?" said Miss Ormond to Lady Delville. "Do you think you can tolerate him? because you may have him at any time. And its rather the proper thing to be seen with him at the opera. Don't you think it is, upon the whole, Waldegrave?"

"How love can trifle with itself," as Shakspeare well knew, —how much "an enraged affection," as he somewhere else calls it, will make a fool of a poor young woman who has the misfortune to be possessed with it,—how far the pettishness of a spoiled child, whose vanity and pride are unused to restraint or mortification, will fill with *self* the whole of the creature's world of consciousness, to the utter exclusion of every other human being or human feeling,—are finely illustrated in the following highly wrought scene. Eliza goes with Lady Delville, Miss Brooke, and Waldegrave, to a musical party at Miss Ormond's; and from mere caprice gives notice—timely enough no doubt, for it is before they set out—that she does not intend to sing. Miss Ormond's voice, it seems, does not please her, "and she would "not degrade herself by taking any part in such intolerable "singing."

"She was now in the full exercise of the unhappy faculty she possessed, of converting the shadows of discontent into real and substantial evils.

"Never for a moment abstracted from that intense consciousness of self, which alternately formed the bane and the bliss of her existence, she was the very slave of circumstances. With the ardour of her nature, she identified every thing with the one feeling that absorbed her; and the universe, and all that it contained, presented nothing to her,—but Waldegrave's love."

Miss Ormond's performance is much applauded, notwithstanding the contempt with which it is treated by Miss Rivers, whose impatient spirit writhes with self-inflicted torture, because Waldegrave prefers attending the piano forte to giving her, what she much desires, an opportunity to reproach and insult him. This mood is not mended by the approach of Newcome, to seat himself in the empty chair beside her. Some raillery from Miss Ormond and Miss Brooke renders these two ladies, very suddenly, objects of utter detestation, of course. Newcome not attended to, gives an astonished stare, and abdicates; his seat is immediately filled by old Mr. Ormond, who most unseasonably commences a prosing discourse on vocal and instrumental music, and especially on the ineffable sum which his daughter's musical education has cost him. But even Mr. Ormond leaves his ill-chosen auditor, and

"Eliza looked towards his vacant chair, and her heart fluttered with the hope that it would soon be taken by Mr. Waldegrave. Scarcely could she refrain from telling every wandering man that approached and regarded it with a desiring eye, that 'it belonged to a gentleman.' Her eyes sedulously guarded it for him, whom alone, in the numerous assembly, she beheld.

"At length he leaves the orchestra. He is coming in the direction of her seat. Oh! Miss Ormond stops him! She is making room for him between her and Sophia. Will he?—ah, yes!—he does remain with them. He forsakes her—he is indifferent to her—he cares nothing at all about her—oh why, why can she not, in an instant, annihilate the room, the lights, the whole assembly, and be in darkness, and be in solitude, and at liberty to give way to the burst of wretchedness that is labouring in her breast!

"There was now no hope of his being near her, for Mr. Stanhope had taken Mr. Ormond's place."

Miss Eliza Rivers, of course, refuses the entreaties of the whole company collectively and individually, and perseveres in her becoming resolution not to sing, till the total indifference, usual in such cases, piques her most of all; and, in imminent danger of being of no consequence, instead of the greatest, even to Waldegrave, she unexpectedly allows herself to be handed to the instrument by Mr. Stanhope, where she resolves to astonish Waldegrave—for to him alone she performed—with her most brilliant exertions.

"The buzz and commotion of the room had not quite subsided into attention, when she cast a sidelong glance, ere she began, towards Mr. Waldegrave. He was still talking with Sophia. Never surely was there such an unparalleled affront. What! not pay to her performance the poor compliment of silence? Under the impulse of extreme irritation, she half rose—she half closed her book.

"Mr. Stanhope plainly discovered that something was wrong; but not at all comprehending how, or in what way, inquired in a voice of alarm, "What was the matter? was her seat too high or too low? or in what way could he be useful?" But now Mr. Waldegrave, who, though silent, had been an attentive observer of all that had passed, alarmed and agitated by her behaviour, and dreading what it might lead to next, hastily, and with a hurried manner approached her; and whilst he bent over her, chiefly to hide her distracted countenance, he merely affected to be inquiring what she was going to perform?

"'Oh, Waldegrave! nothing—nothing! My very heart is sick; take me away,' she whispered.

"'My dear Eliza! for God's sake be calm—be composed: I beg—I beseech of you.'

"But the winds and waves would as soon have respected such a command. She had wrought herself up to a pitch of frantic emotion, that governed her as it would an infant; and whilst the room receded from her sight, and all its inhabitants, and nothing was present to her but her lover, and herself, she clasped her hands upon his arm, and hiding her face upon them, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Never was any confusion equal to that of Mr. Waldegrave! Well he knew that an assembly of Roman stoics were not more likely to have smiled at such a burst of natural weakness, than were the votaries of fashion then assembled round them.

"He hurried her precipitately from the orchestra into an adjoining drawing-room, the door of which he impatiently closed after him; and whilst Eliza sunk down upon a sofa, and sobbed with hysteric violence, he silently walked up and down the room, evidently agitated with a much stronger feeling of shame and vexation at their mutual exposure, than by tenderness or pity for her sufferings."

The description of Waldegrave's fashionable hardness of heart, and calmness of demeanour, is not less just. He is at breakfast with Sir George Melmoth the morning after his last interview with Miss Rivers, when the following feeling dialogue takes place between them:

"'She is a charming woman!' said Mr. Waldegrave, with something of a sigh; 'but I wish, with all my soul, that I had never known her!'.

"'What you begin to feel queer at the thoughts of the noose! No wonder, with the horror that you have always testified for it!'

"'No; it is not that which disturbs me—that question is, by mutual consent, at rest between us for ever!'

"Ah—indeed! How did you manage that? for it is rather a material point, I should think, in the present case.'

"'Yes, of course. But I proved to her that it was imprudent, and little less than impossible, in my present circumstances (as you yourself must suppose, after what I have said to you upon that point;) and this morning I have received an intimation from her that she entirely coincides with my opinion—and—'

"'And is your most obedient humble servant, I suppose. Well, I see nothing very melancholy in that; particularly as, I imagine, it was rather as a matter of propriety than choice, that you proposed to her at all.'

"'I certainly never intended to fall so deeply in love as I did. And as to matrimony, I never gave it a thought, till I found I had been talking about it for above an hour.'

"Sir George laughed most immoderately.—'Egad, Waldegrave, I did not think you had been such a flat. If this had happened to you ten years ago, when you first set about making love, it would all have been natural and likely enough.'

"'It seems that we are never wise upon these points,'

"'No; nor never safe, I think. Upon my word, after your accident, I shall be upon my guard, in case I should take to falling in love; for being a more heedless person than you, it is possible I may go a step further, and find myself actually married before I know any thing about it.'

"'There is no great hazard of that. You have, fortunately, no turn for affairs of this kind.'

"'None in the world. I have fallen in love two or three times, as a matter of course, but I found it a foolish, troublesome business; so I gave it up at once. It always leads to something disagreeable—just as children begin to play, very lovingly, and end in quarrelling and fighting. In short, these matters always conclude badly, let them conclude which way they will—for if you marry it's a humdrum affair; neither more nor less than taking out a license to grow very tired of one another; and if you do not, it's a chance if you don't behave very ill indeed, and deserve to be horse-whipped—and, I suppose, it is some such idea of your merits, that, at this very instant, makes you, Waldegrave, look so forlorn?'

"'I am afraid I am not quite exempt from self-reproach; at least Eliza feels these things so differently from the generality of women, that what would be a slight injustice, perhaps nothing at all to them, is a very serious injury to her.'

"'Poor girl! she feels it a great deal, then, does she?'

"'I am afraid so.'

"'Poor thing! I am sorry for that.'

"'And so am I, God knows! I wish from my soul that I had never seen her.'

"'But that will do no good now you know. The affair is entirely ended, and you can't possibly marry her; so the only thing now is to hope and trust that she will make herself happy in trying to hate you more and more every day of her life.'

"'I rather suppose that will be the sequel of the story; for I trust a great deal to a tolerable share of pride and haughtiness which she calls her own.'

"'Yes, that may do bye and bye. But I should not wonder if she has to go through a great deal more before she finds her pride of much service to her. Those country girls are very different from the women here; when an affair of that sort is ended here, and a girl has lost her lover, she has nothing to do but to go to the theatres, or the opera, or Almack's, or any where else, and look out for another. But when such is the case in the country, they mope about, and walk amongst trees, and talk to the moon, and write sonnets; and, never seeing a man above once in seven years, have no chance of replacing the lost hero.'

"'But that is not the case with Miss Rivers, just at present; she has been in London and the neighbourhood for some months past.'

"'Where is she? I will go and call on her and console her.'

"'I had rather you would not, if you please, just at present; considering your connexion with me, I think it will be best to avoid it.'

"'Well, just as you please; I should like to have seen her. I always admired Miss Rivers; nay, I positively at one time had some wandering designs of marrying her myself.'

"'Had you, indeed? I wish with all my heart you had putthem in execution.'

"'Thank you for your good wishes; it is not too late now, perhaps, only that I have lost the inclination. Come, shall we walk?'

"Mr. Waldegrave reached his hat, with something between a sigh and a yawn.

"'This affair annoys me most confoundedly,' said he.

"'Oh, it's a bad business, beyond dispute; but you must try and forget it. You know there's nothing upon earth to be done, unless you mean to marry the girl.'

"'I can't marry her—it's quite impossible,' said Mr. Waldegrave impatiently.

"'Well, then, come along, and say no more about it.'"

For examples of the author's powers of pathos, which are, we think, considerable, we must refer our readers to several of the descriptions near the conclusion, and especially to the last scene of all.

Although we do not certainly estimate the work before us as the brilliant production of a powerful and original genius, its well conceived and conducted plot, its agreeable pleasantry, lively scenes, and amusing characters, are proofs of talent far above the average of that of novel writers. But it soars very far, indeed, above its whole class, with a few kindred exceptions, in the yet more valuable qualities of sound principle, amiable sentiment, and benevolent feeling. There is a gentleness and kindliness throughout, which tempt us to think that we are reading the production of a female pen; and to female pens, in this department of literature, we can trace an exquisite management of passion and feeling, and an edifying use of principle, which are very often wanting in the fictitious compositions of the other sex. There is a vein of sincere practical piety both skilfully and usefully introduced into the story; but although Mortimer and Louisa are humble, in the scriptural sense of the word, the author allows the heroine to die considerably short of repentance and humiliation. She does not, by any means, attribute her sufferings to her own errors, and something of her characteristic pride besets even

her deathbed; for her expressions are not humble hopes of mercy, but *confident* expectations of a perfectly happy hereafter. This was surely not intended by the author. With this modification, we have not a fault to find with the principles of the present work. If it be consistent with a sound discretion, that the first tale of love, instead of being left to chance, shall be told to the young and innocent with perfect purity, and shall, moreover, address the imagination, strictly associated with the safeguards of honour, prudence, and virtue, "The Favourite of Nature," we sincerely think, ought to be a standard family novel.

ART. VIII.—*The following Sketches of Manners and Times are taken from Graydon's Memoirs of "A Life in Pennsylvania."*

"OF all the cities in the world, Philadelphia was, for its size, perhaps, one of the most peaceable and unwarlike; and Grant was not wholly without data for supposing that, with an inconsiderable force, he could make his way at least through Pennsylvania. So much had the manners of the Quakers, and its long exemption from hostile alarm, nourished this disposition, that a mere handful of lawless frontier men was found sufficient to throw the capital into consternation. The unpunished, and even applauded massacre of certain Indians at Lancaster, who, in the jail of that town, had vainly flattered themselves that they possessed an asylum, had so encouraged their murderers, who called themselves *Paxton Boys*, that they threatened to perpetrate the like enormity upon a number of other Indians, under the protection of government in the metropolis; and for this purpose they, at length put themselves in arms, and actually began their march. Their force, though known to be small in the beginning, continually increased as it went along, the *vires acquirit eundo* being no less the attribute of terror than of fame. Between the two, the invaders were augmented to some thousands by the time they had approached within a day or two's journey of their object. To the credit, however, of the Philadelphians, every possible effort was made to frustrate the inhuman designs of the banditti; and the Quakers, as well as others, who had proper feelings on the occasion, exerted themselves for the protection of the terrified Indians, who were shut up in the barracks, and for whose more immediate defence part of a British regiment of foot was stationed there. But the citadel or place of arms, was in the very heart of the city, all around and within the old court-house, and Friends' meeting-house. Here stood the artillery, under the command of Captain Loxley, a very honest, though little, dingy-looking man, with regimentals, considerably war-worn or tarnished; a very salamander or *fire drake* in the public estimation, whose vital air was deemed the fume of sulphureous explosion, and who, by whatever means he had acquired his science, was always put foremost when great guns were in question. Here it was that the grand stand was to be made against the approaching invaders, who, if rumour might be credited, had now extended their murderous purposes beyond the savages, to their patrons and abettors. Hence the cause had materially changed its complexion, and, instead of resting on a basis of mere humanity and plighted faith, it had emphatically become the cause of self-preservation; little doubt being entertained that the capital would be sacked, in case of the predominance of a barbarous foe. In this state of consternation and dismay, all business was laid aside for the more important occupation of arms. Drums, colours, rusty halberts, and bayonets, were brought forth from their lurking-places; and as every good citizen who had a sword had girded it to his thigh, so every one who had a gun had placed

it on his shoulder. In short, *bella, horrida bella*, war, destructive war, was about to desolate the hitherto peaceful streets of Philadelphia.

"But with all this, the old proverb was not belied; and the benign influence of this *ill wind* was sensibly felt by us school-boys. The dreaded event was overbalanced in our minds by the holidays which were the effect of it; and so far as I can recall my feelings on the occasion, they very much preponderated on the side of hilarity.

"As the defensive army was without eyes, it had of course no better information than such as common bruit could supply; and hence many untoward consequences ensued. One was the near extinction of a troop of mounted butchers from Germantown, who, scampering down Market street with the best intentions in the world, were announced as the Paxton Boys, and by this mistake, very narrowly escaped a greeting from the rude throats of Captain Loxley's artillery. The word FIRE was already quivering on his lips, but Pallas came in shape of something, and suppressed it. Another emanation from this unmilitary defect of vision was the curious order that every householder in Market street should affix one or more candles at his door before daylight, on the morning of the day on which, from some sufficient reason no doubt, it had been elicited that the enemy would full surely make his attack, and by no other than this identical route, on the citadel. Whether this illumination was merely intended to prevent surprise or whether it was that the commander who enjoined it was determined, like Ajax, that, if perish he must, he would perish in the face of day, I do not know; but certain it is that such a decree went forth, and was religiously complied with. This I can affirm, from the circumstance of having resided in Market street at the time. The sage precaution, however, proved superfluous, although, with respect merely to the nearness of the redoubted invaders, there was colour for it. It was soon ascertained that they had reached Germantown and a deputation of the least obnoxious citizens, with the olive branch, was sent out to meet them. After a parley of some days, an armistice was agreed upon, and peace at length so effectually restored, that the formidable stragglers who had excited so much terror, were permitted, as friends, to enter the city."

"But it was not alone by hostile alarms that the good people of Philadelphia were annoyed. Their tranquility had been likewise disturbed by the uncitizenlike conduct of a pair of British officers, who, for want of something better to do, had plunged themselves into an excess of intemperance; and, in the plenitude of wine and hilarity, paraded the streets at all hours,

'A la clarté de cieux dans l'ombre de la nuit,'

to the no small terror of the sober and the timid. The firm of this duumvirate was Ogle and Friend, names always coupled together, like those of Castor and Pollux, or of Pylades and Orestes. But the cement which connected them was scarcely so pure as that which had united those heroes of antiquity. It could hardly be called friendship, but was rather a confederacy in debauchery and riot, exemplified in a never ending round of frolic and fun. It was related of Ogle, that, upon hiring a servant, he had stipulated with him that he should never get drunk but when his master was sober. But the fellow sometime after requested his discharge, giving for his reason, that he had in truth no dislike to a social glass himself, but it had so happened, that the terms of the agreement had absolutely cut him off from any chance of ever indulging his propensity.

"Many are the pranks I have heard ascribed, either conjointly or separately, to this *par nobile fratrum*. That of Ogle's first appearance in Philadelphia has been thus related to me by Mr. Will Richards, the apothecary who, *it is well known*, was, from his size and manner, as fine a figure for Falstaff as the imagination can conceive. "One afternoon," said he, "an officer in full regimentals, booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand, spattered with mud from top to toe, and reeling under the effects of an overdose of liquor, made his entrance into the coffee-house, in a box of which I

was sitting, perusing a newspaper. He was probably under the impression, that every man he was to meet would be a Quaker, and that a Quaker was no other than a licensed Simon Pure for his amusement; for no sooner had he entered, than, throwing his arms about the neck of Mr. Joshua Fisher, with the exclamation of—'Ah, my dear Broadbrim, give me a kiss,' he began to slaver him most lovingly. As Joshua was a good deal embarrassed by the salutation, and wholly unable to parry the assault or shake of the fond intruder, I interfered in his behalf, and effected a separation, when Ogle, turning to me, cried out, 'Hah! my jolly fellow, give me a smack of your fat chops,' and immediately fell to hugging and kissing me, as he had done Fisher. But, instead of the coyness he had shown, I hugged and kissed in my turn as hard as I was able, until my weight at length brought Ogle to the floor, and myself on top of him. Nevertheless I kept kissing away, until nearly mashed and suffocated, he exclaimed, 'For heaven's sake let me up, let me up, or you will smother me!' Having sufficiently tormented him, and avenged Joshua Fisher, I permitted him to rise, when he seemed a good deal sobered, and finding that I was neither a Quaker, nor wholly ignorant of the world, he evinced some respect for me, took a seat with me in a box, and entering into conversation, soon discovered that, however he might be disguised by intoxication, he well knew what belonged to the character of a gentleman."—"This," says Richards, "was the commencement of an acquaintance between us; and Captain Ogle sometimes called to see me, upon which occasions he always behaved with the utmost propriety and decorum."

"Among the disaffected (royalists) in Philadelphia, Dr. Kearsley was preeminently ardent and rash. An extremely zealous loyalist, and impetuous in his temper, he had given much umbrage to the Whigs; and, if I am not mistaken, he had been detected in some hostile machinations. Hence he was deemed a proper subject for the fashionable punishment of tarring, feathering, and carting. He was seized at his own door by a party of the militia, and, in the attempt to resist them, received a wound in his hand from a bayonet. Being overpowered, he was placed in a cart provided for the purpose, and, amidst a multitude of boys and idlers, paraded through the streets to the tune of the rogues' march. I happened to be at the coffee-house when the concourse arrived there. They made a halt, while the Doctor, foaming with rage and indignation, without his hat, his wig dishevelled and bloody from his wounded hand, stood up in the cart and called for a bowl of punch. It was quickly handed to him; when, so vehement was his thirst, that he drained it of its contents before he took it from his lips. What were the feelings of others on this lawless proceeding I know not, but mine, I must confess, revolted at the spectacle. I was shocked at seeing a late respected citizen so cruelly vilified, and was imprudent enough to say, that, had I been a magistrate, I would, at every hazard, have interposed my authority in suppression of the outrage. But this was not the only instance which convinced me that I wanted nerves for a revolution. It must be admitted, however, that the conduct of the populace was marked by a lenity which peculiarly distinguished the cradle of our republicanism. Tar and feathers had been dispensed with, and, excepting the injury he had received in his hand, no sort of violence was offered by the mob to their victim. But to a man of high spirit, as the Doctor was, the indignity, in its lightest form, was sufficient to madden him: it probably had this effect, since his conduct became so extremely outrageous, that it was thought necessary to confine him From this city he was soon after removed to Carlisle, where he died during the war.

"A few days after the carting of Mr. Kearsley, Mr. Isaac Hunt, the attorney,* was treated in the same manner, but he managed the matter much better than his precursor. Instead of braving his conductors like the Doctor,

* An uncle, probably, of Leigh Hunt.—Ed. P. F.

Mr. Hunt was a pattern of meekness and humility; and at every halt that was made, he rose and expressed his acknowledgments to the crowd for their forbearance and civility. After a parade of an hour or two, he was set down at his own door, as uninjured in body as in mind. He soon after removed to one of the islands, if I mistake not, to Barbadoes, where, it was understood he took orders.

"Not long after these occurrences, Major Skene, of the British army, ventured to show himself in Philadelphia. Whatever might have been his inducement to the measure, it was deemed expedient by the newly constituted authorities to have him arrested and secured. A guard was accordingly placed over him at his lodgings, at the city tavern. The officer to whose charge he was especially committed, was Mr. Francis Wade, the brewer, an Irishman of distinguished zeal in the cause, and one who was supposed to possess talents peculiarly befitting him for the task of curbing the spirit of an haughty Briton, which Skene undoubtedly was. I well recollect the day that the guard was paraded to escort him out of the city on his way to some other station. An immense crowd of spectators stood before the door of his quarters, and lined the streets through which he was to pass. The weather being warm, the window sashes of his apartment were raised, and Skene, with his bottle of wine upon the table, having just finished his dinner, roared out, in the voice of a Stentor, *God save great George our King.* Had the spirit of seventy-five in any degree resembled Jacobinism, to which it has unjustly been compared, this bravado would unquestionably have brought the major to the *lamp post*, and set his head upon a pike; but as, fortunately for him, it did not, he was suffered to proceed with his song, and the auditory seemed more generally amused than offended."

ART. IX.—*Poetry.*

THE POET.

At morn, at noon, at eve, and middle night,
  He passes forth into the charmed air,
  With Talisman to call up spirits rare
From flower, tree, heath, and fountain. To his sight
The husk of natural objects opens quite
  To the core, and every secret essence there
  Reveals the elements of good and fair,
Making him wise where Learning lacketh light.
  The Poets sympathies are not confined
  To kindred, country, climate, class or kind,
And yet they glow intense.—Oh! were he wise,
Duly to commune with his destined skies,
  Then, as of old, might inspiration shed
  A visible glory round his hallow'd head. S.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADMONITION.

On fairest flower the reptile vile,
  Still leaves its slime behind;
So reptile envy would defile
  The fairest, purest mind:

Then what of genius, taste, you own
  Above the common cast,
Avoid the breath of wide renown,
  As poison'd Sirve's blast.

Confine to self those gems of mind
  Those pleasures ever new,
Or let their lustre be confin'd,
  To light the chosen few.
Nor let thy lamp of virtue shine
  On darksome vice too bright,
For those who bend at Mammon's shrine,
  Abhor its hated light.

Thus Envy's argus eyes may sleep,
  Nor dulness rouse to vent
Those venom'd words, not loud but deep,
  That malice can invent.—
Yes, he who'd gain the gen'ral voice,
  Pale envy overcome,
Must climb with Folly and with Vice,
  And oft seem deaf and dumb.

Affect to close in sleep the eyes,
  When Vice expose its mein,
Spread the light wing when Folly flies,
  " Be all things to all men"—
Must ne'er express indignant thought,
  Of vice, or e'en its tools;
Who sets this prudent case at nought,
  Makes foes of knaves and fools.

A num'rous race, to whom the wise
  And virtuous sometimes bend,
As the wild Arab deifies
  Old Nick, to gain a friend;—
Yet though they gain the world by guile,
  The chance is more than even;
They love the self-approving smile,
  Of Conscience and of Heaven.

THE EXHIBITION.—*A Song.*

Come, come—I am willing
To down with my shilling,
The time to be killing
  With varnish and paint;
So up the stone staircase
I corkscrew my carcase,—
As steep and as dark as
  St. Paul's;—and as faint:

Tall women and towers,
And children with flowers,—
Twelve rosy old Hours,—
A study of cows;—
A view on the Humber,
And nags out of number,—
With other live lumber,
At Somerset House!
Tol de rol, &c.

One dandy Adonis,
And two noble cronies,
Beside rampant ponies
Reclining in curls;
And tumble-down torrents,
And pictures of Florence,
And portraits by Lawrence
Of lanky old Earls:
That a man! what a log!—
Turn to the catalogue!
How like a water-dog
After a souse!
That sky is too milky,—
That dress is too silky,—
How charming is Wilkie
At Somerset House!
Tol de rol, &c.

I've seen the room fuller,
And yet felt it cooler;—
Lord! there's Mrs. Buller,
All pensive and red!
I wonder such fat ewes
Make paintings and statues,
I'll never to that use
Abandon my head!
Here, Wealth hath call'd her men,
Hairy Jews, balder men,
Grim gouty aldermen—
Wigs, beards, and brows!
I think 'tis a pity,
The hanging committee
Thus flatter the city,—
At Somerset House!
Tol de rol, &c.

The sculpture invites me,
For marble delights me,—
Except when it spites me
In desolate busts;

A neat modell'd wax man,
Two babies by Flaxman,
The head of a tax-man
Whom nobody trusts!
Fighters who've fill'd a ring,
Two sleepy children,
Sweetly bewildering
Many a spouse:—
Oh! that Raphael or Titian
Could rise at my wishing
In this exhibition
At Somerset House!
Tol de rol, &c.

NAVAL ODE.

BY JAMES C. PERCIVAL.—FROM OLIO, NO. 1.

OUR walls are on the sea,
And they ride along the wave,
Mann'd with sailors bold and free,
And the lofty and the brave
Hoist their flag to the sport of the gale:
With an even march they sweep
O'er the bosom of the deep,
And their orders trimly keep,
As they sail.

Though so gallantly we ride,
Yet we do not seek the fight;
We have justice on our side,
And we battle in our right,
For our homes, and our altars, and sires;
Then we kindle in our cause,
And awhile a solemn pause—
When the cannon's iron jaws
Spout their fires.

We abhor the waste of life,
And the massacre of war;
We detest the brutal strife
In the van of glory's car;
But we never will shrink from the foe:
This when battles lightning runs
Through his horror-speaking guns,
And his brazen thunder stuns,
He shall know.

We have met them on the deep,
With Decatur and with Hull,
Where our fallen comrades sleep
In their glory's proudest full;

For our homes we will meet them again:
Let their boasted navies frown,
As they proudly bear them down;
We will conquer, burn, or drown,
On the main.

We, too, have hearts of oak,
And the hour of strife may come,
With its hurricane of smoke,
Hissing ball and bursting bomb,
And the death shot may launch thro' our crew;
But our spirits feel no dread,
And we bear our ship ahead,
For we know that honor's bed
Is our due.

Then come on, ye gallant tars!
With your matches in your hand,
And parade beneath our stars
With a free and noble stand,
As you wait for the moment of death:
Hark the word—the foe is nigh,
And at once their war-dogs fly,
But with bosoms throbbing high,
Yield your breath.

Do your duty gallant boys!
And you homeward shall return
To partake your country's joys,
When the lights of triumph burn,
And the warm toast is drank to the brave;
Then, when country calls again,
Be your march along the main,
And in glory spread her reign
O'er the wave.

TO LILLA.

1. Dear Lilla, sing that strain again,
Like thy melodious swell,
In early days that tender strain,
Oft bound my heart in spell;
Of raptur'd bliss, when minstrelsy
Bright wreath of fancy wove,
Of world as smooth as summer sea,
Of innocence and love.

2. Oh Lilla, I with all would part,
To feel as I did then,
Ere a cold world had chill'd my heart
Or quicken'd reason's ken—
Yet Lilla, while you softly sing
That heart entrancing strain,
Joys past return on raptur'd wing,
Blest Hope resumes her reign.

EPIGRAM.

Wit by the dull is hated—why?
Why hates the Owl a clear bright sky?

SONG.

There may be some who lov'd, like me,
Though reason, feeling, pride, reproved;
Loved with aching constancy—
Hopelessly loved.

Some, who to words but half sincere
That should have been but half believed,
Lent, like me, a willing ear,
And were deceived.

Suffering like me, perhaps they found
One struggling wrench, one wild endeavour,
Break the tie that else had bound
Their souls for ever!

And they were freed—and yet I pine
With secret pangs with griefs unspoken:
No—their hearts were not like mine,
Else they had broken! Y.

ART. X.—*Literary and Miscellaneous Intelligence.*

A gentleman, from the interior of New York, intends, if sufficient encouragement shall be afforded him, to construct in the neighbourhood of this city, a map on a new plan, and on a scale so extensive as to cover several acres of ground.

He proposes to delineate the eastern and western hemispheres, on a terrestrial plane, in two circles collaterally situated. The land and water to be distinguished by sand or gravel of different colours. The equator to be represented by a paved path of sufficient width for a walk for two persons. The parallels of latitude, meridians, circles, &c. to be distinctly delineated, and the several zones to be of different shades of colour. The situations of the different mountains are to be designated by small mounds, sufficiently raised to give an idea of their relative altitudes, and those intended to represent such as are of a volcanic character, to be constructed

with a cavity so as to admit of artificial eruptions of smoke and ignited matter. Rocks, soils, shells, &c. illustrative of the geological character of different regions are to be properly distributed; and it is further proposed that the chief cities of different states and empires, the wall of China, the pyramids of Egypt, and other remarkable monuments of human industry, shall have miniature representations. The plan will be completed by decorating the margin of the plot, with foreign and indigenous shrubs and trees.

The design is a bold and novel one, but it appears to most of those who have examined it, well deserving of public attention. The details of geography, as commonly taught in our schools, form a dry study, oppressing the memory, without much improving the judgment. The names of places derived from foreign, and not unfrequently from barbarous languages, are not easily remembered, and the length and breadth of countries, with the distances of towns one from another, are generally learned only to be forgotten. Nor are our common maps calculated to give a lively and lasting impression of the relative situation of places. Each object, though it may be correctly delineated, is too minute to strike the mind with any degree of force, and by the immense number of objects crowded into a small place, confusion is necessarily produced.—But to a map constructed on Mr. Goodrich's plan, it is evident that no such objections could apply. Every thing would here be represented on so extensive a scale, that it could not but be distinctly seen, and would in all probability be distinctly remembered. The learner could place himself in different positions to impress on his mind the relative situation of places, could travel over the plot to determine the relative size of countries, and would thence derive what may properly be called *topical* assistance, in remembering names derived from foreign and barbarous languages.

The inventor of the plan, is, as we before intimated, a Mr. Goodrich. His brother-in-law, who is now in this city, has, we are happy to state, received such encouragement that he has good reason to hope that he will soon be able to effect what he has for some years had in contemplation. Several gentlemen, distinguished in the literary and scientific world, have publicly signified their approbation of the plan, and one has had the liberality to offer a plot of ground, in a pleasant and convenient situation. This being the case, we presume that the money necessary to complete the design will be obtained with but moderate exertion.

To the Republic of Science.—Martins are a bird that migrate in a peculiar manner. It appears to be unknown whence they come, and whither they go; a knowledge of which is very desirable, and, if attained, might lead to a great enlargement of our knowledge in natural history. As these birds, while here, build about our houses, and seem to delight in the society of man, it is inferable that they do the same elsewhere: if so, we might, a little before the time of their departure, attach to their legs or

neck, small labels, written on fine linen or silk, with indelible ink, or on parchment, stating the date, and the name of the place and nation. To this it would be well to add a rough drawing of a ship, with the national flag, and drawings of some of the animals of the climate, as a sort of universal language; also, a request to the reader to attach a similar label about the time of the return of the birds in the spring, and to publish the circumstance in a newspaper of the country. Learned institutions generally might contribute to the improvement of science by printing and distributing such labels both in Latin, and in the language of the country.

If we do not by such means learn, soon or late, where the martins go, it will be inferable that they go to some unlettered people or unknown country. The more reasons we find for presuming there are unknown countries, the more will we be disposed to exert ourselves in research.

Engraving.—The side-graphic printing and engraving establishment of Messrs. Perkins, Fairman and Heath, has been commenced in the house in Fleet-street, late Parker's Glass Manufactory, with every prospect of splendid success. Already they have engaged to manufacture Bank Notes on their *inimitable* plan for several Yorkshire and other Banks; and they are also preparing various engravings for popular books, as maps and views for Goldsmith's Geography, frontispiece for Mavor's Spelling Book, and a solar system for Blair's Preceptor, all of which will have proof impressions of their engravings, though tens of thousands are sold annually. Over and above these applications, they are making preparations to print on cotton, dresses of greater beauty than have been ever fabricated before. The perfection of all their prints must so improve the public judgment, that coarse and inferior prints must soon be banished from use; and hence the arts themselves must be greatly improved.

Corsicaurum.—A new mineral earth has been lately found in Corsica, thought to be impregnated with particles of gold. By chemical operation, vases have been made of it for table services, and it is found to vie in colour and lustre with the finest vermillion.—The name of Corsicaurum has been given to it; it has the property of not discolouring white stuffs, which is not always the case with gold, the most purified and refined.

Messrs. Warren & Wood, offer a silver cup of the value of fifty dollars, for an Address to be delivered at the opening of the New Theatre. Those who desire to be competitors for the prize, are requested to transmit their productions on or before the 15th day of November, each Address to be accompanied with a sealed paper, containing the name of the author, which the managers pledge themselves shall not be opened, unless the premium shall be awarded to such Address. Upon the merits of the different productions offered, a committee of literary gentlemen of acknowledged talents will decide.

THE PORT FOLIO.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various, that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change
> And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—Cowper.

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Art. I.—*Travels in South Africa, undertaken at the request of the London Missionary Society; being a Narrative of a Second Journey in the interior of that country. With a map and coloured prints.* By the Rev. John Campbell. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1822.

Mr. Campbell is already well known for the courage and perseverance displayed in his first journey into South Africa, undertaken in 1813, in which he penetrated as far as Latakoo and Malapeetze, and laid open to the knowledge of the Europeans various nations and countries with which they were formerly unacquainted. This second journey is undertaken on the same views as the first, which are essentially different from those which have tempted other adventurers into the field of African discovery. Mr. Campbell was deputed by the Missionary Society in London to visit their different stations in South Africa, and he appears to have executed this commission with great fidelity, skill, and resolution; having proceeded from Cape Town into the interior in a north-easterly direction, as far as Kurreechane, a town of the Marootzee nation, between the 24th and 25th degrees of north latitude, and above 600 miles from the Cape. In the course of his journey, he visited the different Missionary stations established for the purpose of bringing the intractable natives within the pale of religion and social order; he also visited different African tribes, and collected such information, both as to the state of the country and the character of its inhabitants, as would be useful in the view of a farther extension of the establishment for the instruction of the Africans.

That portion of South Africa visited by Mr. Campbell is inhabited by various races, all equally barbarous in their manners, and equally partaking of the vices of savage life, except in some parts where the evil has been in some degree mitigated by the persevering and successful labours of the Missionaries. This vast region is, of course, one uniform scene of plunder and ferocious broil, the weak the prey of the strong, who trample upon them without mercy. Human society in those parts seems, in short, a complete picture of what takes place among the brute creation, where the stronger and more ferocious animals subsist by devouring the weaker. Another characteristic feature, also, of those barbarous tribes, is the want of all moral energy. Their lives are passed between the two extremes of profusion or of want, the latter state being, however, by far the more common; and in both cases the deficiency of their character equally appears. When they have plenty of food, they riot upon it in the most improvident manner until their stock is exhausted, and no entreaty, nor any experience of former misery, ever leads them to the practice of economy. When they are at length reduced to a state of want, they make no active or provident exertions for their own relief; they are desponding and miserable, and look for help to any quarter rather than to themselves. They are totally destitute either of industry or of morality, and they seem to pursue robbery and murder without any scruple, and indeed as a daily occupation. When they are not powerful enough to rob, they depend for their subsistence on game, with which the country abounds; any little cultivation that appears in the country is owing chiefly to the industry of the women, on whom the other sex, in the true spirit of savages, devolve as much labour as possible. The only business which they conceive to lie to their hand is that of plundering; and with this view they set out on regular expeditions, and in large bands, to rob the neighbouring tribes of their cattle, and to murder their women and children. By the influence of the Missionaries, to whom the natives appear to be friendly, these expeditions appear in some parts to have been abandoned. But of this they make a mighty merit, and claim from the Missionaries to be indemnified for what they have suffered on this account, by a supply of muskets and powder to kill game. A regular attendance on the Missionary service also is sure to be followed by the demand of some reward for their pious perseverance. Selfishness, in short, seems to be the ruling principle. By the superiority of their arms and their skill, the European settlers can always contrive to procure an abundant supply of food from the woods; and in this respect they have been highly serviceable to the natives, and have thus procured their good will, so that they meet with no obstructions. There is no intolerance among the inhabitants to frustrate their efforts, and to make them objects of dislike. The people and their chiefs appear friendly to the Mission

and its objects, and the character and conduct of the Missionaries established in those parts have served greatly to confirm all these favourable prepossessions. A clear and undisturbed field is here opened, therefore, for Missionary labours.

Mr. Campbell having made all the necessary preparations for his journey, left Cape Town on the 18th January, 1820, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. His party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, and himself, together with the necessary Hottentot attendants. They travelled in wagons drawn by oxen, generally in a north-easterly course, to Beaufort, which has been lately erected into a parish, and where it is proposed to build a town. It is not far from the limits of the colony. Their mode of travelling was of course tedious, and they suffered considerably from the heat, the thermometer being sometimes at 100 degrees. The country through which they passed was occasionally mountainous, and abounded in sublime and picturesque scenery. They passed also several rivers, the banks of which were frequented by lions. In some parts the country was fertile, and was equally adapted either for the vineyard or corn field. On the 21st of February they proceeded on their journey, and reached the confines of the colony. They passed the houses of several farmers, or boors, who had taken up their residence in this desert spot. On the progress of cultivation, the lions, and tigers, and other wild animals, have retired farther into the desert; although the colonists, on their first settlement, were much annoyed by those formidable neighbours. Passing the last boor's house, they found that the master was away at Cape Town. His two sons were residing at the place with a German schoolmaster. They had many horses and sheep in their enclosures, and the first month after their settlement they killed twenty-eight lions. Four days before the arrival of the missionaries, they shot one which had devoured a kid. They were surrounded with the wild Bushmen, the wandering inhabitants of the country, who are all robbers, being wretchedly poor, and compelled to resort to plunder for subsistence. Many of these people this farmer had taken into his service, preferring this expedient to shooting them, to which he would have been forced, as the only other method of protecting himself from their robberies.

The party left Beaufort, to penetrate into the desert, on the 21st February; and they reached Griqua, a town inhabited by natives, on the 13th March. They encountered the usual fatigues inseparable from such journeys, and suffered greatly from heat, the thermometer being frequently above 90, and sometimes as high as 100. Their progress was also stopt the first night of their journey by a large lion, which was seen watching them at a distance. The track through which they passed abounds in these ferocious animals, of which they frequently saw the traces and heard the howlings. Griqua Town is a Missionary station;

and Mr. Campbell had the satisfaction of finding his friends in perfect health, and actively employed in their labours. They had established a school for the instruction of the Griqua children, at which Mr. Campbell saw upwards of 100 present, who were examined from a Dutch catechism, and answered with great fluency and readiness. Three Griqua women also, dressed after the European fashion, were sewing some cotton articles. The attendance at the school has become much more punctual since four boys have been appointed monitors or inspectors, who, when any one is missing from the school, are sent to search for and bring back the absentees. In the course of their journey they crossed the Great Orange river, which drains the whole of this extensive country of its waters. At this place they had an opportunity of observing an almost total eclipse of the sun, during which the planet Venus was visible for near an hour. This took place on the 14th March, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Mr. Campbell's party left the Griqua town on the 21st March for Old Lattakoo, where they arrived after a journey of five days. Owing to the increased use of fire-arms among the Griquas, game had become scarce, and the ferocious animals, such as lions, tigers, wolves, &c. had fled farther into the recesses of the wilderness. They met in their journey several families of Bushmen, or wandering natives, in the lowest state of wretchedness. They gave them some tobacco, of which they are very fond, and also the skin of a sheep, for which they appeared extremely grateful. One of them being asked how long it was since he washed his face, could not tell—and his wife laughed heartily on hearing the question. At New Lattakoo, they found that a commodious place of worship had been erected, capable of containing about 400 persons; also a row of missionary houses, furnished with excellent gardens behind. Seven in the evening was the hour of public worship, when many of the natives were present.

About an hour after their arrival, they were waited upon by Mateebe the king, and Kossee the king of Mashow, a place farther into the interior, along with their wives and relatives, to all of whom they had to make presents of various European articles, ornamental as well as useful. It is the practice here to indulge without restraint in a plurality of wives, who are engrossed chiefly by the rich, so that it is difficult for the poor to obtain them on any terms. Mr. Campbell, in the afternoon, waited on the king's uncle, Munameets, who acted a friendly part to him on his former visit; and after sunset he was visited by the king and his uncle's sons, and a nephew, who expected from him the customary present of tobacco, which they meant to carry home in the dark, for fear of being obliged to share it with importunate visiters, if they had taken it away during the day. The people are grossly selfish, and debased in all their habits. It appears that the Missionaries could procure a full attendance of young

people at school, provided they were either to feed them, or to make them daily presents of beads, on which they set a great value. The regular attendance, either at school or at church, is always sure to be followed by some demand or other; and this, indeed, is the usual preliminary to every selfish proposal. It is first thought necessary to conciliate the Missionaries by an outward show of devotion; and it is accordingly observed, that when any of the principal men attend regularly the Missionary meetings, they in due time make a demand for the loan of the Missionary wagon, and afterwards for the team of oxen for their plough, or for something else. In the present state of matters, it is generally thought prudent to comply with their requests. One of their kings, on mentioning that he had given up his plundering expeditions, to which he attached great merit, hinted, that as he could not in this case obtain cattle as formerly, he ought to be furnished with muskets and powder to kill game. They always consider their attendance at school or at church as a favour done the Missionaries, and they uniformly act upon this notion. They were in the practice of continually begging from the Missionaries either for snuff, tobacco, beads, or buttons; and the king, though he had no ceremony in begging himself, would not allow this royal privilege to his subjects, but drove them off from the Missionaries, when they were troubling them with their petitions, both by kicks and cuffs.

Mr. Campbell had a formal meeting with the king on the subject of the mission which had been sent, and with which he appeared well pleased. He said he had attended them. On Mr. Campbell's expressing sorrow that so few children had frequented the school, he said, "they had to attend the cattle." The following conversation between the Missionaries and the king affords a specimen of his religious views.

"Does Mateebe think any of his people are happier or better, by the things which the Missionaries have told them?

"All are pleased with the Word, but we cannot comprehend it; we are glad we have the means of knowing it; we can now sleep well."

"Can Mateebe tell what causes them to sleep so well? Is it because they now know something of the true God, or because white men with guns now live among them?"

"A peace from God, and by the word coming among us."

"When Jesus Christ was in the world, some who did not understand the meaning of what he said, came and requested him to explain it to them. The inhabitants of Lattakoo should do the same to the Missionaries, when they hear any thing they do not understand."

"That ought to be so; but the Griquas once did not understand—now they are changed. I hope it will be so with us."

"Does Mateebe now understand how a book can speak, better than he did when I endeavoured to explain it on my former visit?"

"I do not yet understand how the Bible speaks, nor how a letter tells about things which happen far off."

"Wherefore does the king come to the Missionaries to ask for news when he hears they have received a letter?"

"The Missionary looks at the letter and knows news, but when I look at it I see nothing, because the missionary knows things by the letter I ask him what they are."

"Does Mateebe know how news comes in the letter?"

"I do not know, but the people who can write know it."

"I expected that Mateebe, before now, would have been able himself to write a letter to the far land?"

"If I wish to write, I may come to the Missionary, and he will write for me. I had called on the Missionary when he was writing, but he never put the pen into my hand." He expressed this with a laugh.

"Have not all been publicly invited to come and learn to write?"

"Yes, the ask is there! but *me* they have not asked."

Old Lattakoo is about 50 miles distant from New Lattakoo, in a direction north-east. They both contain about 4000 inhabitants. For this place Mr. Campbell set out, after taking an affectionate leave of those friends who were to be left at New Lattakoo to labour in their vocation. This town lies across a wide valley, through which runs the river Lattakoo. On entering it, an immense concourse assembled both of old and young, who rushed out from every quarter towards the wagons. Mr. Campbell and his party were received by the chief in the square in the middle of the town, surrounded by his captains. The captains came forward and saluted them, by shaking hands, some of them instantly asking for snuff. The children were shy, and some of them frightened at the white people. A little attention, however, soon made them familiar.

After settling with the ruler of Lattakoo for the reception of a Missionary, to which he seemed well inclined, the expedition left this place for Meribohwhey, which is to the north-east, and about sixty miles farther into the interior. During the whole previous course of the journey from Cape Town, the ground was bare, except on the banks of rivers; but now it was covered with wood, as far as the eye could reach. Nor were the trees close together, so as to form a close and impenetrable forest. They were scattered, and formed at times clumps, having the appearance of a park. Wagon tracks were now no longer visible, and the road was dreadfully rough for the wagons. The country also abounded with wild animals, which frequently occasioned alarm, and sometimes loss. One morning, when the expedition was preparing to set forward at eight o'clock, those who were sent out to collect the draught cattle, brought back two horses, and two oxen; the other ox they found torn to pieces by lions. It appeared from the foot marks that the animal had been attacked by two lions, one of which had laid hold of the mouth, the marks of his great tusks being visible above and below it; the other had seized his prey behind. After having despatched the ox, they had nearly devoured the whole carcass; and it was evident from their footmarks, that they had also pursued the other oxen. Before setting out on the 17th, a lion came roaring before the wagons, and after repeating this several times, he quietly made his retreat.

They proceeded forward in spite of these obstacles, sometimes travelling through tall grass, and sometimes through tall bushes or trees. The wild animals were every where abundant, and so many footmarks of lions were seen, that the natives notwithstanding their expertness in such matters, could not ascertain their number. They kept roaring round the wagons during the night, owing to which, the oxen tied to them took fright, and had nearly overturned one of them. The heat was more moderate, the thermometer being generally about 75, and never rising above 84. They subsisted chiefly on the wild animals which they killed, the natives indulging, without bounds, in their voracity after flesh. When they approached Meribohwhey, the women and children came running in crowds with all speed to witness the novel spectacle of travelling houses or wagons. They kept at a distance, however, from terror. On approaching nearer the town they were met by a great number of the inhabitants, who came rushing forward armed with spears, battle-axes, and long sticks, wearing hairy skin caps, skin cloaks, and sandals, and making, altogether, a frightful appearance, though they came as friends. After their arrival in the town they were surrounded by a crowd of about 500 persons, who assembled in rows opposite the wagons; those in front sitting on the ground, that those behind might have a full view. The children were, however, terrified at the appearance of white men, and, on Mr. Campbell's advancing towards them, they fled to a considerable distance. At the hour of worship they again assembled in great numbers. "They sat patiently, (says Mr. Campbell,) and "seemed to listen with attention—every thing was novel to "them, the things seen, as well as the things said, the tent, ta-"ble, candle, singing, prayer by our interpreter in their own lan-"guage, all seemed to interest and surprise them."

At a meeting with the principal men of the place, the object of the Missionaries' visit was stated to them to be to inform them of the word of God, and to inquire whether, like the natives of Old Lattakoo they were willing to receive instructors, and to engage for their protection. They were farther assured by Munameets, who came with them, that the Missionaries were peaceable men—that they would ask nothing for their support but what they chose to give them—and that their guns which they had with them, were not to kill men, but lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, and game to eat. After some parley, in which the king complained of his neighbours, for having, before they had a teacher, taken from him seven pack-oxen, and killed his brother, he concluded with expressing his desire that missionaries should be established among them; for (he observed) the bones of the animals which they threw among the children, might be ground down and eat, and the skins of the animals they shot, the men could eat. He concluded by saying, "All "men should hear the word of God."

Presents were now made to the king and the chief captains. A night-cap was given to the king, of which he inquired the use, when it was immediately put on his head, and he continued to wear it till the meeting broke up. A looking glass was also given him, in which he viewed himself, without discovering any visible signs of emotion. He could not conceive the use of scissors, till part of his beard was clipped off with them. The use of other articles, such as needles, thimbles, pincushion with pins in it, had also to be explained to them. They were all amazed to see how soon a gimblet made a hole through a stick. In their subsequent visits to the tent, they were particularly struck with the sight of a tea-pot, on seeing the use of which they expressed their astonishment with uplifted hands. The missionaries preached to them at different times, and they were always listened to with attention.

Leaving Meribohwhey for Mashow, a town still farther into the interior, they passed through some extensive fields of Caffre corn, and, ascending the summit of a low hill, they had a view of a country far exceeding in beauty any thing they had yet seen in Africa. An extensive valley lay before them, covered with rich pasture finely interspersed with trees, and displaying in different places the most delightful verdure. On passing through this valley, and ascending the hill which inclosed it, they had a view of the city of Mashow, standing, like Meribohwhey, which they had left, on an eminence which was destitute of a tree or bush; but which was covered with corn fields. Mashow is an extensive and populous place, by far the most considerable of any they had yet come to. Mr. Campbell, in walking on the north-west side of the town, counted eleven villages or districts, and, in the evening, to the south-east, eighteen districts. The population he calculated at about ten or twelve thousand, and the corn fields extended around the town for at least about twenty miles. The inhabitants crowded around them, as in other towns, and their reception by the king and his captains was equally friendly. At a meeting with them, it was agreed, on the suggestion of one of the captains, about thirty years of age, that it would be well to have such men among them.

The Hottentots who travelled along with the Missionaries, and who were guarding the oxen, shot a red bok during the day, and those who went to hunt the rhinoceros, wounded one of these animals, and killed two buffaloes. By the former of these one of the men nearly lost his life. Two of them came running towards him to attack him, when he tried to fire at them; but his piece would not go off: flying into a bush he was furiously pursued by one of those formidable creatures tearing up the ground with its powerful horn as it advanced. It came forward with such fury that it overleaped the object of its rage, and the terrified hunter was thus enabled to escape, before it could stop and

turn round its unwieldy body for a new attack. It would appear that flesh is a great rarity among the Africans, such unfeigned joy was excited by the slaughter of the two buffaloes; and the road being too rocky for wagons, the king sent pack-oxen for their carcases.

From Mashow, Mr. Campbell and his attendants proceeded still farther into the interior, in a north-easterly direction, for Kurreechane, above a hundred miles distant. They set out from Mashow on the 27th April, at eight o'clock in the morning, accompanied for a short distance by the king and his brother. Their progress was delayed during the first days of their journey, by deluges of incessant rain, and the thermometer was depressed to 60. Mr. Campbell ascribes with great probability this cold weather to the elevation of the ground on which they now were. The incessant rains, and scantiness of animal food, depressed the spirits of the Africans in an extraordinary degree. They had devoured their whole stock of flesh, which, with ordinary moderation, ought to have lasted them four or five days, and they never troubled themselves to think whence a new supply was to be procured. They all sat, accordingly, in sorrowful silence, which was broken occasionally by complaints that they were very hungry. One of the Hottentots informed them that he had wounded a hartebeast, a large animal, the preceding day, and that he was sure it must have died. They chose rather, however, to remain in the tent to starve, than to go out in the rain, in quest of food. The weather clearing they proceeded on their journey through luxuriant pastures, filled with numerous droves of large game, and the haunt in consequence, of the ferocious animals. They met here with the dead carcass of a lion, in the posture of crouching, as if he had been alive, and immediately afterwards, they saw three lions pursuing a hartebeast. At four o'clock they killed a fat knoo, an animal about the size of a young cow, which caused great joy to the starving Africans. The country to the north and north-west appeared one boundless expanse of forest. The thermometer at noon was only 66. The morning of the 30th of April was delightful, and they proceeded on their journey. After crossing a small river, Mr. Campbell observes, that he had here, for the first time, an opportunity of observing the rhinoceros. It passed within two hundred yards of the wagons, and was shortly afterwards shot by one of the hunters. On reaching the place where it lay, our author was astonished at its bulk; being eleven feet long, six feet in height, and four feet broad. The following description of the behaviour of the natives, on this occasion, gives a perfect idea of their brutal and ferocious character.

"The sight of so huge a carcass to eat delighted the natives who were with us. Four different parties, who travelled with us, began instantly to cut it up, each party carrying portions to their own heap, as fast as they could.

Some being more expeditious than others, excited jealousy, and soon caused a frightful uproar. Perhaps twenty tongues were bawling out at one time, one of which by itself seemed sufficient to deafen an ox. Not a word was spoken in jest, all were deeply serious. Some severe strokes with sticks were dealt among them by the leaders of the parties."—"In less than an hour, every inch of that monstrous creature was carried off, and nothing but a pool of blood left behind. Their rage and fury, during the struggle for flesh, gave them such a ferocity of countenance, that I could recognize only a few of them, and actually inquired if these people belonged to our party, or if they had come from some neighbouring kraal," or village.

When they halted in the evening, they immediately began to cook their meat. Fifteen fires were lighted, around each of which a small company was gathered, roasting, boiling, and devouring flesh (our author observes) with disgusting voraciousness. Eighty-nine persons were counted on this occasion.

During this night many lions were heard, and in the morning three were seen prowling very near the wagons. The shooting of the rhinoceros on the Saturday disposed all the people to meet without grumbling on the Sabbath, though comparatively few would leave the flesh-pots to attend the morning worship at eleven A. M. In the evening, the tent was filled, and several were obliged to remain on the outside. On the 2d of May, they crossed the Molopo river, which is the last point whence any intelligence ever came from Cowan, Denovan, and the soldiers of the Cape regiment, who crossed it fourteen years before. Many lions were as usual, heard prowling round the wagons at night. Their travelling train of wagons, men, women, children, oxen, and sheep, in different companies, extended about a mile, and presented, as well may be supposed a singular scene. Two rhinoceroses were passed quietly feeding on a hill. One of the Africans went to attack them with his assagai, or spear, but missed them, and was compelled to fly for refuge to a bush. After a laborious journey, and crossing the deep and rapid river Lukoowhai, they arrived at Kurreechane, on the 4th of May. They were surrounded, as usual, with crowds of spectators, who gazed upon white men with unaffected astonishment and terror. The wagons were constantly beset, and at every turn which Mr. Campbell took in their vicinity, he was followed by at least a hundred persons, who disputed much, as he afterwards learnt, about the blue and white stripes of his trowsers, wondering of what beasts' skins the dress was made.

At this place, the situation of the missionaries appears to have been somewhat critical. They were in the midst of a people scarcely removed from the savage state, naturally cruel and suspicious, and whom the slightest circumstance might render hostile. They appear, however, to have conducted themselves with great calmness and address, particularly improving every opportunity for conciliation, until a favourable impression was at length made on the untutored minds of these natives. One

great objection to them was their want of beads, which are highly valued in these countries, and which form, indeed the only medium of commercial exchange. The people also appeared to be of warlike habits, and they disliked the peaceful doctrines of the Missionaries, who, on all occasions, expressed their disapprobation of commandoes or plundering expeditions. After various difficulties and delays, however, and no little suspense, a public meeting was at length agreed on, at which Mr. Campbell and his party attended, and of which he gives a very amusing and characteristic acccount. These meetings seem to form a singular combination of business and diversion. Each speaker gives three howls; and frequently a dance takes place by himself, or some of his men, before he commences his harangue; or an exhibition of warlike manœuvres. One of the African captains who travelled with Mr. Campbell, introduced his speech by three howls, which were somewhat different from those of the place, approaching nearer to yells or shrieks. This diverted the female spectators extremely, who burst out accordingly into immoderate fits of laughter. After the howls, three or four of his men began a dance, and one of them, when imitating an attack upon an enemy, fell flat upon his face, a trick which excited one universal roar of laughter throughout the whole assembly. After four hours' dancing and discussion, and many exhortations to war from some of the older chiefs, the pacific views of the Missionaries were at length approved of by the regent and other leading men, who explained the reasons why the Missionaries had no beards, the want of which had caused such dissatisfaction. The propriety of receiving a Missionary was finally agreed to by the regent and the other chiefs.

The population of this place was estimated by the Missionaries to amount to 16,000. The people are superior to many of their neighbours in Africa, manufacturing vessels of clay very neatly, in which they hold water, milk, food, &c. They have also pots of clay of all sizes, and very strong. They smelt both iron and copper, and manufacture various instruments of domestic use from the former metal, though rather rudely. Their iron is equal to any steel, and a cutler established at Kurreechane would be able to support a mission established there. Every knife, though without being made to shut, is worth a sheep; and numerous customers would be found, both in the town and in the neighbourhood. A rough made axe is worth an ox. They have also other manufactures, in ivory, leather, wood, &c. and they grow considerable quantities of tobacco, both for home consumption and for exportation.

In no place were the Missionaries so much followed as at Kurreechane. From morning to night, crowds surrounded the wagons; and when Mr. Campbell proceeded through the

state of the greatest wretchedness, from their idleness and improvidence; and are, of course, constantly on the watch to carry off the cattle of the settlers. This subjects them to constant alarm and distraction, while, by keeping alive in the country a spirit of strife and ferocity, it necessarily indisposes the minds of the inhabitants to settlement and peace. Mr. Campbell truly observes, that, as the first step to improvement, it would be necessary to collect all these wretched wanderers into settlements, and to instruct them in the first rudiments of social life; and so poor are they, that, for daily subsistence, he thinks they would thankfully comply with any conditions imposed on them. In the course of their journey to the Griqua Town, Mr. Campbell and his party had some of their cattle carried off by these plunderers, who were apprehended, however, and expected, what they would have been sure to have met with from their African enemies, instant death. They were let off with a slight chastisement, which was no sooner ended than they begged to be taken into service, on condition of being supplied with food and clothing.

At the Griqua Town, the missionary school is flourishing and well attended. At an examination, 30 children were found who could read the New Testament; 106 attended; and, during the summer, the number is increased to 160. The people seemed generally impressed with the necessity of being industrious and peaceable. At Campbell Town, which they visited, they found that the natives had daily meetings for worship, which was conducted by Abraham Kok, son to Cornelius Kok, an old Griqua captain; and, at Upper Campbell, they found Cornelius, another of his sons, engaged in the same manner. They were particularly struck with the savage ignorance and degraded state of the Corannas, an African tribe settled near Orange river, whom they considered to be even a step lower than the wandering Bushmen of the desert. Their whole enjoyment seems to consist in eating and sleeping, and their existence thus passes away in a state of stupid insensibility, indifferent to every thing that is not connected with mere animal enjoyment.

After remaining some time at the Cape, Mr. Campbell took his passage to England. His journey into the interior of Africa occupied him ten months, and it was accomplished without any serious accident, or the loss of a single person. Mr. Campbell himself did not experience the least illness, even for a single hour; and he seems to have displayed, in a remarkable degree, throughout the journey, all the qualities required for such an enterprise,—fortitude, patience, perseverance, and address.

ART. II.—*The Pirate, by the Author of Waverley, Kenilworth, &c.*

(Continued from p. 243.)

IN our last Number we stated our intention of entering, somewhat at large, into a view of the evils which appear to us to flow from a habit of trifling reading, particularly in the line of fictitious narrative. In order fairly to meet the case, we divided works of imagination—not very logically perhaps, but conveniently for our purpose—into three classes; namely, those which are written with an obviously *bad* intention; those which are written with *no* definite intention at all, except fame or profit to the author and amusement to the reader; and those which are written with a positively *good* intention. The first class we dismissed in a few words, as too palpably evil to require an argumentative reprehension. The second class seemed to deserve a more lengthened discussion; and to furnish a basis for our remarks, we selected as a somewhat favourable specimen, the tales of the unknown author of Waverley; and had proceeded so far in our plan as to give an outline of "The Pirate," with extracts —this being his last production, and though inferior to several which have proceeded it in literary merit, yet presenting a fair sample of the moral qualities of his novels.

Now we do not hesitate to say, that even were no novel more exceptionable than the Pirate, or than Waverley, or Kenilworth, or any other of these tales, the effect of habitually indulging in the perusal of such works would be decidedly injurious; and we propose to fortify our remarks by a specification of some of the evils which appear to us naturally to result from this habit. We should however premise, that though we have selected the Waverley Novels as a sort of standard by which to try the question at isue, and have thus taken ground much less favourable to our own views than if we had extended our view to the general trash of the circulating library; we shall not so strictly confine our remarks, as not occasionally to urge arguments which may not apply, at least in their full force, to the writings immediately under our consideration; a warning which we think it but fair to give, lest we should seem to impute to the author of Waverley faults with which he is not chargeable. Our readers, therefore, in justice both to the author and to us, will make the necessary abatements in the application of our strictures to his particular case.

The first objection which presses upon our attention in regard to the habit of novel-reading, is the INJURIOUS *excitement* which it tends to produce. And here let it be kept in mind, that the works of fictitious narrative to which our observations are meant to apply, are those which are written with no definite views, except of fame or profit to the author, or of amusement to the reader. Now, works of this description may differ widely in their

degrees of morality, or immorality; but one property is common to almost all of them, that they are intended to be stimulating. If they fail in this, it is generally the author's misfortune, and not his purpose. He intends his work to be irresistible in arresting the imagination, and absorbing, for the time, every faculty of the mind, and every affection of the heart. If his readers can contentedly eat, drink, sleep, study, or pray, from the time they commence his narrative, till they have followed the vicissitudes of his hero or heroine to their conclusion, it is so much detracted from the potency of his genius. He wishes his spell to be inextricable: his ideal world is to cast into the shade all the tame realities of this visible sphere: joy and sorrow, health and duty, are all to be forgotten, while, following the mazes of the artist's fancy, the enchanted reader plies the volume by the ray of the sickly taper into the darkest watches of midnight. We do not aver that every novel *is* thus alluring; but this is only to say that every novel is not written by a Richardson, a Burney, a Ratcliffe, or by the author of Waverley. What is called a "good" novel, and what for that very reason perhaps we ought to call a "bad" one, certainly *approaches* this standard of excellence. It introduces its reader to a new world; it rivets his attention by an artfully adjusted series of incidents, and a highly-wrought description of characters; stimulating the feelings and the curiosity in so powerful a manner, as, for time, to render almost every thing else uninteresting in the comparison. The excitement may be more or less injurious in *its character*, or in *its intensity*, or in *its duration*. In many novels, *the character* or quality, so to speak of the excitement, is of a decidedly exceptionable kind: they add fuel to the flame of passions which we are bound to mortify and subdue; they lead the reader to the margin of temptation, and too often precipitate him over the brink. We shall not complain very seriously of the Waverley Tales in *this* respect; for the excitement they cause is not for the most part strictly that of the passions. But still an *intense* excitement of *long duration*, even if not positively vicious, is generally hurtful in its effects. It enervates the mind; it generates a sickliness of fancy; and it renders the ordinary affairs of life insipid. Should it be objected, that this argument, if allowed at all, would go much too far; that it would banish music, and poetry, and all works of imagination, and many of the severer sciences themselves, since all these cause *excitement;* it may be replied, that it would certainly go *so far* as to restrict these within due bounds where they are matters of mere recreation:—where they are matters of business, they do not come fairly within the scope of the present discussion. We admit that a mathematical treatise may create as long and powerfully sustained an interest as a novel; and that the excitement will be injurious, if it cause a person to neglect any duty of life for its gratification. But then there are many qualifications in the one case, which do not ap-

ply to the other. For example, the interest excited by the Principia of Newton, is not of an impassioned character: it may, indeed, like a novel, so arrest the mind as to cause the student to neglect the claims of business, or devotion, or health itself; but it does not minister to any corrupt appetite, which is more than can be said of *most* novels: nor is such a course of reading open to various other important objections, which we shall have to urge against an inordinate indulgence in works of fiction. Again; the faculties called into exercise by severe study, are of a very different nature to those which are stimulated by novel reading; nor is the vigour of the mind impaired, but on the contrary increased, by such an application of its powers. Besides which, the one may be an affair of business; whereas the other can only be at best a recreation. A Cambridge wrangler, we allow, may be as much engrossed by his pursuits, as a novel reader; but the one is engrossed in his proper calling, the other for no assignable good end or purpose whatever. If a clergyman in active duty, as a mere amusement, were to give up his mind to the same degree of mathematical study as he might lawfully do when a college student, he would doubtless be open to a part of the charge which we are urging against novel reading: he would find his studies entrenching on his public labours, and would shrink perhaps from the ordinary calls of his duty to indulge in these pleasures of intellect. There would however still be many degrees of difference in the two cases; though in both the claims of a family, or a parish, might be neglected in the intoxication of habitual mental excitement.

Our argument, however, is by no means intended to go so far as to exclude a temperate degree of mental excitement, arising from a variety of pursuits, as well as from the study of mathematics. With respect to such poetry, or music, or fictitious literature, as have no vicious tendencies, the chief danger consists in the intensity and duration of the excitement they produce. But the intensity and duration of that produced by novel reading is usually very considerable. Few novel readers can take up a well-written tale, consisting of several volumes, for five or ten minutes at a time, and lay it down again, and return to the ordinary and less interesting pursuits of life, without having their minds injuriously stimulated, and being led to cast many "a longing lingering look behind." There is an evil in this respect in the general construction of our novels; they are usually long—much longer than any person *ought* to be able to find time to read at one, two, three, or even many more sittings; yet they are so contrived, as to be incapable of being read in repose by instalments. The mind is absorbed; the imagination is heated; and the affections are engaged. The moment arrives to lay down the volume; but it is not so easy to banish the subjects; we quit it in a feverish state of mind, and are in this fever till we return to

it. Business, study, devotion, the requirements of nature, and the obligations of society, are but an irksome parenthesis, till some imaginary hero is extricated from his perilous jeopardy, or some sentimental heroine is united to the object of her uncontrollable affections. The result may be best seen in young and badly educated persons, and in general wherever the mind has not been disciplined to self-controul. In such cases, the struggle between the call of duty, and the stimulus of curiosity, is but too plain: the midnight novel, if it does not colour the next day's conversation, gives at least its tone to the feelings; and it is well if it do not throughthe day occupy by stealth many a moment clandestinely taken from business requiring close and undivided attention, and if it do not also engross the thoughts even while it is not allowed to fill the hands.

A mind under the genuine influence of novel reading, shrinks from every thing like effort in study. It is stimulated with artificial condiments, till it loses all natural and healthy appetite. Not only the graver departments of literature, but even books of amusement of a less piquant character, become dull and prosing in comparison with these highly-seasoned viands. We question whether a few months unrestrained indulgence in Waverley novels themselves, sober and manly as they are when compared with the ordinary class of such productions, would not generate, for a time at least, a distaste for our standard essayists, and for most writers of true and unromantic narrative; to say nothing of the more serious walks of metaphysics, theology, and other abstract studies, which could not be supposed to present any attractions to the habitual novel reader.

Were we Medical Reviewers instead of Christian Observers, we might feel it necessary to add to our charge against novel reading, on the score of excitement, the *physical* evils often attendant on the practice when carried to excess. We know, at least, that medical men have frequently urged this point; and have stated that the habit of novel reading is almost as enervating to one class of their patients, as the use of opium, or of spiritous liquors, to another It is very clear, that the passions of the human mind cannot be strongly excited day after day, and year after year, without causing subsequent languor and exhaustion, both mental and bodily; and though we freely confess, that the novels of the Waverley school are less injurious, in their effects on the nervous system, than those of the *sentimental* class, yet they must still be ranged under the general head of deleterious stimulants; and the difference of a few drops, more or less, of alcohol in the potion, will not be sufficient to render it an innocent *beverage*, however mildly it may operate as an occasional *cordial*.

A second objection which strikes us, in connexion with a habit of novel reading, is *the serious waste of time which it occasions*.

—This blame the Waverley Tales must, in their measure, share with the trash which loads the shelves of the circulating library; for it surely will not be pretended, that taking them generally they pay their readers in profit for the consumption of time they occasion. In one view, they are more dangerous than ordinary novels; because, many persons whose age, or habits, or education, exempt them from the temptation of promiscuous novel reading, are seduced by the talents of this author to devote more hours to his performances than they ought to subtract from their positive duties, or to dedicate to works of mere entertainment. Let any person calculate the number of solid hours expended in a large family, where, perhaps, thirty or more of these volumes have been perused by five or six individuals, or let him multiply this into the aggregate of the national reading, and he will probably be surprised at the vast consumption of time involved in the process. We are aware, that to a thorough novel reader, time is an article of little or no value, except, like game to a sportsman, to be "killed;" but to persons not quite so far advanced in frivolity, the estimate may appear of more importance. We believe that some serious and well-disposed persons would be shocked, were they carefully to number the hours which they devote annually to trifling reading: and then compare this startling record with the time given to the first great purpose of human existence. And is it not, we would ask, in the view of every reflecting man, an evil of incalculable magnitude, that the few remnants of time which persons, immersed in the business of the world, can spare for the occasional relaxation of their minds; for the amiable endearments of the social circle; for the instruction of their families; and for that private meditation and prayer, and that study of the Scriptures, which are so necessary to fit them to bear up against the temptations of the world, and "so to pass through things temporal that finally they lose not the things eternal," instead of being improved for beneficial purposes, should be engrossed and rendered pernicious by an indulgence in frivolous, not to say noxious, reading. In this view it is not necessary that every volume, or any one volume, should be of a decidedly exceptionable tendency; it is enough for our argument, if the general result is such that the individual is not benefited, that his family has been neglected, and that his general train of thought and feeling, already too secular, has been debased instead of elevated; has been alienated from God and heaven, instead of being attracted to them by his few select moments of retirement and leisure.

A third injurious effect attendant on the generality of those works of fictitious narrative, which form the subject of our observations, arises from *the false and dangerous views which they present of the actual circumstances of life*—It is a prime secret for happiness to learn the art of lowering our expectations; to

be satisfied with a little; to be content with the state of life in which we are placed; to improve, and thus to enjoy, the present hour, and to look for no perfection either in men or things. But how different the lessons taught by the bulk of poets and novelists! Extatic joy and insupportable sorrow are almost the only conditions of life for which their scale is graduated. The mediocrity of talent, of property, and of personal endowment, which generally presents itself in the actual intercourse of mankind, is banished from their ideal world. Men are heroes, and women are angels: love is the master passion; and the pursuit of a captivating object the great business of human existence. Now, it is impossible that a person can habitually enter with full zest into the spirit of this fictitious creation, without feeling a little dissatisfied with the tame realities of the actual scene of his own "work-day" state of being. The best, the most natural, of mere novels, must necessarily be overcharged; their lights must be made brighter than the reality, to give contrast to their shadows; and their shadows darker than the reality, to give effect to their lights. But young and inexperienced persons will not easily be persuaded to believe that these fascinating representations are fabulous: true, they do not find the prototypes among their own relations and acquaintance; but then, they doubt not they are to be found elsewhere: they succeed in persuading themselves that they shall meet with more sentiment, and more sensibility, and more exquisite joys, and more pungent sorrows, in some other more favoured region, than they have yet been able to trace in that which happens to lie within the bounds of their daily vision: the enchanted paradise exists, though hitherto it has not been their happy fate to discover its precincts. Surely nothing can be more ensnaring to ardent and youthful minds, or more calculated to destroy that tranquil acquiescence in the allotments of Providence, which forms a grand constituent in human happiness, than such highly wrought exhibitions of ideal scenes and characters. And,—what we think has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by those who have reprobated novels on account of their splendid fictions,—even where scenes in real life are displayed, and displayed faithfully, they may, to many readers, have all the evil effects of the most intoxicating ideal world. To a young man or woman in an humble station, many even of the ordinary incidents of novels may thus be fatally injurious. To wear silk stockings, and go to the play, may appear as alluring a phantom to a lady's maid in a country village, as, to her more sentimental mistress, to be a Clementina della Poretta, or, if our readers will, a Minna Troil. And what is the next step? We refer to other pages than our own for an answer. The annals of the Magdalen and Lock Hospitals, and of the Guardian Society, if the secret history of the first aberrations of the heart could always be known, would too probably furnish many a record of the

baneful effects of habits of novel reading on ignorant and inexperienced minds.

With regard to the Waverley Tales, we have before admitted that the excitement of the passions is not by any means their characteristic quality; yet we cannot exempt them from the charge of exhibiting delusive and injurious views of human life. We need go no farther than the novel immediately before us; for who among the young admirers of these imaginary scenes, would contentedly sit down amidst books or legers, or engross parchment, or follow any regular honest vocation, if he could spend his life like Mordaunt Mertoun, free as an eagle, and without a care or a thought beyond wandering from crag to crag, encountering the perils, and enjoying the pleasures, of an adventurous sportsman, and relaxing from these rougher joys in the society of the beautiful and fascinating inmates of Burg Westra? We are not sure that the habits of the bold jovial Pirates themselves would not find admirers; and we fear that poor Minna is not singular in her attachment to the freebooter Cleveland. But we shall have occasion to advert to the evil effects arising from the way in which characters are delineated in novels, in a subsequent part of our remarks. What we intend exclusively to allege in the present argument is, that professed novels are almost always unlike real life; and that the dissimilarity is such as to lead to the formation of false and injurious estimates of its actual nature. Even the novels of the author of Waverley, whose graphic skill no person can dispute, present us, when calmly considered, with very little more than the figments of his own splendid imagination. It is true, that by his enchantments he not only raises new worlds before us, but for the time has power almost to make us believe them real. But when we close the volume, and look around our apartment to be sure of our own identity, and coolly ask, whether even his comparatively temperate representations—we had almost said his historical memoranda—are not mere romance, we cannot but feel that we have been, if not absolutely in an ideal world, yet in a still more perplexing scene, compounded so indiscriminately of truth and fable, that no beneficial moral impression, nor any valuable lesson of experience, much less any certain matter of fact, is gained from the narrative. And were it perfectly true that the whole is strictly natural, yet this would not obviate the evil effects of a novel in which virtue and vice—we must not, we suppose, use more strictly theological phrases—are not the constant test by which the whole conduct of the story is regulated. It was justly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that "in the romances formerly written, every transaction and sentiment were so remote from all that passes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any application to himself: the virtues and crimes were equally beyond the sphere of his activity; and he amused himself with

heroes and with traitors, deliverers and persecutors, as with beings of another species. But when an adventurer is levelled with the rest of the world, and acts in such scenes of the universal drama as may be the lot of any other man, young spectators fix their eyes upon him with closer attention, and hope, by observing his behaviour and success, to regulate their own practices. If the world be promiscuously described, I cannot see of what use it can be to read the account, or why it may not be as safe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind, as upon a mirror which shows all that presents itself without discrimination. It is not a sufficient vindication of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to observation and experience; for that observation which is called knowledge of the world, will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good.

Connected with the last mentioned objection, there is another, already partially adverted to, arising from *the injurious delineations of character* which abound in most novels and other works of imagination, written for the mere purpose of entertainment. The historian of real life is not responsible for the actions and qualities of his personages. Like a portrait painter, his chief study must be accuracy of delineation: as to beauty and grouping, and many other things of prime importance in a fancy piece, he is answerable only so far as he can avail himself of them without violating the laws of truth and nature. And happily, in general, in real life, a really correct description is seldom dangerous. The novel before us furnishes a case strongly in point. The incident on which it is founded, is described by the author in his *historic* capacity as follows:

"In the month of January, 1724–5, a vessel, called the Revenge, bearing twenty large guns, and six smaller, commanded by John Gow, or Goffe, or Smith, came to the Orkney Islands, and was discovered to be a pirate, by various acts of insolence and villainy committed by the crew. These were for some time submitted to, the inhabitants of these remote islands not possessing arms nor means of resistance; and so bold was the captain of these banditti, that he not only came ashore, and gave dancing parties in the village of Stromness, but, before his real character was discovered, engaged the affections and received the troth-plight of a young lady, possessed of some property. A patriotic individual, James Fea, younger, of Clestron formed the plan of securing the buccaneer, which he effected by a mixture of courage and address, in consequence chiefly of Gow's vessel having gone on shore near the harbour of Calf-sound, on the island of Eda, not far distant from a house then inhabited by Mr. Fea. In the various stratagems by which Mr. Fea contrived finally, at the peril of his life, they being well armed and desperate, to make the whole pirates his prisoners, he was much aided by Mr. James Laing, the grandfather of the late Malcolm Laing, Esq. the acute and ingenious historian of Scotland during the seventeenth century.

"Gow, and others of his crew, suffered by sentence of the High Court of Admiralty, the punishment their crimes had long deserved. He conducted himself with great audacity when before the Court; and, from an account of the matter by an eye-witness, seems to have been subjected to some unusual severities, in order to compel him to plead. The words are these: 'John Gow would not plead, for which he was brought to the bar, and the judge or-

dered that his thumbs should be squeezed by two men, with a whip-cord, till it did break; and then it should be doubled, till it did again break, and then laid threefold, and that the executioners shall pull with their whole strength; which sentence Gow endured with a great deal of boldness.' The next morning, (27th May, 1725,) when he had seen the preparations for pressing him to death, his courage gave way, and he told the Marshal of the Court, that he would not have given so much trouble had he been assured of not being hanged in chains. He was then tried, condemned, and executed, with others of his crew." Vol. I. pp. i—iv.

No reader, however young or inexperienced, is likely to be injured by such a description. The only sympathy we feel for the lawless plunderer is that which arises from the cruelty of his judges. Abating this, all our feelings in perusing the narrative are on the side of moral and poetical justice. But let the reader compare this with the description of the bold, enterprising, generous Cleveland, in the novel; the young and handsome adventurer, whose humanity is the only blot on his piratical escutcheon; and he will instantly be sensible that what is perfectly safe, and may even have a moral tendency, when related as *history*, is very capable of being rendered pernicious when exhibited in the false colouring of fictitious narrative. A painter of imaginary scenes is bound in duty to endeavour to make his reader love as well as coldly approve, whatever is truly good; and to hate, as well as feebly censure, whatever is of a contrary character. But is this done in the majority of novels? Is it always done even in the comparatively guarded pages of the author of Waverley? Far from it. What is Cleveland? A gentleman pirate, capable by his person and address, and still more by his manly qualities, his generosity, his devotedness to his *unhappy* crew, and his sentimentalism of character of attracting, and, as is too much insinuated, of deserving the regard of the heroine of the tale. Instead of being conducted to a gibbet, he is suffered honourably to enter the service of his country, and to die "in the field of glory."

And what shall we say of the character of the heroine, Minna Troil, herself? High-spirited, imaginative, and approaching the sublime in her mysterious developments, she yet attaches herself to a pirate, under the idea that a pirate resembled one of those lawless, but of course—or the moral would not be complete—brave and generous spirits who reigned in a former age by terror and devastation over the Northern seas and islands. The whole delineation of her character is dangerous and delusive to a young and romantic mind; and we believe that many a visionary heroine would infinitely prefer becoming a Minna Troil in "The Pirate," to imitating the modest, sensible, tender, persevering, and Christian—but, alas! homely—Jeannie Deans in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Will it be credited that this same Minna, who is made to engross the chief sympathy of the story—far more so than her artless and lovely sister Brenda—

should have reason to suppose that a man is being murdered under her window; that that man is no other than Mordaunt Mertoun, the playmate of her infancy, the companion of her youth, the attached friend of her sister; that his murderer is a bold, quarrelsome, overbearing stranger, an acknowledged free-booter—and yet that she forbears to alarm the family, to call for assistance to rescue the victim, and to pursue the supposed murderer, because forsooth, "what a tale had she to tell! and *of whom was that tale to be told!*" Thus, like a truly faithful heroine of a novel, with whom blind passion is to swallow up every principle of duty and common humanity, she seals her lips in secrecy; her attachment to Cleveland is not at all abated; and though to be sure there is occasionally a half-moral reflection, and though she makes up her mind, under all the conflicting circumstances of the case, to discard the Pirate as a lover and a husband, yet the whole interest of the piece is so contrived as to be almost constantly in opposition to the impartial dictates of a virtuous judgment.

The character of the Udaller himself is open to somewhat similar exceptions. *History* would have described him as a drunken, gluttonous, overbearing, low-lived, swearing, and passionate fellow, who kept his dependents in good humour by a vicious prodigality, and whose character was only relieved by a sort of jovial good nature, and a tender attachment to his daughters. From *such* a delineation, no moral injury could have resulted. But the skill of the *novelist* has so dressed up this mere ale-house pot-companion, that the reader is taught almost to respect him, and very sincerely to shake him by the hand, as one of the best, most generous, most hospitable, most frank, most hearty fellows in the world.

The character of Bryce Snailsfoot, the Jagger, is still more exceptionable. He is represented as a base, sneaking, pilfering, lying, and cheating rascal, whose only claim not to be detested is, that he is only worthy of being despised. Yet this wretch is, forsooth, a canting hypocrite, and talks of religion! The better characters of the tale make little or no pretentions to Christianity; unless perhaps Minna and Brenda saying their prayers be an exception: as for Mordaunt Mertoun, he seems scarcely to have ever heard of a God. But the weak, or selfish, or ridiculous characters, such as Triptolemus and Sister Baby, have religious phrases always on their lips, and profess to consult the dictates of conscience in their most unhallowed actions. The climax, however, is to frame such a character as Bryce Snailsfoot, or, as the author is pleased to call him, "the *devout* Bryce Snailsfoot;" but whose "devotion" is generally so contrived as to break out just when, for the honour of religion, it could best be spared. He lived by plundering wrecks, "for which," says the author, "being a man who in his own way professed great devotion, he

seldom failed to express his grateful thanks to Heaven." So again, when Mordaunt Mertoun, indignant at the Jagger's inhumanity in deliberately plundering instead of assisting an unfortunate fellow creature who had been washed on shore from the wreck, and was apparently dying, uttered some vehement injunctions to him to forbear, the author puts into Bryce's mouth the following reply: "Dinna swear, sir; dinna swear, sir;—I will endure no swearing in my presence; and if you lay a finger on me *that am taking the lawful spoil of the Egyptians*, I will give ye a lesson ye shall remember from this day to Yule." The moral effect of the tale required that Bryce should have been the swearer, and Mordaunt the reprover; and in a "Cheap Repository Tract" it would have been so contrived. The Waverley Novels abound in characters thus exceptionably delineated; a fault for which there is no excuse, even of a literary kind, as the author had all the regions of nature, and possibility, and romance to cull from, and was both able, as well as in duty bound, to make such a selection of materials as should not injure, but promote, the cause of religion and Christian virtue.

We must pass over *minor* moral faults in the delineation of character, otherwise we should feel it necessary to object to several of the sketches in the present tale. As one instance among many—we select one of the less flagrant sort—is it expedient to represent law, and order, and magistracy, in the ridiculous light in which they appear in the Pirate, particularly in the characters of the magistrates of Kirkwall? No person certainly will suspect "the author of Waverley" of wishing to subvert principles of loyalty and respect for lawful authority in his countrymen; but many of his delineations of character are eminently calculated for such an effect. The revered authoress of the admirable Tracts just mentioned, seems to have felt how much injury had been done by a similar style of painting in the bulk of tales and novels, as regards the clergy; and that not only in those publications in which they are exhibited as mere drones and hirelings, fat, sleek, self-important, and bigoted, with as much knavery and Jesuitism in their composition as is consistent with a *quantum sufficit* of mental imbecility,—but even in others where they are represented as generally benevolent and respectable, as in the case of the Vicar of Wakefield, yet with such a tincture of whim, or vanity, or weakness, as materially to derogate from the weight of their characters. Mrs. More has accordingly introduced in most of her tales an interesting pattern of a respectable and pious English clergymen; and has taken special care, in delineating the characters of these and all other useful orders of men, not to dash the composition in such a manner as to render its moral impression injurious to the best interests of society.

We are not, however, upon the whole, so much inclined to

augur evil effects from rendering good men weak, as from rendering bad ones agreeable. The consequence, in either case, is doubtless injurious so far as it extends; but it is more circumscribed in the former than the latter instance. Fewer persons would be perverted by the character of Bryce Snailsfoot than by that of Cleveland. In both, indeed, the tendency of the ideal portrait is injurious; in the one, because we are taught to blend religious sentiments with base and odious conduct; and in the other, because vice and irreligion are combined with qualities which are too apt to ensnare a thoughtless mind, and win upon an unguarded heart. Such a compound character as Richardson's Lovelace has perhaps assisted to make many profligates; but we do not suspect that it ever reclaimed one. Dr. Johnson justly remarks on this very point, "Vice should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety or the dignity of courage be so united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will seldom be heartily abhorred." By this test we are willing that the character of Cleveland should be tried; and we are convinced that the result will be, that such delineations are deeply injurious to the cause of good morals, and calculated to pervert the heart. And if such writers as the respectable author of Waverley thus incautiously combine good and evil in their characters, what may we not expect from less scrupulous narrators of fabulous adventures?

As Christians, we might proceed much farther on this point; for it is remarkable how little the portraits even of the most virtuous novel writers resemble those which are made up of Christian graces. Frequently, where no wrong impression is intended to be conveyed, much mischief insinuates itself from the incidental touches which characterize the various personages of the scene. Rank, figure, beauty, external accomplishments, and other adventitious circumstances, are interwoven with characters in such a manner as to make an inseparable part of the portrait. A *really* good man—a true Christian—a man who should live above the world, and as not of the world, crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts—would be generally represented in a novel, if represented at all, as a poor tame creature, devoid of taste, and incapable of gratification. Thus, in a variety of instances it might be shown, without selecting gross cases, that the ordinary delineations of novels are detrimental to those habits and principles which as Christians it is our duty, and we may add our *privilege*, to maintain.

But we pass on to another exceptionable feature in most professed novels; namely, that they generally tend *to weaken our reverence for religion.*—We have already seen one principal way

in which they may do this; namely, by injurious delineations of character. There are, however, other modes of effecting the same object; and into some of which the author of Waverley, however unsuspectedly, has been betrayed; and betrayed to such an extent, as cannot but prove highly prejudicial to many of his readers. We allude particularly to the irreverent manner in which he introduces the words and sentiments of holy Scripture in his tales; a fault (we use the lightest word our vocabulary suggests) on which so much has been said, both in our own pages and elsewhere, that we shall not dwell upon it at present as its gratuitous enormity deserves.

And while the generality of novels thus tend, directly or incidentally, to weaken the reverence due to religion, they often further cause injury by *the encouragement they afford to the violation of God's commandments.*—The light way in which they frequently speak of sinful dispositions and actions, is in itself a tacit encouragement to them. It is not necessary to ask whether duelling, and suicide, and adultery, are offences against the divine law? Yet even *these* are too often upheld, or at least palliated, rather than frowned upon, in the class of writings under consideration; and where this is not the case, *other* less glaring, but still unchristian, propensities, are suffered to pass into the rank of virtues. The hero of a novel is not thought the worse of, but often the contrary, for being proud and ambitious; and should a considerable infusion of resentment or revenge mix itself with his character, it is so shaded off by a constellation of relieving virtues, that we are taught to resolve his "failing" into an exuberance of the generous passions. Even the novels of the present author are obnoxious to the charge—though not in so great a degree as many others—of "making a mock at sin," treating lightly and playfully offences against the Decalogue, which ought to be mentioned only with unaffected sorrow and reprehension.

Another grievous charge against the general run of tales and novels is, that *they present false views on the most important subjects connected with religion and morals.*—Let us only assume that the Bible is true, and that its disclosures are of moment; and what an anomaly will most novels appear to a man who seriously regards them under this impression! We must take high ground on this question; but ground on which our readers, we trust, are prepared as Christians, to accompany us, even at the risque of a smile of surprise from their novel reading friends, at the excessive oddity of their opinions. We would ask them, Do the class of works in question usually describe man in true colours? Do they describe him as God describes him? Do they view him as a fallen creature; or as needing an atonement? Do they even always assume him to be a moral and accountable agent? So far from it, the Law and the Gospel are, in many cases, al-

most equally crossed out in their code. Judging by their standard, there is no necessity for repentance, no profit in faith, no motive to holiness. Every thing relating to death, to judgment, to eternity, is studiously excluded; or is employed only on some rare occasion for the purpose of picturesque or sublime effect. The morals inculcated (we speak generally) are defective in their character; their highest virtues are but splendid sins. Affliction is not made to lead the sufferer to God; prayer and praise are but puritanical observances; and, in short, the whole scene of human existence and destiny is described precisely as it would be if Christianity were a mere fable. Now, surely, compositions professing to delineate man either "as he is," or "as he ought to be," cannot but be injurious in their tendency, if they thus systematically keep out of sight, or pervert where they introduce, the fundamental principles which relate to his actual condition. We do not look for moral touches in a work of science; the subject does not require or always admit of them; but in a novel, the whole composition relates to human actions, and unless the principles be *right* they must be *wrong:* they cannot be neutral; they are scriptural or worldly; they are such as, if admitted in real life, would lead either to eternal happiness or eternal misery. A novel ought, therefore, to be so constructed as not to oppose the disclosures of Revelation; but for this purpose, it must recognise them; not always directly, as in a sermon, but always virtually; embodying them in its general tone and structure, even where they are not specifically adverted to or introduced. For want of this, novels in general afford no just principle of action, no true standard of decision; and they are too frequently most dangerous and delusive, where they ought to be most correct,—namely, when they venture to touch upon subjects of moral and spiritual importance.

We may add, as another strong charge against most novels, that *they fill the mind with images which religion ought to dispossess.*—The length to which we have extended our remarks prevents our enlarging on this point as it deserves; but we leave it to our readers to decide, without our filling up the detail of proof, whether the whole scenery and machinery of the bulk of novels, with their affairs of war, and glory, and display, and passion, are not diametrically opposed to the train of feeling and reflection which Christians ought to encourage; whether an indulgence in the perusal of works of this sort does not unfit the mind for sacred duties; whether the growth of religion in the soul is not impeded, and unholy affections strengthened, by such a course of reading: and whether, above all, the Holy Spirit is not grieved and quenched, and the soul laid open, and defenceless, to the incursions of its spiritual enemy.

We have thus specified some of the injurious tendencies of novels and novel reading, with reference to that large class of

compositions in which no particular benefit or injury was intended by their authors. We do not mean to contend that all these mischiefs apply to every case; but one point at least is clear, that as we daily pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" we are in duty bound as Christians to avoid those sources of temptation which fall in our way; of which sources, habits of trifling and injurious reading are, in the present day, one of very considerable magnitude.

We had intended to discuss, at some length, the third class of works of fiction; namely, those which are written with a decidedly *good* intention; but the extent of our remarks on the last topic will render it necessary for us to content ourselves with a very few observations. We may possibly resume the subject on some other occasion.

With respect to living novelists—for our limits do not allow of our casting a retrospective glance—we should be inclined, upon the whole, to place Miss Edgeworth among those writers of fiction, whose publications have usually the merit of being written for an avowedly useful purpose. Her tales are for the most part sober and sensible, copied from real life, and free from what is enervating and inflammatory. She has generally pursued some moral object; not merely winding up her narrative with a few tame reflections, which can seldom or never counteract the general impression of a novel, but making it her study throughout its whole texture to aim at a well-defined and beneficial object. In this respect we must place many of her tales in a much higher moral rank than those of the author of Waverley who seems generally to write without any better object in view than his own profit and the amusement of his readers. With his splendid talents, without quitting the line of writing which he has chosen, what benefit might he not have conferred on his country, had he resolutely determined that every one of his volumes should be the vehicle for inculcating some useful truth or impressing some neglected duty; and that he would never, on any occasion, record a line or sentiment which might wound religion or injure the mind of his reader. His elevating delineation of Jeannie Deans, already alluded to, proves that, had he seen fit, he might have ranked high among the *moralists* of his country; and this without any sacrifice, but such as would have done equal honour to his heart and his understanding. Let us hope, even yet, that the unknown author will reconsider the responsibility which devolves upon the possession of talents such as his, and will dedicate his remaining works to purposes of higher aim than mere entertainment, and make it his first and greatest effort, if not soaring high like Milton, "to vindicate the ways of God to man," at least to endeavour, with the conscientious author of the Rambler, "to add ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

We have spoken with due respect of the generally moral *intention* of Miss Edgeworth's tales; but still her's is a world without religion, and consequently her whole fabric rests on an insecure and unchristian foundation. Of late years there has been a rapid multiplication of works of fiction, intended to supply this defect. The justly celebrated Cœlebs of Mrs. Hannah More, to say nothing of her equally celebrated, and no less useful, Cheap Repository Tracts, seems to have formed the model for this species of composition, and scarcely a winter now passes without an addition of several volumes of this popular species of literature. Half a score, at least, of tales of this class are, at the present moment, candidates for admission into our review department, and as many more may probably issue from the press before we, after our tardy fashion, can address ourselves, if ever we do so, to the task of deciding on their respective merits.

Of works written for the express purpose of usefulness, we certainly do not feel disposed to speak otherwise than with all possible respect; and it cannot be doubted, that much good has in many cases been effected by means of publications of this class. We think, however, that the taste for them is increasing far beyond what is desirable; and we venture to submit, whether a habit of *religious* novel reading may not be more or less attended by some of the inconveniences which we have enumerated as applicable to novel reading in general. Such works are often highly serviceable in the family circle; but still they are works of mere fiction, and unless duly selected, and indulged in with with moderation, may generate a taste for idle and desultory reading, with a love of excitement, and an aversion to more solid studies; and may serve as a stepping-stone to novel reading of a less discriminate character. We might add also, that even a professedly religious novel is not of necessity judicious in all its parts, and may in some instances be open to severe censure. We are unwilling to allude to particular examples, especially as our space will not allow of bringing forward the proofs that would be necessary to justify our animadversions; but it is obvious that, with the best possible motives in the writer, scenes may be disclosed which will have the effect of stimulating rather than repressing an already corrupted imagination, as well as of instructing the more artless reader on a variety of points, where "ignorance *is* bliss," and it *is* "folly to be wise." The very correctness of the writer's own mind, and his unfeigned abhorrence of evil, may lead him to employ language which, to less chastised imaginations, is productive of effects the opposite to those which he intended. Accustomed himself almost instinctively to measure character by the strict standard of Scripture, and not at all inclined to love vice because it happens to be connected with agreeable qualities; or to disesteem virtue, because it is sometimes arrayed in a homely garb: he may so draw his personages, and weave his inci-

dents, as to make his less scrupulous readers take part with his bad characters against his good ones. Besides all which, a professedly religious novel may chance to be written in a flippant, or satirical spirit; or it may betray bad taste or bad temper; or it may be so extremely unfair in its selection of incidents and arguments, especially on such subjects as the love of the world, and worldly company, and worldly amusements, that the recoil may be more dangerous than the intended stroke; or it may betray such an ignorance of men and manners, that its estimate will pass for nothing with those for whose benefit it was designed; or it may be founded on occurrences, (for instance, a tale of seduction,) which ought not so much as to be named in a Christian family, except as they may happen for a moment to *force* themselves into notice, and then to be dismissed with a few brief and temperate remarks, rather than dwelt on, as they are in some professedly religious novels, till the mind is saturated with unseemly contemplations.

But our limits warn us to forbear, otherwise we should have been inclined to have dropped a few suggestions respecting another very important class of semi-volumes, professing to be written for good and useful purposes; we mean, the modern race of tales for children, both of the moral and the religious cast. To the utility and excellence of some of these, we should have given our willing testimony; while, perhaps, we should have felt it right to inquire whether an over indulgence even in works of this description, in childhood and youth, may not be productive of some of the evil effects which we have mentioned as applying to novel-reading in general, particularly on the score of their stimulating effect and of their tendency to create a distaste for more thoughtful reading.

Our general estimate on the whole subject is, that it is primarily a question of *kind*, and then of *degree*. Works of the first of our three general classes are wholly inadmmissible; those of the second are, we think, generally inexpedient, and often possitively, however undesignedly, injurious. There may be and are partial exceptions; for example, some of the historical and graphical sketches in the Waverley Tales, and many single characters and descriptions in these and other novels, well calculated to foster virtuous, disinterested, and magnanimous feelings. But the composition of such works *as a whole*, and when judged of by scriptural principles, is in almost every instance found to be liable to just objection. Where, however, specific objections do not apply, it is a *habit* of trifling reading, rather than the perusal of an occasional volume, that is chiefly to be dreaded and deprecated: the rein is a more necessary implement than the spur in the management of the imagination at all times, but especially in this age of light and desultory reading, and with so powerful an inducement to an indulgence in works of fiction as is

presented, to the more conscientious reader, by the literary attractions and somewhat guarded character of many of our modern tales and novels. With regard to the third class, there is still a strict necessity for great caution in the selection, and not less so for habits of self-control and a strong sense of duty in determining *the degree* in which an indulgence in such a line of reading shall be admitted. But after all that may be said or written on these questions abstractedly, their practical application must depend in a great degree upon the age, the habits, the temperament, the duties, the occupations, and the besetting sins of each individual.

Were we to wind up our review, like a sermon, with a familiar application, we should say: Fill up your time so fully with useful employments as to leave little leisure for pursuits of a doubtful character. Endeavour further to acquire such a strong sense, of duty, such a taste for contemplations of a higher order, and such well-arranged habits of sacred study and devotion, as may supersede the temptation to devote to idle, if not injurious amusement, moments which may be so much more profitably given to the great concern of "making your calling and election sure." Keep in mind the claims which your family, your friends, and society, have upon your hours of retirement; and the importance of so employing those hours, be they few or many, that both your mind and your body may be refreshed for the returning duties of each successive day. And, lastly, guard against habits of idle curiosity; and be not ashamed to own that there are many things with which neither your time nor your taste permits you to be acquainted, and least of all with every new tale that happens to be the subject of popular conversation.

Art. III.—*On Magazine Writers.*

> Methinks I hear in accents low,
> The sportive kind reply,
> Poor moralist! and what art thou?

I can scarcely conceive a nobler and more inspiring sight than that of the man of genius in the solitude of his closet, conscious of his powers, and warmed by the fire of his conceptions—pouring forth those treasures of imagination and intellect which are to enrich, exalt, and delight future ages. It is a spectacle of unmingled gratification, which raises our ideas of human powers, and sublimes them by the reflection that those powers are exerted for the benefit of universal man—unalloyed by any mean and sordid interests, and uninfluenced by any other but the generous impulses of hope and love. There is another picture of the occupations of genius—or what would be thought genius—which are sometimes admitted to view, and though far less interesting it is still inexpressibly amusing. I mean that of a young and un-

fledged author surrounded with all the equipage of his profession;—the fair sheet spread open before him, the pen freshly nibbed, the inkstand constructed after Mr. Coleridge's newest receipt—his brain throbbing with confused conceptions—his ambition all on fire to achieve something "which the world will not willingly let die"—his brows aching with the pressure of imagined laurels—and his fancy, like that of the strange but gifted enthusiast Cellini, dazzled by "resplendent lights hovering over his shadow."—Most men, I suspect, have at some period of their lives seen those visions of glory play before their eyes, and revelled in the homage which their toils were to exact from ages yet unborn. For my own part, I should be ashamed to deny what there is no shame in avowing. My early experience, some five and twenty years ago, as a magazine writer, when magazines were quite another sort of thing, furnished many such moods of mind and body, and though years, by making me "a sadder, but a wiser man," have long since struck me from the list of scribblers, yet I can still recognise the excitement of literary glory on a youthful mind, and enter into its imaginations and hopes. Every one is more or less impressed with a consciousness of acquirement and ability, and is uneasy until he has obtained the reputation of possessing them. Hence the vast number of candidates for literary fame, who throng about the several channels of publicity. In one of these outlets by which overcharged brains free themselves from their burthen—and by which brains of a contrary description would gladly satisfy their wild ambition, it may not be misplaced or unacceptable to make a few remarks upon those writers who are, and those who wish to be writers for magazines.

The first great difficulty which presents itself is the selection of a subject. "The world is all before him where to choose." But in the midst of abundance he knows not what to select; like the sapient beast in the fable between the two bundles of hay, he is perplexed by contending claims. He sees a mass of things, but nothing distinctly. Shall he be merry or sad;—shall he fathom the depths of the mind, or sport lightly over the surface of things—shall it be a sketch, or a finished work—a disquisition, or a rhapsody?—all varieties of topics are before him, and, as he conceives, equally obedient to his will; but he knows not which to evoke from its repose into light and life—and devote to earthly immortality by enshrining it in some one of the thousand monthly temples of fame. "It is here!" said Barry, striking his forehead, after a long meditation; "it is not here," says the scribbler, using a similar gesture. This perplexity springs from an obvious source. The writer sits down to compose—not because his brain labours in the parturition of some long meditated matter—not because he has reflected deeply, and acquired much—but he is feverish with some vague longing af-

ter literary notoriety. He resolves to write before he has learned to think. Having never subdued the straggling denizens of his brain to any thing like obedience, they refuse to be commanded—and having never made the knowledge of others his own by long and habitual meditation—nothing is clear and fixed—his ideas float in an atmosphere of confusion, out of which he is still earnest

> To frame he knows not what excelling things,
> And win he knows not what sublime reward
> Of praise and wonder.

But writing is not "as easy as lying." The pen it is true, is an eloquent instrument which may be made to "discourse most excellent music;" yet something more is requisite to draw forth its notes, than the bare will to make it vocal.

Some are thus, in the very outset of their career, discouraged by the difficulty of choice; they give up the pursuit in despair, and suffer the glowing visions of futurity to fade into the light of common day. After all they may be right. There is more prudence in relinquishing an enterprize too vast for our capacity, than in continuing to scribble on "in spite of nature and our stars." But there is another and a large class, which, undaunted by difficulty, uninstructed by experience, and unabashed by ridicule, still bear up against every sort of obstacle, "bating no jot of heart or hope." These, with some pretensions to erudition, and some habit of reflection—assist to swell out the pages of reviews and magazines, those foundling hospitals for the bastard progeny of pruriant imaginations. They buzz for a while about the fields of literature, loud, busy and importunate—till some chilling blast or rude hand sweeps them away for ever, leaving behind

> ——— cotal vestigio
> Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma.

Every one at all conversant—and who is not?—with this class of publications, must be aware of the immense change which has taken place in them "for better for worse" within twenty or thirty years. They have in some respects followed, in others formed, that part of the public taste which depends on public manners. They have changed their place in the system of literature. Emerging from the shell with which they were encrusted, they display their "gaily gilded trim" soaring aloft into higher spheres, and venturing into regions the terra incognita of other times. This is partly owing to the wider dispersion of letters, but chiefly, I think, to the liberality of publishers, which has made it not unworthy the very highest names in English literature to contribute to magazines. It is not of these that I am now speaking, but of a very different class. The style has undergone a change as well as the subject. If we are no longer

bored with endless and heavy allegories about Asem the Manhater, the Hill of Science, and the Happy Valley, so no one who courted even an insertion in a Magazine would venture to begin "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who, &c. &c." It might be amusing to conjecture who of the elder essayists would be popular writers in the magazines of the present day. Addison, of course, but less so, I think, than Steele. Johnson, notwithstanding the habitual elevation of his sentiments, and the justice and acuteness of most of his remarks upon life and manners, would stand but a poor chance of an engagement if he retained the ponderous armour, and heavy jack boot march of the Rambler. The bowwow manner which gave a zest to his conversation cannot be printed with any types that I am acquainted with. Goldsmith was more at home in his *humanities*—and, together with his exhilirating gaiety and touching pathos, he had a fine conception of the ridiculous, and great tact in exposing it. He would be eagerly snapped at by an editor, especially if all his articles were as clever as Beau Tibbs, the Strolling Actor, and the Lame Sailor. Bonnel Thornton, and the elder Colman, might be worked up into prime hands, and the playful, abundant, and well toned wit of Horace Walpole would have famously "furnished forth" the epistolary corner of a popular magazine. As for the other "daily bread" writers of the last century, it may be doubted whether much could have been got out of them. It may be easily conceived that to manage a magazine is no easy task. It is not for me to prate of war to Hannibal; but it may be conceded to one who has had some experience in these matters, and has been occasionally admitted behind the scenes, to say something of the ingredients and cookery of one part of the dishes served up to the public. Whatever any considerable portion of mankind is disposed to set a value on, is always worth our observation. The appetite of the public is manifestly very nice, and its stomach very squeamish. It is not very fond of the substantials; and is disposed to reject whatever is difficult of digestion. Hence it is, that the deep thinkers and laborious writers of the last century are obliged to yield to the light, smart, and sketchy writers of the present. Hence it is, that many of the most popular authors are men of no very disciplined education, or cultivated minds. One of the cleverest and most various minded scholars of the day lately promised a dissertation on the *ideal* of a magazine, but I am not aware that he proceeded farther than the *ideal* of an inkstand. I was anxious to see what his ingenuity could devise as the το καλον of any thing which springs out of, and is addressed to a tribunal so fluctuating and despotic as public caprice. The general run of contributors seems, however, to be in the least danger of suffering from any modifications in the character of magazines; inasmuch, as having no fixed and

certain colours of their own, they imbibe, like the cameleon, the hues of their domiciles. Of the mechanical part of their operations the reader may not be displeased to hear something; although it is like raising the curtain and showing that what resembled gold is tinsel and frippery. Such, therefore, as have upon this subject, "a vision of their own," I admonish, as Rousseau does the young ladies, to skip the rest of this article, should it chance that any have proceeded thus far. Those of whose style and manner I am about to speak, are the tip top magazine writers *par métier*, and "for the law of writ and the liberty they are your only men."

I have already mentioned the difficulty of setting out; let us suppose the *pons asinorum* passed, and the subject chosen. It need not be one on which the writer has ever read or reflected. Oh, no! it must be one which is likely to be taking with the public, it must please the million. When the late Lord Kaimes was asked the best method to study some particular subject, he replied, "write a pamphlet about it." And this is the way with our author. He ransacks his brains in the first place, for images and illustrations; for by a singular inversion of the old method of writing, his illustrations suggest the ideas, and not the ideas illustrations. This, it must be admitted, is a much more compendious and expeditious way of writing. There is no necessity that there should be any connexion or congruity between the opinions. The law of succession is shamefully disregarded, and *each second* does not, *as in the old gradation*, stand heir to the first. The more disjoined, remote, and multifarious they are, the more comprehensive must be the intellect which creates—and I may add too—that understands them. If the leading opinions are manifestly absurd and paradoxical, so much the better, as their defence affords a wider scope for ingenuity. Cicero recommends sucking orators to "flesh their maiden swords" in the defence of paradoxes, and there is no disgrace in following the counsels of Cicero. The management of *similes* and *metaphors* is one of the most intricate departments of the art. In this respect my friend X. is immensely clever. To be sure, his figures sometimes drag one way and his thoughts another, like a couple of ill paired hounds, but generally his articles are a simile-chase in little. No sooner does he start one, than he makes game of it;—opening in full cry—pursuing over hill and dale—through clear and obscure—morals and metaphysics—bush and quagmire—the panting reader toiling after him in vain, till coming in at the death, he finds himself, like Fitz-james, separated from all who set out with him, and alone in a desert country. But the chase is ended, and the article done. Thus an idea is like a cloud—a camel—an elephant—an ousel, and at last—very like a whale. This, I take it, is the summit of cleverness; not only because it proves a command of images, but also

because it enables a man to write without sense or meaning. My friend X. therefore passes for the first magazine writer of the day—his comparisons are *so* wonderful, and his metaphors (as Swift has it) such as one never *met-afore*. Next to the simile is the *quotation*. But this is a science by itself, on which some ingenious person has composed a large volume, by the aid of which, and an index, the most unfurnished head is able to cope with the most learned. The Dictionary of Quotations, however, is a very wicked book, as the infidelity of its interpretations often betrays the confidence reposed in them. The beauty of this essential part of fine writing consists mainly in quoting from the older English poets, and a few of those of our day who are pretty generally unread. Shakspeare, however, is the great storehouse of quotation; not for his sentiment, or imagery, or delineation of character or poetry; but for some quaint phrase, some obsolete and fantastic expression, or some ludicrous combination of words. An article gemmed off with bits in this way is "like a frosty night studded with stars"—or it reminds one of Indian hangings,—a dark ground, spotted with bits of yellow foil, flung on without order, measure or object, except to dazzle and spangle. For my own part, I detest this trade of work, and never quote, except to show the deformity as a warning to others, as the Spartans taught their children sobriety by making their slaves drunk.

In the affair of *style*, a great deal of genius is occasionally shown. It is no easy matter to suit the shifting tastes of readers, and hit the public, as it were, between wind and water. At present, the melancholy manner is in vogue. A tender shade of sorrow must be flung over all our thoughts, and even the pleasures of life are uninteresting, unless we can squeeze out of them some mournful reflection, or dress them up in querulous exaggeration. The ladies are particularly partial to this weeping philosophy, which two or three volumes of lacrymose essays have made still more fashionable. Not a scribbler sits down to whine out an article without asking with Master Stephen for "a stool to be melancholy upon;" and as he dips his pen in ink, sighs out "*præcipe lugubres cantus, Melpomene!*" But this tone of simple sadness shows itself especially in our *ruralities*. The meanest leaflet among the smoke-tinged denizens of city bowpots, is pregnant "with thoughts that lie too deep for tears." In order *to do* the sentimental well, one should have—but let a great coryphæus in this line describe the requisites, "he should have an indestructible love of flowers, odours, dews and clear waters; of soft airs, winds, bright skies, and woodland solitudes, with moonlight bowers." These tearful tributes are copiously paid likewise, when wandering in that "atmosphere of melancholy sentiment" which breathes over scenes consecrated by the memories of past events, or when bending over the monuments

of departed grandeur. Then is it that the tide of sorrowing reflection swells forth—that the heart aches with the agony of grief, and the eye dims with the tear of sensibility! There is another *style*, not quite so much cherished by the gentle sex, but very much admired by incipient orators. It is infinitely more elevated and elaborate, and possibly somewhat *à soufflé*. I will cite a specimen from a famous magazine contributor, which is in my opinion very grand. "But oh! there never will be a time with bigotry—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart, and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her God is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity—her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture-fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for more sanguinary desolation." Addison never wrote any thing half so fine as this. Some may think that the sarcastic observation of Madame du Deffand on the style of Monsieur Thomas might be applied to it, "prick it, and it bursts;"—I think differently; and although it is rather too papilionaceous and gorgeous at first, after a little familiarity, "the ear becomes more Irish and less nice." There is yet another *style*, which though more limited in its circulation, is still pretty often before the public. It may be called the confectionary style of writing. It is full of "precious and golden recollections,"—"voluptuous abstractions," and "dim visitations,"—"stately remembrances,"—"intense and genial dallyings,"—"delicate crispnesses," and "jagged venerablenesses;"—it finds "a sense of deep and mysterious antiquity in every thing,"—and "every thing is imbued with sympathy and imagination;"—in short, it is one of the greatest inventions, in the way of fine writing, that modern times can boast of. It ensures a never failing variety, inasmuch as recognising no necessary connexion between words and things, and no relations between words themselves, the consequence is, that one epithet is as fit and becoming as another, and whether we say *venerable jaggedness*, or *jagged venerableness*, it is equally intelligible and correct. Whoever understands arithmetic, has only to apply the rules of permutation and combination to Johnson's Dictionary, and he may generate an infinite variety of the most original and striking phrases. The sentiments which are conveyed in this style are precisely such as might be expected, and the union forms what the author of the *Antient Mariner* calls "a sweet jargoning." A single extract is as imperfect in the way of *sample* as the brick is of the palace; but I cannot forbear citing one of the miraculous and boundless excellences of this mode of composition, in the following description of a tragedy:—"A tragedy is a foreboding indication of destiny, a noble piece of high passion, sweetened, yet not broken, by rich fancy,

and terminating in an awful catastrophe, ennobled by imagination's purest and most elemental majesties." This sort of writing bears evidently the stamp and impress of the writers mind.

Formerly, matter, precision, and perspicuity, were reckoned among the requisites of good writing—but all that has been abolished as useless and impertinent, and a great deal of labour, vexation, study, observation, and reflection, have been thereby spared. "Thinking is *now* an idle waste of thought, and nought is every thing." I have heard, that a patent has been, or is about to be, taken out for an automaton writer, the principle of which is, that after being wound up it is only necessary to fling into it a certain number of pages of Johnson, or any other vocabulary, and they come out completely formed into the shape of an article. It may be said, that this is not an original invention, but an imitation of the famous block-machine at Portsmouth, which instantly converts a rude piece of wood into a perfect block. Be this as it may, if the principle be not new, the application is ingenious and original. I am fearful, however, that here, as in all cases where *manual* labour is to be superseded by machinery—a great number of hands will be flung out of employ, by enabling *publishers* to manufacture their own *stuff*. A literary Ludditism may be apprehended therefore among the Magazine writers. There remain two or three other classes which deserve to be held up to notice and admiration, but I must temper my inclination to show the lions to the patience of the spectators; and, indeed, whatever specific differences exist among the various orders, still the generic character is uniform. I shall pass over the decent heaviness of one and the incompetent flippancy of another—the simpering innocence which "hath no offence in it," and that dark malignity which, for the worthless renown of a sarcasm, stabs a fellow creature to the heart—leaving to Swift the enumeration of their common properties.

> The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
> The similies that nothing fit;
> The cant which every fool repeats,
> Town jests and coffee-house conceits.
> Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
> And introduced—the Lord knows why.

Some of these artists are very indefatigable readers. Nothing is left unexamined, and nothing is rejected as unworthy of perusal. Every thing is fish which comes into their net. Their purpose is not to amass knowledge, or arrive at truth, but to gleam from the toils of others all that may spare them the expense of thought. They in this resemble those birds whose furtive nature leads them to pilfer from the nests of others the materials of their own. It may be doubted, whether these predatory incursions into strange dominions are strictly justifiable, notwithstanding that piracy and theft were held not unbecoming by

the Greeks, provided they were exercised craftily and quietly; and that Sir Thomas More—a very conscientious judge—lays it down as a justifiable cause of war, if those who have territory to spare will not yield it up to those who are manifestly in want. On this principle, a magazinist looks upon a library as his domain, and the works of all who have preceded him as his fair property; and he extracts from them, sometimes with gentle disclaimings and sometimes with awful rapacity, the ornaments as well as the materials; the sentiment as well as the imagery; whatever can illustrate a position, or round a sentence, whatever may "point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Scarcely any one is so unfortunate as not to have his ambition gratified, in being regarded as a wonderful man of parts, by some dozens of admiring imitators. Trinculo was a god to Caliban, and the young periodical has always some great exemplar, some sacred idol, before whom he bends in adoration, on whose altar he devotes the *primitiæ* of his enterprize, in the glare of whose fame his buds of promise open out into fragrance, and whose virtues he copies with a Chinese fidelity of imitation; and so he becomes, in process of years, himself "a Triton of the minnows." Thus, naturalists say, that every flea is covered with a race of smaller fleas; and there is no scribler so mean, that he has not some meaner one in his *suite*, and so on, down to an infinite littleness. One amusing result of this is the conspiracy to laud each other. The itch for scribbling is not greater than the itch for praise. Mr. A. scratches Mr. B. and Mr. B. tickles Mr. C. who in his turn soothes the irritation of Messrs. A. and B. and son on, through all the letters of the alphabet. Here is no Turkish jealousy, no hesitating dislike, no sneering eulogy; it is the willing homage of congenial intellects to genuine desert. I am quite delighted with this universal epainetism, it is so affectionate and brotherly; it evinces, by the frank recognition of rival merit, the entire absence of that invidious feeling which has been charged upon literary men, from Petrarch's age to ours. These reciprocal scratchings some persons affect to regard with a contemptuous scorn, in my mind, with very little reverence for true genius.

The ancient sophists, who methodized their quackery with surpassing ingenuity into the form and repute of a regular science, constructed the skeletons of speeches and argumentations, which by shifting head and tail-pieces might be adapted to every subject. In the same way sets of magazine articles might be manufactured for every month in the year, with blank titles. A little generalization, from the practice of the more distinguished writers, would "pluck out the heart of their mystery," and form a rare and curious treatise with "the Art of Hashing-up" for its title, and "the oldest things the newest kind of ways," for its motto. My own ambition does not aspire to be a

legislator in the art, by my *scrinia* are at the command of any one who is desirous of achieving any fame of this sort. From the extreme facility with which practised hands perform these task-works, and the pence and praise which pursue this triumph, it is not surprising that the tribe has increased so immensely, that its population as a Malthusian might say, begins to press hardly upon the means of subsistence. Every one is ambitious of enrolling his name in the glorious catalogue—every one has a feverish thirst to be one of the thousand bubbles that float along the stream of popularity, which glitter and swell until they burst in their own inflation. What a sad mis-employment is this, after all, of those divine capabilities for good and useful, and often great and splendid actions, with which we are endowed. Eager for what?—to live upon the tongue and be the talk ; to be pointed at as a distinguished contributor to the ———; or as the writer of that singularly clever article—"April Musings;"—or, as (and this is the summit of fame) the suspected editor of the——. Swift, who understood these matters, and estimated them rightly, has wittily ridiculed the month's toil about an article, which is at last read over a dish of tea, and then flung aside for ever—by comparing it to the month of care and labour expended in fattening a chicken, which is devoured in a moment. A moment's attention is all that is spared to the article, and then it

> Goes to be never heard of more,
> Goes *where* the chicken went before.

Among these throngs, who are seduced by the glare of notoriety, we sometimes meet with one gifted with nobler qualities, and destined to a kinder and more enduring recompense. Such an one is sure at last to emerge from the equivocal reputation, which attends on the labours I have been considering, and win for himself a station and a name which become the property of his country. To discourage his exertions by ridicule would be inhuman. It is never proper but when applied to such as, utterly unfitted to instruct or delight by their acquirements and talents, rush boldly into the lists, and importunately exact that praise which is only due to the loftiest exertions of genius and imagination. In vain—a few years of experience, and all these false presentments and blear illusions melt away before the sad realities of truth. The fortunes of the highest talent are not always unclouded and happy—what must be those of impudent pretenders? The pursuit of literary glory is often a melancholy enterprize. What numbers perish in the stuggle! Days of unremitted and uncertain toil—nights of sleeplessness—envy and want—wasting anxiety and defeated hope—the spunging house and the jail—these are some of the realities which are concealed beneath the fair and goodly outside which allures the young enthusiast. Our excessive admiration of genius, and its bright and wonderful creations, is greatly mitigated, when we learn the

hard conditions to which it is subjected. And even of those who have escaped the shoals and rocks which so thickly beset the voyage of literature, and whose years are crowned with affluence and honour—how many do we see like Potemkin in his old age playing with his jewels and the insignia of his various orders, and then bursting into tears when he found, at last, and too late, that they were only baubles. P.

Art. IV.—*The Falls of Ohiopyle.*

On the west side of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog and gun amid uninhabited solitudes almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters. On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport, and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my four-footed companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water,—a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overcome, he entered into the boat and we rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which forbade my leaving the element on which I was gliding along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon those sad and melancholy associations that suggests themselves to the mind, when nature in her garb of decay presents herself to the eye; it reminds us, that human pride, and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passeth away, and that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the waters curled its surface in waves that, breaking as they

fell, dashed their sparkling foam around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds. His last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow sombre lustre the umbered foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased. Immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smallar trees, and thick shrubs, filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forests assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would change their figure, which again, from the same cause, would give way to another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances. Distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels and attendants, dwarfs, and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of phantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions. Thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moon-beams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the denser masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance; while rising above them, the evening star twinkled with its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure; it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view; my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me at thus beholding in their pride of loveliness the works of the creating Spirit.

In the meantime the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had since his entrance into the boat lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more

commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an interrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked, that though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought with considerable anxiety for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time, my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing. Still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to retain his secure situation or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have beforementioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur, it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered, and grew cold to think of the fate to which I was hurrying, without hope or succour, or a twig to catch at to save me from destruction. In a few moments, I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rocks, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death. I had seen him in various forms. I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible. Still the beautiful face of nature which had tempted me to my fate was the same. The clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightness, shone the star of evening, and in their tranquillity seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusal weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects, a mist was over my eyes—but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind. Things, of whose shape I could form no idea, would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled. Then I would start from the delusion as from a dream, and again the roar of the cataract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity, for a very few minutes only could have elapsed from the time I became insensible to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly, I seemed rapt along with inconceivable swiftness, and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or

rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity. Then a shock as if my frame had been rent in atoms succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered, in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam; and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted from the water, but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained. I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep. But my memory was totally ineffectual to explain to me what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorant of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in the situation I have supposed would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure, but some allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was. I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees, I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity; but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation. Of my sailing on the river—of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the Falls of Ohiopyle, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it—but no one was visible. My next thought was to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, I found that my limbs were too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time. Yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing about me. I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who, I thought, had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form, which had flitted around me. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow, and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was

music to me—her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld. During the whole time of my illness, those white fingers, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that had obscured my mind and memory passed away; I was again sensible, and could call to mind with some little trouble a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, of my reaching the edge of the rock over which the full stream rushes with fearful violence, of the shock which I experienced when dashed down the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one with whom I might converse about these strange occurrences, and from whom I might gather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, examined the room in which I lay, but no one was there; my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes which I found deposited on a chair. Being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. My first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, likewise destitute, as I thought, of inhabitants; and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention, and turning round, I beheld with no small satisfaction my old fellow-traveller, Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog, and I was busily engaged in patting and caressing him, when, turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded on. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt stood looking at us, supporting with one arm the old man, her father, while, on the other, hung a basket of flowers. I stood gazing at them, without speaking. I know not what magic made me dumb—but not a word escaped my lips. She was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch; chiding me at the same time for so doing without leave. She smiling said, "I am, at present, your physician, and I assure you that I shall exercise the power which I have over you, as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible." "But," added the father, "we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection; he is our guest, and not our captive. By this time, I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for this kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I

was conscious I must have occasioned to them. But my politeness was cut short by the frank assurances of my host, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly, by his lovely daughter. Carlo and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both, but my fair physician was inexorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman's phrase, till the morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curiosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the Falls of Ohiopyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the moanings and lamentations of a dog, and descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river-side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation, he had great difficulty, first, in rescuing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in carrying me to his father's dwelling, where I had lain several days, till by his daughter's unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business,) I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over every thing the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praise. As to themselves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me (which they assured me was not the case). Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget, for—shall I confess it? the idea that all that had been done for me was the effect of mere general philanthropy displeased me. When I looked at the lovely woman who had nursed me with sister-like affection, I could not bear to reflect that any other placed in a similar situation might have been benefited by the same care, and have been watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good-natured smile; that I was cared for no more than another, and valued merely as a being of the same species with themselves, to whom, equally with any other, their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two my health was so much improved, that I was

permitted to walk out in the small garden which surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling; its thatched roof, with patches of dark green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls, and chimney with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the neat glazed windows; the porch, and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass-plat edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with "wee modest" daisies, and the moss-rose tree in the middle, were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever, and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man, and his beautiful and good daughter; "and yet it cannot be helped," I repeated again and again. "How happy I should be," I thought, "in this lovely spot, and perhaps, the daughter"—dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love? "And why should I not be happy?"

I am now married, need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, has the same attractions for me; nay, more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me; my wife loves me; and her father is happy in seeing her happy. Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied, or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohiopyle.

ART. V.—*Essays, Moral, Philosophical, and Stomachical, on the important science of Good-Living.* By LAUNCELOT STURGEON, Esq. Fellow of the Beef-Steak Club, &c. 12mo. London. 1822.

A GREATER change probably never took place in the manners of the world than that which may be observed in the increased demands for books, and the very considerable portion of time now consumed in reading, compared with the abstemiousness of our ancestors in both these points. In place of a solitary volume of Chaucer, or the amusing history of Froissart, and perhaps another "Frensh boke" to boot, which, reposing in the window-seat of his hall, would most commonly form the entire library of a country gentleman of the olden time, no house is now-a-days duly furnished, without its dazzling files of history and poetry, philosophy and theology, travels and romances, which glitter on the shelves of a room peculiarly dedicated to their reception. The female employments of spinning, sewing, embroidering, and fineworking, have yielded before the combined

charms of literature and music; and treatises of political economy, the last volume of travels, or the last new romance, usurp the place of the "Complete Racing Calendar," and even divide empire with the sports of the field and the pleasures of the chase. What are likely to be the results of this important change, or how far it may gradually affect the national character, are matters of most interesting speculation, which we cannot now take time to pursue; but we may just remark the fact, that, at no period of history, and in no country of the world, has the appetite for reading been so vigorous, so widely extended, so largely supplied, or so indiscriminately craving, as at this moment in Great Britain. It is the age of book-clubs, circulating libraries, reviews, magazines, and newspapers without end, —in short, of reading and writing, printing and publishing. The busy, bustling world, which has so long kept up a continual coil, seems now at length about to sit still and read; and we can almost anticipate the time when men will forget to perform achievements, and be content with descriptions of them—when the only symptoms of activity to be discerned in the great metropolis will be found in the purlieus of the "Row" on the days of publication—the only movers on the face of this habitable globe will be travellers catering in order to write—and the only voices heard to disturb the deep serene of the public mind, the wrangling of those who are disagreeing upon the merits of the last productions. But be this consummation at hand, or only in distant perspective, the writers of the present day appear determined to let no subject pass unsaid or unsung. They seem to view the things of this world merely as materials for making books, and appreciate every object they behold, by its capabilities for serving their favourite purpose—just as the celebrated farmer and traveller, Arthur Young, who, looking upon the volcanic fire in Italy, said, "I wish I had it at Bradfield, (his farm) I would use it for boiling potatoes for the bullocks." We would not, however, by these random reflections, be understood as throwing out cynical objections to the present state of things in literature—but rather as pointing out to the notice of the observer of manners, some of the inevitable attendants upon an extensive spread of literary information, such as shoals of good-for-nothing books and superficial readers. Where the great fish haunt, the small fry are sure to swarm; and we could not have had our Shakspeares, Bacons, and Miltons, without myriads of minor writers. Luxury invariably follows the increase of wealth; and the literary riches of England are so vast that we must not be surprised if she grow capricious, and require every whim of mental appetite to be pampered—every freak of her wanton fancy to be gratified. Piquant cates must be searched for, to stimulate the languid appetite—sauces to enrich and vary the flavour of meats grown too familiar to the palate,—and—but

we have inadvertently hit upon an illustration which savours too much of good living not to recal to our memory the little book, which, though it lies open before us, had been, but for our culinary metaphor, lost in the reflections to which a perusal of it gave rise. These essays, then, good reader and liver! may be considered in literature what a paté, a curry, a puff macaroni, or any other of those appendages of a feast, which stud the table around the principal dishes, like stars about the moon, are in good-eating. They are the offspring both of literary and stomachic luxury,—for, had not good living become an object of peculiar attention, and the public grown *gourmands* of every highly-seasoned delicacy in the shape of a book, these essays would never have been written. They are evidently the composition of a man sated with the pleasures of the table, and cloyed too with the stores of the bookshelf, who, finding nearly every topic, human and divine, loaded with commentations, appears to have said—why not sing, or rather say, the praises of a well-furnished board, a nicely judging cook, a learned and liberal master of the feast? Truly the essayist is himself *Epicuri de grege porcus*, and, we doubt not, deserves to be called after that great but calumniated professor of pleasure—an appellation in which, as he ingeniously attempts to prove it second to none, he will doubtless glory. His book, too, bears about the same relation to those we should most willingly recommend, which a sprat holds to a salmon, or a basin of thin broth to a tureen of turtle,—but yet it has some merit, which we have no doubt will insure to it a fair proportion of readers,—especially of those who have no objection to purchase the praises of eating and drinking, occupations assuredly not to be regarded with indifference. Nor is it altogether confined to their tastes alone. Manners take their turn in the hands of our essayist, and the severity of didactic composition is tempered by amusing anecdotes, and a fund of small wit—the whole served up in language as smooth and polished as the "round fat oily man," whom, he would fain make us believe, toils in his kitchen to dress his daily meal. But it is time to give a few specimens. The first extract we shall make is from the essay on the "Qualifications necessary in those who give dinners:"—and here it appears, that he who can only pay for that which he chuses to invite his guests to eat, is very far indeed from possessing the right to give a dinner. We quote the character of Count Zinzendorff, whom the essayist describes as a man after his own heart.

"Lewis, Count Zinzendorff, one of the ministers of the Emperor Charles VI., kept the most elegant, as well as the most profuse, table in all Vienna. Although formed to shine with distinguished lustre in the cabinet, yet he was less jealous of his reputation there, than of that more solid renown which he might acquire by giving the most splendid entertainments of any minister in Europe. He was equally acquainted with Asiatic and European luxury: his curries rivalled those of the Great Mogul; his olios exceeded

those of Spain; his pastry was more delicate than that of Naples; his macaroni was made by the Grand Duke's cook; his liver-pies were prepared at Strasburg and Toulouse, and his Périgueux patés were really brought from thence; nor was there in any country a grape of the least repute, but a sample of it in wine was for the honour of its vineyards, to be found on his sideboard. His kitchen was an epitome of the universe; for there were cooks in it of all nations, and rarities from every quarter of the globe. To collect these, he had agents appointed in each place of any note for its productions: the carriages on which they were laden came quicker and more regularly than the posts; and the expenses of the transport of his dinners ran higher than those for secret correspondence. In his general conversation, the Count was cautious: in his conferences with other ministers, he was reserved: but at his table all this state machinery was thrust aside: there he discoursed at large, and delivered the most copious and instructive lectures on all his exotic and domestic delicacies; and here no professor was ever less a plagiary. He had this pillau from Prince Eugene, who had it from the Bashaw of Buda; the egg-soup was made after a receipt of the Duke de Richelieu; the roan-ducks were stewed in the style of the Cardinal du Bois; and the pickled-lampreys came from a great minister in England. His dishes furnished him with a kind of chronology: his water-souchy was borrowed from Marshal d'Auverquerque's table, when he was first in Holland; the partridge stuffed with mushrooms and stewed in wine, was a discovery made by that prince of good livers, the Duke de Vendôme during the war of the succession; and the Spanish Puchero was the only solid result of the negociation with Riperda. In short, with true Apicean eloquence, he generously instructed the novices in the arts of good living; and as Solomon discoursed of every herb, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, so, he began with a champignon no bigger than a Dutchman's waistcoat button, and ended with a wild boar, the glory of the German forest.

"There was always an hour in his public days when he was totally inaccessible. The politicians were astonished at a retirement for which they could assign no reason, until an inquisitive foreigner, by giving a large gratuity to one of his servants, was let into the secret. Being placed in a closet between the chamber of audience and the room where the Count was, he saw him seated in an elbow chair: when, preceded by a page with a cloth on his arm and a drinking glass, one of his domestics appeared, who presented a salver with many little pieces of bread, elegantly disposed; and was followed by the first cook, who, on another salver, had a number of small boats filled with as many different kinds of gravy. His Excellency then, tucking his napkin in his cravat, first washed and gargled his mouth, then dipped a piece of bread successively into each of the sauces, and having tasted it with much deliberation, carefully rincing his palate after every one, to avoid confusion, he at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided on the destination of them all.

> "He was indeed a host! take him for all in all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

In the hints to grown gentlemen, we find the following ludicrous instance of calm self-possession.

"If you should, unhappily, be forced to carve,—neither labour at the joint, until you put yourself into a heat and hack it so that one might with justice exclaim, "mangling done here!" nor make such a desperate effort to dissect it, as may put your neighbours in fear of their lives. However, if an accident should happen, make no excuses, for they are only an acknowledgment of awkwardness. We remember to have seen a man of high fashion deposit a turkey in this way in the lap of a lady; but, with admirable composure, and without offering the slightest apology, he finished a story which he was telling at the same time, and then, quietly turning to her, merely said—"Madam, I'll thank you for that turkey."

We wish more humility and better digestion to those whom the following remarks may concern. They are taken from the "Essay on the *Nature*, the intent, and the value of invitations."

"But if we feel indignant at the hollowness of general invitations, we are equally shocked at the little regard paid to the substantial tender of a precise engagement. The extreme levity of the young people of the present age, makes them attach too little consequence to nutritive invitations; they even affect to consider the obligation on either side as equal; and pretend that the ephemeral honour of their company is an equivalent for the solid advantages of a good dinner. This is the effect of the modern philosophy, which is corrupting the hearts and turning the heads of the rising generation; and is even undermining the corporation dinners and parish feasts. Unlike our ancestors, amongst whom a grand entertainment was talked of for a month before-hand; its digestion was not completed within a week; and the visits to the host, dictated by the gratitude of his guests, occupied the following fortnight. Either a man's principles or his stomach must be very unsettled, who is insensible to the real value of the pleasures of the table; and we may be assured, that no constitution stands so much in need of radical reform, as that of him who can view a good dinner with indifference, or repay it with ingratitude."

The essayist thus rails at the English fashion of simultaneously covering the dinner table with a variety of dishes, which are only to be eaten in succession.

"In vain have epicurean Amphytrions, endowed with too little strength of mind to soar above the prejudices of the world, felt the fatal consequences of these symmetrical dinners, and endeavoured to remedy them by artificial heat; but hot bricks, balls of heated tin, chafing-dishes, and water-plates, are but sorry palliatives of the evil, and rather tend to dry the gravies than to keep them hot.

"What then is to be done?"—says the man of the world, a slave to custom, and, above all, to vanity. Despise the one and lay aside the other. Give small parties; but repeat them often. Give but twelve removes in lieu of twenty-four: but serve up only one, or at most two, at a time. Having thus banished symmetry from your table, you will produce nothing on it but what is really meant to be consumed. The cook, occupied about fewer dishes, will have more leisure to prepare each according to the strict rules of art: served to a minute—from the omelette, which should be turned from the frying-pan into the stomach, to the macaroni, which should make but one leap from the mouth of the oven into our own—each will bear the highest relish of which it is susceptible, and will become the sole focus where every appetite is reflected: time will be afforded to do the amplest justice to their several *merits*: our palates will be titillated, and our appetites stimulated by their gradual succession; and we shall be enabled not only to cram down every thing hot, but in much larger quantities.

"But let us not be understood as objecting to the elegance of symmetrical arrangement in the ornaments of the table: on the contrary, let biscuit-figures, plateaux, épergnes, saliéres and saladiers, crystal, plate, and porcelain, glitter in all the foppery of decoration; their presence adds lustre to the celestial bodies of which they are the attendant satellites. We only object to those formal, half-cold dinners, where—

> "Dish nods at dish, each capon has its brother,
> And one tureen but just reflects the other."

We shall not do justice to our author if we do not extract his description of the origin of cooking *a la braise*, and his biographical notice of an illustrious man. With these quotations, pre-

mising that they are very fair specimens of the whole, we must close our account of these essays.

"In the common mode of dressing our carneous aliments, either those particles which constitute the chief portion of their savour evaporate on the spit as fruitlessly as the sighs of an absent lover, or their nutritive juices are drained into the pot with as little advantage to our stomachs as if they had been drawn into the vortex of the exchequer. To remedy these inconveniences, recourse is had to the braise, which is thus performed:—The bottom of a stewpan is strewed with slices of bacon and of beef, chopped carrots, onions, celery, fine-herbs, salt, pepper, mace, and allspice: upon this bed—more fragrant than if it were of roses—is laid, in soft repose, the joint which is the special object of your care; which is then wrapt in a downy covering of the same materials, and the curtain of the lid is cautiously closed upon it. It is then placed in the warm chamber of the portable furnace, and left to slumber in a state of gentle transpiration, under the guardian protection of a sylph of the kitchen, during as many hours as the priestess of the temple may deem salutary. When at length taken up, it rivals the charms of Diana newly risen from the bath; and when dressed in all its splendour—that is, dished with its sauce—we question whether the homage paid to the most admired beauty on her first presentation in the drawing-room was ever half so ardent or sincere as that which it receives when it makes its entrée at the table. The most homely leg of mutton acquires, in this way, a degree of refinement which fits it for the highest society: it may indeed be conjectured, that it cannot remain long in such intimate union with the piquant associates we have mentioned, without acquiring a certain portion of taste; and it strongly exemplifies the truth of that ancient adage—'tell me your company and I'll tell you your manners.' Nor are these its only advantages: it imparts a certain yielding tenderness, peculiarly agreeable to those who begin to feel the effects of time upon their masticatory powers, and who, although as fervent as ever in their admiration, do not altogether possess the vigour which distinguished the devotions of their youth.

"The origin of this truly great improvement in the culinary art, was, as we have been assured by a learned friend of deep research in such matters, as follows—

"There existed at Paris, a 'CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION,' whose object was, not the persecution of printers, but the encouragement of cooks. The members, more attentive to the preservation of their own constitution than that of the state, attempted no interference with any government but that of the kitchen; they supported no party but that of dinner; professed no principles but those of good fellowship and attachment to the table; and were actuated by no exclusive feelings of preference for any administration but that of the best maître d'hôtel. They had long reflected with concern on the apathy which seemed to reign among the cooks, and had deliberated on the means of giving some stimulus to their invention, but without coming to any determination, until the alternate appearance of boiled and roast turkey on four successive club-days shewed the absolute necessity for taking decisive measures. The president, therefore, after an elaborate speech, in which he detailed, with equal perspicuity and force, the lamentable deficiency of the ancient system, and pathetically deplored the disappointment it had occasioned, proposed—that the silver gridiron of the society should be offered for the best essay on a new mode of dressing turkey. The resolution passed unanimously, and was attended with the desired effect. A young artist—called Le Gacque—whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity—warmed by the offer, his imagination heated with the prospect of distinction, and himself burning with emulation in his profession, conceived the fortunate idea of the braise. But his plan was not adopted without opposition: the maître d'hôtel, a man of great experience and distinguished reputation, and withal sharp-set against reformers, represented to the club, that it would be a dan-

gerous innovation on the established principles which the society was particularly bound to support; that no turkey was ever so treated before; and as it was a measure which probably would fail in the execution, his character was interested in not countenancing it. To these observations the president replied—that the club had not come to so serious a determination without that mature deliberation which the importance of the subject required; that however the innovation might appear to be a solecism in cookery, yet, the association felt itself above public opinion, and, notwithstanding the failure of some other trials, had resolved to incur the risk of the experiment; and that, whatever might be the result, it took the honour of the maître d'hôtel under its special protection: in fine, that its mandate was conclusive—a turkey must be braised; but in order to afford the fairest opportunity of judging the comparative merits of the different modes, two other turkeys should be dressed at the same time—one boiled, the other roasted.

"Monsieur Le Gacque got not a wink of sleep that night: he turned as often in his bed as if he had been himself upon the spit: and he contemplated the approaching trial of his skill with all the anxiety that may be supposed to agitate an author on the first representation of his play. The maître d'hôtel—with a rare disinterestedness in the head of a department—threw no official impediments in the way; and on the appointed day, the several candidates appeared upon the board. The interval which elapsed before their pretensions were finally discussed, was the most anxious of Monsieur Le Gacque's existence, nor was he entirely relieved from suspense on being summoned to hear the decision, as he could not but perceive, that the three turkeys had wholly disappeared among the thirteen members of the committee to whom the judgment was referred. But this was soon explained by the chairman as the consequence of that rigid impartiality which required that every particle of the evidence produced should be examined with scrupulous attention, without which they could not do justice to the merits of each, and consequently, that no accurate conclusion could be arrived at until they had picked every bone. He proceeded to say—that having gone through that arduous duty with entire satisfaction to themselves, it only remained for him to declare, that the sense of the committee was so decidedly in favour of the discovery of Monsieur Le Gacque, that it felt not the least hesitation in recommending it to the adoption of the association, and unanimously awarded him the gridiron."

Le Gacque probably long enjoyed the honour of this triumph—but poor Watel, of whom we have now to speak, was not so fortunate. He fell, it is true, in the bed of glory—the pantry—but, alas! like many other heroes in the annals of good living—a *felo de se!*

"The history of the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth—so fertile in great men of every class—has preserved the record of one eminent professor of the science of cookery, whose name will descend to posterity with the honours of martyrdom, and to whose fame we feel a just pride in adding the tribute of our admiration and regret.

"Charles Augustus Armand Watel was descended from an ancient family of cooks, long settled in the University of Toulouse, so celebrated for its learning and its pâtés of ducks' livers. History is silent on the subject of his early education; and we only learn, that from his most tender years he evinced a decided preference for the science of eating. But we may conjecture that he was brought up in the most orthodox culinary principles; for the memoirs of the times represent him as having taken an important degree in the kitchen of an archbishop at a time of life when few of his young associates had advanced beyond the rank of under graduate. From that period he advanced rapidly to the highest honours of his profession, until, at length, we find him chief cook to the great Prince of Condé—a master hardly less distinguished in the annals of history than himself. Here it was that he immortalized him-

self by the invention of the *Côtelettes à la Maintenon*, and the discovery of *Catsup*, to which we owe so much of our real enjoyments; and here, alas! it was that he ended his brilliant career, at a moment when science had still to expect from him the noblest efforts of his genius. There are various accounts of the circumstances which led to the catastrophe; but the statement most to relied upon, is as follows:—

"The prince had invited a large party of the first nobility to dine with him, and the repast was ordered in all the profusion which reigned in those days, and all the magnificence which became the entertainer and his guests. At that period sea-fish, (never plentiful at Paris) was a rarity of most difficult attainment, and, consequently, in the highest request. Watel, determined, on this occasion, to out-do all his competitors, and to raise his master to the very pinnacle of fame, had arranged an entire course of fish—to consist of forty-eight dishes—and, to make sure of having each in perfection, he had dispatched a special messenger to the nearest sea-port, whose return was so calculated as that he should arrive at Paris with his convoy on the morning of the fête. But the most important events of life are often subordinate to the most trivial occurrences:—the messenger got drunk on the road, and overstaid his time; the appointed morning arrived, but along with it no fish made its appearance. The hours rolled on, and hope sustained the sinking spirits of Watel until hope itself could cheat him no longer: he then took a step which at an earlier hour might have been attended with some success—he went to market—but it was too late—all the fish was gone. Thus foiled in all his plans, deprived of his last resource, fevered by the state of agitation in which he had been held, and goaded, it was said, by the taunts of a fellow-cook, who envied his reputation, and who reproached him with the 'pretty kettle of fish he had made of it,' he, in a moment of despair, resolved not to survive his disgrace: and, retiring to the pantry—stabbed himself to the heart with a silver skewer.

"Thus fell Watel! Contemporary authors speak of him, as they do of other great characters, in terms rather dictated by party spirit than the dignified impartiality of history; and one—who evidently never partook of a dinner prepared by him—has even ventured to affirm, that he was poisoned by one of his own ragouts. Whatever our own admiration of the course he meditated, we shall not attempt to palliate that which he adopted; and although our respect inclines us to draw a veil over his infirmities, we must yet admit, that his memory would have been freer from reproach, if he had dished up dinner before he dished himself.

"Peace to his illustrious shade! He has proved that the spirit of honour reigns in the kitchen as well as the camp, and fires the breasts of cooks as well as soldiers; and although, in this philosophic age, his successors seem to prefer the pleasure of living at their masters' expense to the glory of dying for their reputation, yet may we hope that his generous self-devotion will rouse their emulation, or, at least, remind them—never to forget the fish."

We must here, then, take leave of Launcelot Sturgeon and his book, and we do it with those feelings of placid indifference which mark our parting with an amusing trifler, who has whiled away an idle hour, but without, for an instant, exciting in our breasts a single sentiment of respect for himself, or even filling us with that agreeable satisfaction which a consciousness of such spent time never fails to bestow

ART. VI.—*Some Passages in the Life of Mr. Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle.* Edinburgh. 1822.

THIS book has, we believe, excited very general interest both here and in England; and we have reason to think that any account which we may give of it must have been anticipated in the case of most of our readers by the perusal of the work itself. And it is impossible, we think, to peruse it, without a deep impression that its author, be he who he may, is a man of very extraordinary powers—of higher expectation indeed than actual performance—of a vigorous, and powerful mind, deep feeling, and splended imagination—full, in short, of the very best talent—of which his present theme has permitted only a fair specimen but by no means the complete development.

The story of Adam Blair is very brief—and may, indeed, be summed up in a few sentences. He is a respectable Scotish clergyman—married in early life to the woman whom he tenderly loves and by whom he has several children, all cut off in infancy, with the exception of one daughter. The unhappy mother does not long survive the death of the last victim of a constitutional disease—but sorrows, declines, and at last gently expires; and Blair is left in bereavement and desolation. In this dark and hopeless state he remains for some time, till a visit is unexpectedly proffered by a Mrs. Campbell, the early and intimate friend of his departed wife—but who had herself, it is hinted, cherished secretly, if not unconsciously, an affection for Blair. This once gay and brilliant young woman was now the victim of an unhappy matrimonial connection—and that the second—which she had contracted in levity or misfortune: she had in the first instance precipitately attached herself to the fickle boyhood of an English stranger of family and rank, and was, of course, soon abandoned and forgotten: and after obtaining that relief which our Scotish usages vouchsafe to this species of affliction, she very soon threw herself into the arms of a cold, stubborn Highland soldier of fortune, on whom her capricious ardour of spirit was altogether thrown away—and who visited her with suspicion, for which she made the common and not unnatural return of hatred. She has returned to Scotland—from what especial impulse is not explained—in a state of questionable, although temporary separation from her husband—and comes, as a sort of houseless wanderer, to the Manse of Cross-Meikle, where her presence appears, for a time, to scatter the prevailing gloom. But to any eyes there is something not over delicate in the visit, and prolonged stay at the Manse; and poor Adam Blair and Charlotte Campbell become the subject of the grossest slanders, which reach the ears of the rugged Captain Campbell himself, who directs his Edinburgh *agent*, Mr. Duncan Strachan—whose cha-

racter and manners are elegantly sketched—to hurry Charlotte from this scene of imputed guilt, to a horrid den in the Highlands, of which, under the name of the Castle of Uigness, he had recently become proprietor. The worthy agent contrives to execute his trust with so much brutal coarseness, that Blair is very soon apprised of its motive; while the unhappy Charlotte learns, in the course of her journey, that her guilt is so entirely taken for granted, that even the odious messenger of her husband imagines he can insult her with impunity.

After her departure, compassion, indignation, horror, take possession of Blair's mind, as they must do that of every creature deserving the name of man, when he finds a woman falsely slandered, and imagines that his own most venial indiscretion even has been accessary to that slander; and he determines, in a moment of generous, and therefore pardonable frenzy, to follow her to her place of solitary imprisonment—whether to mitigate, by sharing her grief—to assure her of the vindication of her injured honour—or to encounter danger along with her—or whether, from a mixture of all these motives, and the secret working of a passion still unconfessed to his own bosom—the ingenious author has not thought fit precisely to determine. But *that* is of no moment, as every reader will decide the point for himself; and most, we think, will be of opinion that Mr. Adam Blair, had he not been in love, could scarcely have taken so false a step as that which he did take—considered with reference to the real welfare of the person for whom he was deeply interested. Impulse, not reflection, could have led him to the Castle of Uigness—and impulse, without reflection, could, in a case where interests so sacred depended upon conduct, have been the offspring of nothing less than love.

Be this as it may, Adam Blair hastens to Uigness—and the account of the journey thither exhibits, in many parts, the happiest power of description—and here commences the history of his sin, and sorrow, and degradation. We regret, in common with many readers—and we feel assured, from the admirable tone of sentiment which pervades the work, that none will more regret, upon reflection, than the author himself—the *manner* in which a part of the story is here, as we think, unnecessarily told;—but to draw an inference from this, as we are told some foolish persons have done, against the *moral tendency* of the work, is not only puerile, but absolutely wicked, because, in the case of all those who have read the book, it must be wilfully false. The remorse, horror, mental prostration, and bodily affliction that immediately pursue both the offenders—the terrible picture of moral agony in the case of Blair himself, as he sits by the brink of the unfathomable *tarn*, and meditates self-destruction—the shudder with which he recoils from the partner of his guilt, and darts through the rugged and pathless

glens to escape her hated presence—the wild fervour of anguish with which she pursues him, till he is found prostrate in the *Shielling*, with a burning fever on him, and a stupor to all things but that inward sense of guilt which seems to bear its raging sway over the spirit after every external sense has been shut—the long period of his mental alienation at the castle of Uigness during which the fated partner of his guilt expiates her offence in death—the scene before the presbytery at Glasgow, of voluntary confession, humiliation, formal *deposition*, and penitent retirement—these are scenes, some of which in liveliness and effect seem not ill adapted for the best illustration which the pencil could bestow upon them, and which, at any rate, taken together, afford almost as terrible an exemplification of the consequences, moral and physical, of guilt, as it will be easy to find in our literature. If the author paint guilt, he but shews forth human nature; but his is not the deadly sin of painting it in gay and animating colours—of trifling with moral distinctions—of aiming a set of miserable and abandoned sophisms at the heart. His theme is error, frailty, vice, or whatever verbal appellation the different classes or habits of society may apply to the offence of adultery; but he regards not such distinctions; he views the offence as it has been stamped by the unalterable law of God, implicitly and wisely followed by the best institutions of man; and weshould rather be apprehensive, that in the midst of a light and *liberal* generation he may find many to dissent from the rigour of the retribution which he awards, than that among rational men he should find one who will not declare that, humanly speaking, and for a work of fiction, it is enough.

The scene of this novel is in Scotland, and some of the subordinate characters—and these admirably drawn—are Scotish; but the essence of the story is Scotish only in so far as it assumes the stainless purity of the clerical character in Scotland to be altogether indispensable, and any spot upon that character to involve the utter ruin and degradation of the individual. For the rest, it is a story of passion, frailty, sin, and retribution—a story of every age and clime—and notwithstanding our regard for those portions of our literature which are called national, it is not the worse, we think, on that account. It bears no affinity whatever, that we can discover, to the Scotish novels; and as to the "Annals of the Parish," and other works of that stamp, it is so immeasurably superior to them in every point of view, that we cannot in our hearts think of the slightest comparison. There is a depth, and at the same time clearness of thinking—a knowledge of men and manners, both in the abstract and detail—a power of vivid description, whether of outward objects or of inward thought, such as we have seldom met with in any recent work, and which we can only exemplify now by a very few quotations.

The first is a powerful picture of the deepest anguish, where

affliction presses without measure, but unprovoked by sin, and unattended by remorse.

"And in truth, it was as they said. It may be, the seated disease of the mind, by slow but sure degrees, communicated its poison to the body; at all events, the frame, like the inhabiting spirit, soon exhibited all the features of decay. The long melancholy summer passed away, and the songs of the harvest reapers were heard in the surrounding fields: while all, from day to day, was becoming darker and darker within the Manse of Cross-Meikle. Worn to a shadow—pale as ashes—feeble as a child, the dying mother had, for many weeks, been unable to quit her chamber; and the long-hoping husband at last felt his spirit faint within him; for even he perceived that the hour of separation could not much farther be deferred. He watched—he prayed by her bedside—he strove even yet to smile and to speak of hope, but his lips trembled as he spake; and neither he nor his wife were deceived, for their thoughts were the same, and years of love had taught them too well all the secrets of each other's looks as well as hearts.

"Nobody witnessed their last parting; the room was darkened, and no one was within it but themselves and their child, who sat by the bed-side, weeping in silence she knew not wherefore—for of death she knew little, except the terrible name; and her father had as yet been, if not brave enough to shed no tears, at least strong enough to conceal them. Silently and gently was the pure spirit released from its clay; but manly groans were, for the first time, heard above the sobs and wailings of the infant; and the listening household shrunk back from the door, for they knew that the blow had been stricken; and the voice of humble sympathy feared to make itself be heard in the sanctuary of affliction. The village doctor arrived just at that moment; he listened for a few seconds, and being satisfied that all was over, he also turned away. His horse had been fastened to the hook by the Manse door; he drew out the bridle, and led the animal softly over the turf, but did not mount again until he had far passed the outskirts of the green.

"Perhaps an hour might have passed before Mr. Blair opened the window of the room in which his wife had died. His footstep had been heard for some time hurriedly traversing and re-traversing the floor; but at last he stopped where the nearly fastened shutters of the window admitted but one broken line of light into the chamber. He threw every thing open with a bold hand, and the uplifting of the window produced a degree of noise, to the like of which the house had for some time been unaccustomed; he looked out, and saw the external world bright before him, with all the rich colourings of a September evening. The sun had just sunk behind the distant screen of the Argyll and Dumbartonshire hills; the outline of huge Benlomond glowed like a blood-red jewel against the wide golden sky beyond; a thick and hazy cloud of mist had gathered over the rich valleys to the westward, through which, here and there, some far-off bending of the river flashed for a moment in a streak of reflected crimson; near at hand, the tall elms that surround the village church-yard stood, with all their brown leaves whispering in the faint breeze of the twilight; a fine herd of cattle were passing along the neighbouring "green loning" in a long deliberate line; the hum of the village sent an occasional echo through the intervening hedge-rows; all was quiet and beautiful above and below; the earth seemed to be clothed all over with sights and sounds of serenity; and the sky, deepening into darker and darker blue overhead, showed the earliest of its stars intensely twinkling, as if ready to harbinger or welcome the coming moon.

"The widowed man gazed for some minutes in silence upon the glorious calm of nature, and then turned with a sudden start to the side of the room where the wife of his bosom had so lately breathed;—he saw the pale dead face; the dark ringlets parted on the brow; the marble hand extended upon the sheet; the unclosed glassy eyes; and the little girl leaning towards her mother in a gaze of half-horrified bewilderment; the tears dried up in their young fountains, by the instinctive awe of life in the immediate atmosphere,

and presence of death. He drew near to the couch—grasped the cold hand, and cried, "Oh God! Oh God!—a shriek, not a prayer; he closed the stiffening eye-lids over the soft but ghastly orbs; kissed the brow, the cheek, the lips, the bosom, and then rushed down the stairs, and away out, bareheaded, into the fields, before any one could stop him, or ask whither he was going.

"There is an old thick grove of pines almost immediately behind the house; and after staring about him for a moment on the green, he leapt hastily over the little brook that skirts it, and plunged within the shade of the trees. The breeze was rustling the black boughs high over his head, and whistling along the bare ground beneath him. He rushed he knew not whither, on and on, between those naked brown trunks, till he was in the heart of the wood; and there, at last, he tossed himself down on his back among the withered fern-leaves and mouldering fir-cones. Here every thing accorded with the gloom of a sick and shuddering soul, and he lay in a sort of savage stupor, half-exulting, as the wind moaned and sighed through the darkness about him, in the depth (as he thought, the *utmost* depth) of abandonment and misery. Long-restrained, long-vanquished passions took their turn to storm within him—fierce thoughts chased each other through his bosom—sullen dead despair came to banish or to drown them—mournful gleams of tenderness melted all his spirit for a moment, and made room again for the strong graspings of horror. Doubt hung over him like some long-laid spectre risen again from a roaring sea, to freeze and to torture.—Faith, like a stooping angel, blew the shadow aside, but the unsubstantial vapour grew together again into form, and stood within sight a phantom that would not be dismissed. All the past things of life floated before him, distinct in their lineaments, yet twined together, the darkest and the gayest, into a sort of union that made them all appear alike dark. The mother that had nursed his years of infancy—the father, whose hairs he had long before laid in the grave—sisters, brothers, friends, all dead and buried—the angel forms of his own early-ravished offspring—all crowded round and round him, and then rushing away, seemed to bear from him, as a prize and a trophy, the pale image of his expiring wife. Again sex returned, and she alone was present with him—not the pale expiring wife, but the young radiant woman—blushing, trembling, smiling, panting on his bosom, whispering to him all her hopes, and fears, and pride, and love, and tenderness and meekness, like a bride; and then again all would be black as night. He would start up and gaze around, and see nothing but the sepulchral gloom of the wood, and hear nothing but the cold blasts among the leaves. In a moment, it seemed as if years and years had intervened since he had become a widower. Every thing looked distant, chill, remote, uncertain, cut off from him as if for ages, by the impassable wide gulf of death. Down he lay again, and covering his face with his hands, struggled to overcome the strength of delusions with which all his soul was surrounded. Now boiling with passions, now calm as the dead, fearing, hoping, doubting, believing, lamenting, praying, and cursing—yes, cursing all in succession.—Oh! who can tell in one brief hour what ages of agony may roll over one bruised human spirit!

"The storm of desolation was followed by a lowering state of repose. He lay insensible alike to all things, stretched out at all his length, with his eyes fixed in a stupid stedfastness upon one great massy branch that hung over him—his bloodless lips fastened together, as if they had been glued—his limbs like things entirely destitute of life and motion—every thing about him cold, stiff, and senseless. Minute after minute passed heavily away as in a dream—hour after hour rolled unheeded into the abyss—the stars twinkled through the pine-tops, and disappeared—the moon arose in her glory, rode through the clear autumn heaven, and vanished—and all alike unnoted by the prostrate widower. He only, in whose hand are all times, and all reasons, and all the workings of the spirit of man, can know what was and was not done within, during this space of apparent blankness. Not in dreams alone, it may be, does the soul work unconsciously, and exert all or many of its noblest powers. But these things are of the mysteries which human eyes cannot penetrate, and

into which we should not be presumptuous enough to peer with all our blinding imbecility about us."

The next is one of guilt, self-upbraiding, and hopeless distraction; and we think no one will deny that the picture is executed by a masterly hand.

"He rushed to the window, and threw it open, and looked forth upon the sea, once more calm and glassy, and the sky glowing with the still and sultry fervours of a summer moon. Every thing was in repose except the bosom on which anguish, remorse, despair, sat like midnight demons, flapping in unison their cold and mighty wings.

"Suddenly there came wafted from afar off the echo of a bell tolling slowly, every note of which seemed to pause upon the surface of the smooth waters over which it was borne. The remote solemn music summoned Christian worshippers from many a lonely glen, and many a boat glided swiftly at its signal from the neighbouring creeks and bays. To one only, of all that listened, those holy sounds, floating gently over the deep, sent no message of peace and gladness.

"The muffled knell that announces to the felon the hour of his mortal doom, fell never with a more thrilling sweep of horror than did the simple melody of that Sabbath-bell upon Adam Blair's shrinking ear. The pulse of human agony was never stirred with a deeper throb.

"He clad himself hastily, and without casting more than one hurried glance upon the sleeping partner of his guilt, walked out of the house, and followed, with trembling step, the path which wound up the face of the wooded hill immediately behind it. He turned back when he had reached the rocky summit, looked down once more for a moment upon the shining loch and its magnificent shores, and then rushed with the speed of a maniac into the gloomy and deep glen which sinks beyond. When he stopped, he threw his eyes round him, and saw nothing but a narrow circuit of heathy and stony desolation; and in the centre of the barren amphitheatre a small dark mountain tarn, the still waveless waters of which reflected nothing but the surrounding gloom—and that so truly, that he stood almost on the margin ere he had discovered that there was any thing but heath below him.

"This melancholy tarn, formed where three hills descend into the bosom of the earth together, is of such depth that no plummit could ever sound it, and it shelves from the very brink sheer down into this unfathomable blackness. The sea-mew rests her weary wing there, when driven by the fierce tempest from the breast of ocean; the wild deer, that has escaped from the hunters of some distant forest, pants in security on the untrodden heath beside it; the eagle, sailing far over-head, casts a passing shadow upon its surface; the stars visit it with their gleams—long before any human eye can distinguish their presence in the heavens from the brow of the neighbouring mountain. But no living thing was near, when Adam Blair took his seat upon one of the great shapeless fragments of stone that here and there gird the heath, and lean their bare masses over those dismal waters—and though the bright sky of noon-tide hung far above in its beauty, the black mirror below him reflected nothing of its azure.

"Blair sat there gazing upon the pool, with his arms folded on his breast, until the multitude of his agonizing thoughts had totally perplexed the clearness both of his mind and of his vision. Once and again he strove to frame his lips to prayer, but the syllables stuck in his throat, and he gasped for breath, as if a great weight had been squeezing in his bosom. At last, he knelt with his forehead low down in his hands upon the stone, and struggled inwardly till every limb of him shook and quivered; but still no drop of tears would gush from his throbbing eye-lids, no Christian ejaculation would force itself through his dry and parched lips. He felt as if he were wrapt in some black and burning cloud, which would not let in one ray upon his misery of thirst and scorching, and became at last utterly bewildered with a crowd of the most horrible phantasies. The anguish of his remorse

clothed itself in tangible forms, and his spirit shrunk amidst them, as if he had been surrounded with the presence of real demons. Black loathsome creatures seemed to sit close beside him on either hand, polluting the breath ere it reached his nostrils, scowling upon him with faces of devilish glee, pawing upon his head with hot talons, fanning his temples with wiry pinions, which stirred the air, but lent it no coolness. Wide glaring eyes fastened upon him, and held him fixed as their prey.—At one moment it seemed to him as if the church-yard of Cross-Meikle were the scene of his torments. He saw the tomb of his father, with filthy things crawling up and down upon the face of the marble; while he himself lying prostrate upon the grave of his wife, heard the poisonous breath of fiends whistling in his ear above her dust. He saw his living friends: old Maxwell was there, with fierce angry eyes. Little Sarah stood close by him pale and motionless; farther on, the whole of his congregation were crowded together about the door of the church, and he heard the voice of scornful curses muttered every where round about him, by lips that had never been opened but to bless him. These vanished as if some spell had wafted them far away beyond the clouds, and he felt, with a sort of sense of relief in the midst of his despair, as if he were once more alone with the ill-favoured attendants to whom he knew himself to be abandoned. He gazed back again with sullen dead eyes upon their gleaming countenances of wrath and joy, distorted and intermingled together. He frowned upon them, as if daring them to do their worst. They screamed aloud with harsh horrid voices—pounced upon him—lifted him up into the air, and then flung him down again, as if in sport, and he their plaything. He strove to utter the name of his Maker, but ere he could open his mouth, the holy name itself passed away from his recollection, and they stooped nearer and nearer to him, and peered into his eyes with looks of triumph, as if they had read his thoughts, and knew he was baffled from within—without their working.

"In his agony, he shook the stone beneath him, and it heaved on its crumbling foundation. A spasm of natural terror made him spring to his feet, and he leaped backwards upon the heath. The big grey stone, its motion accelerated by the action of his leap, loosened itself the next moment, and tumbled headlong into the dreary waters over which it had toppled perhaps for centuries. Down it went with one heavy plunge; for the ear that followed it instinctively strove in vain to catch its meeting with the bottom of the tarn. Ring after ring circled and glistened wider and wider on the face of the black mere, and all was again black, motionless, silent as before.

"Mr. Blair devoured with his eyes the heavings of the water until they were no more, and then stretching forth his hand above his head, cried out, with a voice of piercing horror, "My God, my God, hast thou deserted me utterly! Why leaped I back from the trembling rock? Why is that saved once more, which is useless, worthless, miserable, lost, lost for ever! God, God, look down in compassion!—my misery is greater than I can bear!"

"He was in the very act of springing—the next moment would have been his last, when he was seized firmly from behind, and the voice of Charlotte thrilled in his ears."

The last extract we can afford to make, is of the scene before the presbytery at Glasgow, and besides the admirable graphic power displayed in it, it has to us a high moral effect, such as few other writers could have given to the subject.

"When the clergymen composing the Presbytery found themselves assembled that day, it would have been evident to any one who might have been present, that their minds were occupied with something very different from the ordinary routine of their ecclesiastical business. The clerk read his minutes without being listened to by any body, and while many little matters were being arranged in the usual manner, among the usual functionaries, the different members of the court were seen forming themselves into knots, and

whispering together low and anxiously in various corners of the Chapter-house. At length one of the members, a tall, thin, elderly person, of very formal aspect, moved that the court should be cleared, as he had to call the attention of his brethren to a subject, which, in its present state, ought to be discussed with closed doors.

"When this clergyman, by name Stevenston, was satisfied that all strangers had retired, he addressed the chair in a long and elaborate speech, for the tenure of which almost all who heard him were sufficiently prepared before he opened his lips. He expatiated at great length on his own unwillingness at all times to open his ears to scandal, more particularly against the character of any of his hitherto respected brethren;—explained, however, that, under certain circumstances, it was every man's duty to overcome his private feelings;—and then entered into a serious, circumstantial detail of the many rumours which had been for some time afloat, concerning the conduct of Mr. Blair of Cross-Meikle. He concluded with moving a string of resolutions, which he held written out on a card in his hand—the general purport of which was, that the scandal concerning this member of their court had already amounted to what, in the ecclesiastical phraseology of Scotland, goes under the name of a *Fama Clamosa*; and that, therefore, it was the bounden duty of the Presbytery to take up the matter *quam primum*, and appoint a committee, with powers to commence a *precognition*—and that such and such persons ought to constitute the committee in question. His motion was instantly seconded by another person on the same side of the house, who, however, in doing so, expressed his own firm belief that there was no foundation whatever for the foul allegations too publicly circulated against Mr. Blair, and that on a proper investigation (which, for the sake of Mr. Blair himself, ought to take place without any further delay) it would become manifest to all, that a few casual imprudences, misinterpreted by the malicious, were all that could be laid to his charge. He concluded with an eulogium on Mr. Blair's previous character and conduct, both of which, he said, had always been regarded with the deepest respect, even by those who differed most widely from him, in opinion as to matters of inferior moment—and by none more so than himself.

"When this speaker sat down, there ensued a pause of some moments, during which, those on the opposite side of the room (the same among whom Mr. Blair himself usually sat) were seen consulting among themselves, as if anxious, and yet hesitating, to make some reply. Dr. Muir, who happened to be the Moderator of the Presbytery, and of course had his seat apart from any of the other clergymen, continued for some time looking towards them, and at last he rose up, and requested one of their number to relieve him, for a moment from the duties of the chair.

"As soon as he had quitted the desk, the old man still standing in the open space in the centre of the room, threw his eyes eagerly around him, and began to speak of the matter which had been brought before their notice, characterizing as rash and imprudent, in the highest degree, the conduct of those who had broached such a subject in the absence of the person most immediately concerned in it, and fervidly expressing his own utter contempt of the rumours they had heard of, and his most sincere conviction, (for such it was,) that the pure and stainless character of Mr. Blair had been assailed in consequence of nothing but the malice of one individual, whose name need only be mentioned in order to satisfy the Presbytery with how much caution they ought to proceed upon this occasion.—He then sunk into a lower but not a less serious tone, and—after desiring his brethren, with the authority which years and superior talents alone can bestow, to banish all thoughts of party in considering an assault which might have been made with equal success, as well as, he firmly believed, with equal justice, against any one of all who heard him—the old man proceeded to relate the substance of the conversation he had himself held with Mr. Blair the night before he left Cross-Meikle, and the solemn denial of the alledged guilt which he had then

received from the lips of his young friend. Dr. Muir himself felt, as he went on, that what he said was producing a powerful effect, and he therefore opened himself more and more freely, and reviving the whole course of Adam Blair's existence, dared any one present to avow his belief, that even if he had been capable of offending in the manner imputed to him, he could have been so of telling a deliberate and uncalled-for LIE. 'Sirs,' said he, 'I put it to all of you, whether you do not feel and know that Adam Blair is innocent; and is it thus, that while we are ourselves convinced of his innocence, we are rashly, hastily, sinfully to injure our brother, by countenancing the clamours of the ignorant, and the malicious, and the ungodly, in his absence? Would to God that he were present with us this day, that he might have done for himself effectually, what a feeble old man has rather the will than the power to do for him!'

"Dr. Muir was speaking fervently in this strain, and the visible emotion of a man who generally controlled and concealed his more ardent feelings, was kindling even the coldest who listened into the same congenial warmth, when the door of the Chapter-house opened, and in walked Adam Blair himself. Every eye being fixed stedfastly upon the impassioned speaker, the entrance of a stranger was not for a few moments observed by a single person there; and indeed Dr. Muir himself never suspected what had happened, until the pale and altered man was standing at the distance of three or four paces right in front of him. He stopped in the midst of the sentence, and gazed for a moment in silence, first upon him, and then upon the audience—and then suddenly resuming all the fervour of his tone, said these words, 'I thank my God?—Adam Blair, speak, look up, let them hear your voice. Speak solemnly, in the hearing of God and your brethren!—Adam, are you guilty or not guilty of this uncleanness?'

"The unhappy Blair, laying his hand upon his breast, answered quickly and clearly, 'Call me no more your brother—I am a fallen man.—I am guilty.'

"Every pulse shook beneath the tone of that voice—but Dr. Muir groaned aloud, ere he made answer. 'Fallen indeed, Adam Blair—woe is me—doubly, trebly fallen! Do you remember the words you said to me when I spake with you in private?

"I do—and they were true. *Then*, I deceived not you, but myself. *Now*, no one is deceived."

"The old man covered his face with his hands, and flung himself backwards upon his seat, while all the rest continued silent, speechless, staring upon the countenance of Blair.

"It was he himself who broke once more the silence of their assembly: 'I call you no longer my brethren—let me still call you, though unworthy, my friends: let me still partake your prayers.—Pray for me;—I dare not pray for myself. The God that hath abandoned me will hear your prayers.'

"At these words Dr. Muir uncovered his face, and fixing his eyes once more the unfortunate, continued, for some moments, to regard him in silence, like all the rest. A big tear rolled down his cheeks, but he brushed it hastily away ere he said, 'Adam Blair, you have been ill. You have been ill in the body. But a few days ago your hair was black, and now it is as grey as mine; your cheek is white, your strength is gone.' He started to his feet as he continued—'Our brother has been visited with much violence sickness. Perchance his mind has also been shaken.'

"It has, it has," muttered several voices.

"Mr. Blair looked all around him, and, for the first time, the water stood in his eye, as he replied, 'Body and mind have been shaken, but it is not as you would too kindly persuade yourselves. Oh, sirs!—I have spoken the truth. I came hither to speak it. What hope of peace or mercy could I have until I had spoken the truth, and resigned my office into the hands of God's servants?—I do now resign it.—My ancestors were peasants, and I return to their lot—would I were worthy of them!—Once, more, I demand your prayers. Refuse not my parting request.'

"The whole assembly remained, once more, fixed in silence. Dr. Muir, still erect in front of Blair, surveyed them all round and round; and then saying, 'Brethren, I read your thoughts,' fell down upon his knees. They all knelt at the same moment; and Blair, weeping like an infant, knelt also in the midst of them, and stooped his forehead to the dust."

ART. VII.—*Moral and Religious State of the East.*

THE Latin, Greek, and Coptic churches are the principal Christian communities in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Of these, we are best acquainted with the character, doctrine, and discipline of the Romish Church, from the ancient intercourse and constant rivalry between Protestants and Roman Catholics.

1. The *Latin Church* has two convents at Cairo, the one *della Propaganda*, which extends its jurisdiction over the convents in Upper Egypt: the other, *della Terra Santa*, is in immediate relation with the superior convent at Jerusalem. The former, as its name implies, is in connection with the college *de Propaganda Fide* at Rome: it is possessed of a small library, consisting chiefly of Polyglott Bibles and Lexicons, with some books of travels. Their best books are said to have been taken away by the French during the time they had possession of Cairo. The members of this society have made but little progress, of late years, in propagating the faith of the Romish Church: they have, however, a school for the education of children,—principally those of Coptic parents who have embraced the tenets of that church. The convent della Terra Santa is a capacious edifice, belonging to the Franciscan Order, with much accommodation for Christian travellers; who, in the present exhausted state of the funds of this establishment are, very properly, allowed to pay both for their apartments and maintenance. There is a small library also attached to this convent, consisting of theological books and lexicons in different languages.

Of the total number of Latin Christians in the east, it is impossible to form a correct idea. Dr. Richardson* states that there are about 1500 in Cairo; according to other travellers, there are about 800 at Jerusalem, 1200 at Sour, a town erected on the ruins of ancient Tyre, between 6 and 7000 at Acre, 3000 at Smyrna, 4000 in the island of Scio, a few hundreds at Beirout, and (occasionally) 5 or 600 at Alexandria. Among all these Christians, there is a deplorable scarcity of the Scriptures; and Mr. Jowett is of opinion that it is principally by diffusing them throughout the east, that we can expect to conflict with error and promote the cause of sacred truth. Mr. Connor, who was at Jerusalem

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* Travels along the Mediterranean and Parts adjacent, in company with the Earl of Belmore, during the years 1816–17–18, extending as far as the second Cataract of the Nile, Jerusalem, Damascus, Balbec, &c. &c. Illustrated by plans and other engravings. By Robert Richardson, M. D. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1822.

during the passover of 1820, has given an interesting account of the ceremonies of the Greeks and Latins in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a capacious building; in the middle of which, under the great cupola, stands an edifice of considerable size, containing the supposed tomb, over which are suspended forty-four lamps, always burning. Of these twenty-one belong to the Greeks, thirteen to the Catholics, six to the Armenians, and four to the Copts. Between the sepulchre and the sides of the church is a large space, open to all; the chapels of the different communions being in the sides of the church. Mount Calvary (or, rather the eminence which is so denominated), is within its walls: the ascent to it is by a flight of steps, and on its summit are two small chapels belonging to the Greeks, the largest of which is the most splendid and richly ornamented. We extract two or three passages relative to the ceremonies of the holy week.

"On Palm Sunday, (March the 26th) I went to see the Ceremony of the Latins. After a considerable time had been spent in singing before the door of the Sepulchre, the Deputy Superior of the Latin Convent (the Superior himself being in Cyprus) entered the Sepulchre, with some Priests, to bless the Palm Branches that lay there. When this was done, he left the Sepulchre; and, sitting on an elevated chair, received the palms, which had been blessed, from the hands of the Priests. These came forward first, and knelt, one after the other, before the Duputy Superior, receiving from his hand (which they kissed) a branch of the consecrated palm. When this part of the ceremony was concluded, the crowd pressed forward to receive THEIR palms. The confusion and tumult were excessive. The Turks, with their sticks and whips, did all they could to restrain the impetuosity of the people; and had it not been for their great activity, the Deputy Superior would certainly have been overwhelmed by the crowd. When the palms had been distributed, and the confusion had, in some measure, subsided, the Priests and some others walked three times in procession round the Sepulchre, with lighted candles, incense, elevated crucifixes, and palms. They sang as they walked. When the Procession was ended, an altar, splendidly ornamented, was placed before the door of the Sepulchre, and Mass was performed.

"On Good Friday there was a grand Procession and Ceremony of the Latins, in the evening. It commenced with an Italian Sermon, in the Catholic Chapel, on the flagellation of Christ. From this place they proceeded to the Chapel, where, they say, Christ's garments were taken from him: here was another Sermon in Italian. They then ascended Mount Calvary; and passed first into the Chapel which marks the spot where Christ was nailed to the Cross: the large crucifix and image which they carried in the Procession was here laid on the ground, and a Spanish Sermon was pronounced over it. When this was finished, the crucifix was raised, and moved into the adjoining Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross: here it was fixed upright behind the altar: a Monk, standing by, preached for twenty minutes, on the Crucifixion. The Sermon was in Italian; and when it was concluded, two monks approached the Cross, and, partially enveloping the body of the image in linen, took off, with a pair of pincers, the Crown of Thorns from the head, kissed it, and laid it on a plate: the nails were then drawn out from the hands and feet, with the same ceremony. The arms of the image were so contrived, that, on the removal of the nails which kept them extended, they dropped upon the sides of the body. The image was then laid on linen, and borne down from Calvary to the Stone of Unction, the spot where they say Christ's body was anointed; here the image was extended; and was perfumed with spices, fra-

grant water, and clouds of incense: the Monks knelt round the stone, with large lighted candles in their hands; a Monk ascended an adjoining pulpit, and preached a Sermon in Arabic. The Procession then went forward to the Sepulchre, where the image was deposited, and a Sermon preached in Spanish. This concluded the Ceremony.

"On the Easter Day of the Latins, which is the Palm Sunday of the Greeks, Armenians, &c. I went to the Church early, and found it excessively crowded. Most of the people had remained there all night. The Catholic, Greek, and Armenian Processions were long and splendid. In all the Processions to-day, except that of the Catholics, Palm Branches were carried, and also Banners with the various scenes of the Passion painted on them. The people were very eager to sanctify their Palms, by touching the Banners with them, as they passed.

"On the Greek Good Friday, I went to the Church, with the intention of spending the night there with the Pilgrims, and of viewing the Ceremonies. The Turkish guard at the gate was particularly strong; and they admitted none who did not chuse to pay twenty-five piastres (about 16*s.* 8*d.*) The Firmân which I obtained at Acre from the Pacha, who is Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, saved myself and servant this expense. It is a general belief among the Greeks and Armenians, that, on Easter Eve, a Fire descends from heaven into the Sepulchre. The eagerness of the Greeks, Armenians, and others, to light their candles at this Holy Fire, carried an immense crowd to the Church, notwithstanding the sum which they were obliged to pay. About nine at night, I retired to rest, in a small apartment in the Church. A little before midnight, the servant roused me to see the Greek Procession. I hastened to the gallery of the Church. The scene was striking and brilliant. The Greek Chapel was splendidly illuminated. Five rows of lamps were suspended in the dome; and almost every individual of the immense multitude held a lighted candle in his hand. The Procession and subsequent service around the Sepulchre were long and splendid.

"I was awakened early in the following morning by the noise in the Church; and, on proceeding to my station in the gallery, I found the crowd below in a state of great confusion. Some were employed in carrying others on their backs, round the Sepulchre; others in dancing and clapping their hands, exclaiming in Arabic—'This is the Tomb of our Lord!' Sometimes a man passed, standing upright on the shoulders of another; and I saw, more than once, four carried along in this manner, a little boy, seated, forming the fourth, or topmost: others again were busy in chasing one another round the Tomb, and shouting like madmen. Whenever they saw in the crowd a man who they thought could pay them, they seized and forcibly carried him, in their arms, two or three times round the Church. The whole was a most lamentable profanation of the place! The same happens every year. The noise and confusion increased, as the moment appointed for the apparition of the Fire approached. At length, the Turks, who had not hitherto interfered, began to brandish their whips, and to still, in some measure, the tumult. About noon, the Governor of Jerusalem, with a part of his guard, entered the gallery. The eagerness and anxiety of the people were now excessive. They all pressed toward the Sepulchre, each person holding a bundle of tapers in his hand. The Chief Agent of the Greek Patriarch, and an Armenian Bishop, had entered the Sepulchre shortly before. All eyes were fixed on the gallery, watching for the Governor's signal. He made it, and the Fire appeared through one of the holes in the building that covers the Tomb! A man lighted his taper at the hallowed flame; and then pushed into the thickest of the crowd, and endeavoured to fight his way through. The tumult and clamour were great; and the man was nearly crushed to death, by the eagerness of the people to light their tapers at his flame. In about twenty minutes, every one, both in the galleries and below, men, women, and children, had their candles lighted. Many of them put their lighted candles to their faces, imagining that the flame would not scorch them: I perceived, however,

by their grimaces, that they speedily discovered their mistake. They did not permit these tapers to burn long; reserving them for occasions of need. The power which they attribute to those candles that have been touched with the fire from heaven, is almost unbounded: they suppose, for instance, that if, overtaken by a storm at sea, they throw one of these candles into the waves, the tempest will immediately subside. They are chiefly valued, however, in consequence of the superstitious notion, that, if they are burned at the funeral of an individual, they will most assuredly save his soul from future punishment. To obtain these candles, and to undergo a second baptism in the waters of the Jordan, are the chief objects of the visit of the Greek Pilgrims to Jerusalem." (App. p. 433—437.)

The total number of Pilgrims, who visited Jerusalem in the year 1820, was 3131. Let us hope that the exertions of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the diffusion of the Scriptures, which the pilgrims will in future be enabled to purchase at the very gates of the sepulchre and carry home to their families and friends, will tend progressively to inspire a purer and more exalted spirit of devotion!

2. The Greeks constitute by far the largest body of Christians in the islands of the Mediterranean, as also throughout the east. Mr. Jowett* had very considerable intercourse with the Greek bishops, and has communicated much curious and interesting information concerning the doctrine and discipline of the "Orthodox Church" as she styles herself.

The Greeks have three services in the day; one, about four o'clock in the morning, called Ὄρθρος, or the *early* service; the second, a *liturgy* (which is the principal service), takes place about six or seven o'clock; and in the evening, *vespers*. Although these services are performed, generally, every day, they are but little attended, except on Sundays or the great festivals. They have three liturgies, composed by Chrysostom, Basil, and Gregory; that of Chrysostom is used throughout the year, except during Lent, when the larger one, of Basil, is read; and, for a few days, that of Gregory. But that, which falls most heavily on our ears accustomed to the simple and devout liturgy of the English church, is the perpetual performance of divine worship in a language not understood by the people. It is surprising how, under such circumstances, their attention can be kept up. To diversify a long service, there is always something new bringing forward, such as changing the dresses and the readers. How short, in this country, does the time of public worship appear, when the understanding is informed by means of a *known* tongue, and the heart is interested by infinitely affecting truths!

Mr. Jowett visited Smyrna twice, in 1818, and in 1819. The population of this city is said to be 120,000; of whom 60,000 are

* Christian Researches in the Mediterranean, from 1815 to 1820. in furtherance of the objects of the Church Missionary Society. By the Rev. William Jowett, M. A. 8vo. (With two maps.) London, 1822.

Turks, 40,000 Greeks, 3000 Latins, 7000 Armenians, and 10,000 Jews. Of Protestants, there are very few. In consequence of the Turkish notion of predestination, not fewer than 30,000 persons died of the plague in 1814: though the Turks constitute numerically the largest portion of the inhabitants of Smyrna, they are gradually wasting away, through depopulating vices; while the Greeks, on the contrary, feeling it a duty to marry early, generally have large families, and are consequently upon the increase. In the college at Smyrna there are 250 or 300 pupils, who are under the care of nine masters. Its interest is supported by two brothers, of the name of Economus,—one a presbyter, the other a physician. During one of Mr. Jowett's visits here, he one day witnessed the funeral procession of a Greek of some consequence, over whom Economus, the presbyter, was to preach a funeral sermon in the adjoining Metropolitan church.

"I went with him," says Mr. Jowett. "It was very affecting, to see the corpse lying in an open coffin, with the ordinary dress of life; that is, the loose flowing Greek robes; on his head, the kalpac, a large and cumbrous head-dress, commonly worn; and the face exposed. The sight made me shudder; and so did the indifference, which habit has produced on the minds of the bye-standers.

"Economus preached a Sermon of twenty minutes' length. He spoke of the dead in an Attic style of compliment, under the title of ὁ μακαρτος. He concluded, his Sermon, by breaking out into that awful Service which the Greek Church has for the dead, and in which the Congregation in a murmuring voice joined. It is an invitation to relatives and friends to bid their final adieu:—

"Come, Brethren, and let us give the last embrace to the deceased, thanking God! He hath left his kindred—he is borne to the grave—no longer heeding the things of vanity, and of the burdensome flesh. Where now are kindred and friends? Now we are separated: Whom let us pray the Lord to take to His rest!

"What a separation, O Brethren! What woe, what wailing on the present change! Come then, let us embrace him who a little while ago was with us. He is consigned to the grave—he is covered with a stone—his abode is with darkness—he is buried with the dead! Now we are separated: Whom let us pray the Lord to take to His rest!

"Now all the evil and vain festivity of life is dissolved: for the spirit hath left its tabernacle—the clay hath become black—the vessel is broken, speechless, void of feeling, dead, motionless: Whom consigning to the grave, let us pray the Lord to give him rest for ever.

"Truly, like a flower, and as a vapour, and as morning dew, is our life. Come then, let us look down narrowly into the grave. Where is the comeliness of the body, and where is youth? Where are the eyes, and the beauty of the flesh? All are withered like grass—all are vanished. Come then, let us fall before Christ in tears.

"Looking upon the dead laid out, let us all take account of our last change; for this man is carried forth, as smoke from the earth—as a flower he is withered—as grass he is cut down—swathed in a winding-sheet—covered with earth: Whom, leaving, now to be no more seen, let us pray to Christ that He will grant to him eternal rest.

"Come hither ye descendants of Adam? Let us behold committed to the earth one who was of our likeness—all his comeliness cast away—dissolved in the grave—food for worms—in darkness—covered with earth!

"Come hither, Brethren, to the grave; and see the ashes and dust of which we were formed! Whither now go we? And what have we been? What is the poor, or the rich; or what is the master or the free? Are we not all ashes? The beauty of the countenance is wasted, and death hath utterly withered the flower of youth: &c. &c.

"The embracing of the dead, then, and during the reciting of this Service, takes place: for, as soon as the Priests departed, many came, and, laying their hands on the two sides of the open coffin, kissed the cheeks and forehead of the deceased, with much emotion. When a Bishop dies, and is laid out in this manner in the Church, all the Congregation throng to perform this ceremony.

"The corpse is now carried out into the Church-yard. A slab lifted up, discovered to our view that the whole Church-yard is hollow under ground. The body was put into a meaner wooden coffin, and lowered into the grave. I did not observe that they sprinkled earth upon it, as we do; but, instead of this, a Priest concluded the ceremony by pouring a glass of water on the head of the corpse. I did not learn what this meant; but it brought to my mind that touching passage in 2 Sam. xiv. 14. *For we must needs die; and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.*" (P. 38—40.)

Besides the principal college above noticed, there are six or eight Greek schools at Smyrna, each having about 25 or 30 scholars: they give 60, 80, or 100 paras (from 15 to 25 pence) a month, according to the book they are reading; beginning the alphabet for 60, and being advanced to 100 when they arrive at the psalter.

During Mr. Jowett's residence at Smyrna in 1818, he visited what were, previously to the present commotions, two of the most celebrated Greek colleges, those of Haivali and Scio. As Haivali has since suffered from the brutal excesses of the Turks, we shall subjoin a few particulars relative to the college of Scio. The city of Scio was built by the Genoese, and is far superior to any in the Levant. The houses are of well-wrought stone, spacious and high, and the streets tolerably clean. There are five professors, and 14 masters. The number of students is between 5 and 600, about 100 of whom are foreigners. The Sciotes have sent three of their countrymen to study at foreign Universities, one to Paris, another to Vienna, and the third to Padua. The course of instruction embraces the subjects of Theology, grammar, Latin, French, Turkish, painting, logic, metaphysics, rhetoric, moral philosophy, ancient history, mathematics, arithmetic, algebra, geography, mechanics, optics, experimental philosophy, and chemistry. The following is the method of classical instruction pursued at Scio.

"The Master first reads so much of the author in hand as he intends to explain. After the reading, he construes the passage aloud, making remarks of a critical nature on each word in the text. After this interpretation and these remarks, he goes again over the sense of the writer, in the way of paraphrase, using common Greek words, and modern synonymous phrases. He then draws three lots; and the Scholars, on whom the lots fall, repeat, one after another, the paraphrastic explanation which they heard from him; and, afterward, all in the class write it down. When they have all written this ex-

planation, the Master draws a fourth lot, and corrects the written exercise of that Scholar on whom this lot falls, publicly noticing the errors and his correction of them; after which that Scholar reads aloud his corrected exercise by which all the rest correct their errors. After this correction, the Master adds further critical illustrations, which they write down and show to him on the following day." (P. 76, 77.)

It seems, therefore, from this statement that the study of the Greek classics was pursued at Scio, with some accuracy. The island of Scio contains 62 villages, with a population of about 130,000 persons; these villages produce almost as many sorts of wine, one of which, called Homer's wine, is peculiarly excellent. The common labouring people are stated to be very industrious.

Leaving Scio, Mr. Jowett proceeded to Athens, and thence to the small island of Hydra, which at the present juncture has acquired peculiar importance. The character and circumstances of this island will appear from the following extract from his journal:

"Hydra, like many other towns built on the barren and mountainous parts of Islands of the Archipelago, glitters to the eye, at a considerable distance, with its white houses. On a nearer approach, this town discovers itself to be one of the newest and neatest in these parts. The state of the streets we had no opportunity of examining, as we were in quarantine; but the aspect of the town is very imposing. It is built on a steep ascent, and sweeps to the right, between an inner concave line of mountain, and a hill standing in the fore-ground.

"We spent rather less than an hour at the barrier, during which I collected a little information. There are about 3000 houses; and probably not less than 20,000 inhabitants, all Greeks. There were fourteen ships in harbour. It is said that the people have 200. They correspond, at present, chiefly with Malta, Leghorn, and Treiste. The Island is so entirely barren, that it is indebted to the Morea for vegetables and live-stock. It is in the Diocese of the Bishop of Damala. The harbour is deep water, but small; so that, in bad weather, they are sometimes obliged to run to the opposite coast. The town is built of substantial native stone. While we were there, they were giving notice by loud cries, that they were going to blow up some rock; and a minute or two after, we witnessed the explosion. The houses have generally two stories, and are very well built and white-washed, so as to have a handsome appearance; street rising, by a rapid ascent, above street. Our pilot says, that, sixteen years ago, there were not above 300 houses on the island. During the late war, the people rapidly rose, by carrying corn from Odessa to Spain for the use of the army. Some are very rich indeed. They build very fine vessels, and trade as far as the West Indies. They are attempting a School." (P 83–85.)

The common people, in general, among the Greeks, understand much of the Gospels, when read, except that of St John, which, treating of "high matters," seems to be considered safe only in the hands of the learned. In the countries visited by Mr. Jowett, sermons are rarely delivered, and are harangues rather than discourses. Laymen are sometimes, though very rarely, permitted to preach to the people, and only on moral subjects, not on articles of faith.

"Many persons, respectable for their rank and station, do not well understand Ancient Greek. A Gentleman, who was showing me a Greek Psalter,

observed that the language appeared to him very sublime, so far as he could enter into it; but, though he had been obliged to learn it in his youth, he could not enter much into it. In fact, as soon as boys at School have learned the first book, answering to our Spelling-Book, they are put into the Psalter; which they are required to commit to memory, because it is used in the Churches, though they have very little comprehension of the meaning. How inveterate is the prejudice against the most natural and efficient mode of learning! The great body of the people, in consequence of this mode of instruction, cannot understand the Prayer-Book, nor the Epistles; nor of the Gospels any thing more than the general drift of the historical parts and of the Parables." (P. 87, 88.)

3. The *Copts* have been generally considered to be the legitimate remains of the ancient Egyptians, as retaining in their features, and even in their name, proofs of their descent from that great and wonderful people: but, for reasons which he states, Dr. Richardson is of opinion that they are rather the descendants of the Grecian colonists who were amalgamated with the ancient inhabitants of that country. Twenty-three centuries of bondage and persecution have reduced their numbers, while the spirit of contention and heresy has almost extinguished the Gospel among them. The Copts are, generally, very poor. The head of their church is the patriarch of Alexandria, who (they pretend) sits in the chair of St. Mark the Evangelist, to whom they ascribe their conversion to Christianity, and whose relics they were accustomed to exhibit in the ninth century. The Coptic patriarch may be regarded as the head of the Abyssinian church, since he always appoints the Abuna, who is the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in that country. Mr. Jowett gives the following account of their mode of celebrating divine worship.

"On Sunday, we went to the Coptic Church. Episcopacy and the Patriarchal Dignity are here exhibited in humble guise. The Church is in the Convent: the approach to it is by winding avenues, narrow, and almost dark; on each side of which were seated, on the ground, the sick, the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, asking alms, and scarcely leaving room for our feet to pass. Escaped from this scene, we entered the Church, which was well lighted up with wax tapers. There is a recess for a Communion Table; where a Priest, standing by himself, had a ready begun the Service, in the Coptic Language. Next to this was a considerable portion, latticed off, for the Patriarch, Priests, and chief persons; and, behind these, the remainder of the Church was occupied by a moving mass of people. The building seems to be about thirty feet square. We were squeezed into that part where the Patriarch and the Priests stood; and I could not help feeling how inevitable contagion would be in such a situation, if the Plague were in Cairo. I noticed with grief, the irreverent behaviour of the Congregation: they could not at all hear the Priest, nor did they seem interested Some little boys were standing laughing and trifling in the presence of the Patriarch; and though one of the Priests reproved them, it seemed to make but little impression on them. We were all standing; and many, as is their custom, leaning on crutches. Some blind old men near me took great pleasure, when joining in the responses at one part of the Service, accompanied by the clangor of cymbals: this kind of performance was by no means musical: the Coptic is the only Church wherein I have witnessed this custom, which accords literally with the words of the Psalmist, *Praise Him with the loud cymbals.* At length

the Patriarch read, from a beautiful large manuscript, in Arabic, the Gospel for the day. He made several mistakes: a little Boy once, and at another time an Old Man standing by, corrected him: nor did the circumstance appear to excite the least surprize or confusion. The attention of the people was peculiarly fixed during this portion of the Service: it seemed to me that they understood and valued it. Here also, as in the Coptic Church at Alexandria, I remarked that the Old People, occasionally, with a low voice, accompanied the reading of the Gospel. Who shall say that Christ was not present—dimly seen, perhaps; yet felt with secret reverence and affection! *Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my Word.*" (P. 112—113.)

Dr. Richardson states, from the information of the patriarch himself, that the congregation were provided neither with Bibles nor Prayer-books, for use in the church or for study at home; but that they knew the responses by memory, having been taught them in their infancy, which was quite sufficient for all the duty they had to perform. What we call family worship, appears to be scarcely known in these countries. The Armenians are few in number, not exceeding 100 or 150 at Cairo, and 50 or 60 in Upper Egypt, where they exercise the office of bankers to the government. They are under the care of a bishop, who, by courtesy, is styled the Armenian Patriarch.

4. The *Abyssinians* are, by their creed and discipline, properly connected with the Coptic church; but, in consideration of their very peculiar circumstances, and of the high degree of interest which attaches to that people, Mr. Jowett has given a large portion of his volume to their history and confession of faith, as well as to the history of the Ethiopic translations of the Scriptures. We have room only for a few particulars.

"The Church of Abyssinia claims high veneration for its antiquity. It was about the year 330, that this country received the Gospel, through the teaching of Frumentius, who was ordained the Bishop of Abyssinia by Athanasius, then Patriarch of Alexandria. For nearly fifteen hundred years has Christ Jesus been worshipped by that nation. From Frumentius to Simeon (A. D. 1613) they count Ninety Abunas." (Ludolf. Hist. lib. iii. 7.)

"Of this long period it is remarkable, that, for nearly 1200 years, the Christians of Abyssinia have withstood the encroachments of their neighbours the Mahomedans. Separated only by a narrow sea, and strip of territory, from the very gate of Mecca, this Christian Church has flourished, like an oasis in the desert; while an immense mass of nations, to the North, the East, and the West, has been desolated by Mahomedan Usurpations.

"The attachment of this people to the Religion of their Ancestors has been, with much reason, attributed to the circumstance, that Christianity was introduced into this country, not by force or treaty, but by knowledge and conviction. Hence it is, that both Rulers and Subjects have ever united in their defence of the Faith; and Abyssinia exhibits the solitary instance, in Africa, of Christianity surviving as the National Religion." (P. 171—172.)

The connexion of the Abyssinian church with that of the Copts in Egypt, involves a point of material consequence. The faith of both these churches is tainted with heresy: nor is it probable that the Abyssinian church will easily be emancipated from the Monophysite error, since, not only does their *Abuna* (the sole bishop of their nation) possess almost absolute power,

receiving his authority immediately from the patriarch of Alexandria; but it is by a special canon prohibited, that the Abuna should be a native of Abyssinia,—and though styled a patriarch, he has not the power of making or establishing metropolitans. With regard to the *ancient* faith of the Abyssinians, in all points of substantial importance, it is scarcely possible to cite a confession superior to that of their Emperor, Claudius: the *modern* creed, as developed in the refined and subtile expositions of Mark, the present patriarch of Alexandria, (fortified with numerous anathemas,) the intelligent Christian must read with sorrow. But for these, as well as for Mr. Jowett's suggestions for the encouragement of Abyssinian learning, and his speculations concerning a mission to Abyssinia, we must refer our readers to his very interesting volume. No anathemas can restore this church. The circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and the faithful and affectionate administration of the truths and ordinances of the Gospel, are the healing balm which must be applied to her festering wounds.

Concerning the Jews, and the qualifications of those who would attempt their conversion, Mr. Jowett has offered some valuable facts and hints. But we must hasten to the concluding division of his volume, which treats of the Mohammedans. The causes of the continued *prevalence* of the tenets of the false prophet of Arabia are ascribed by Mr. Jowett to the *profound ignorance* of the nature of the human heart, in which the Mohammedan religion leaves its votaries,—the *want of right moral feeling* which accompanies inveterate and universal ignorance,—the vices which their creed cherishes, and to which, generally speaking, the climates inhabited by them are conducive,—the cunning, fraud, and extortion which universally prevail under their governments,—and the chilling despotism by which they are all characterized. The causes of the continued *depression* of Christianity in Mohammedan countries, are—ignorance, more especially of the Scriptures,—declension from the fundamental doctrines of Christianity,—intolerance,—the schims and feuds, of various sects of professing Christians, in the East,—and their gross superstitions and idolatrous customs.

No Mussulman dares become a Christian, even if he were so disposed from conviction; for, by embracing the Christian faith, he would incur a forfeiture of life and property, and would be immediately deprived of both. Mr. Jowett has recorded one instance of a Christian, who had embraced Islamism, recanting his apostacy and suffering martyrdom at Smyrna; (pp. 20—22;) and, with deep regret, we state the fact which he has also recorded, that there are not unfrequent instances of Christians who have renounced their Saviour!

ART. VIII.—*A Description of the new First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.—(With an engraving.)*

THIS edifice is situated at the corner of Seventh and Locust streets, on the south side of Washington Square, with its principal front facing the square on the north. The length of the building is 140 feet including its portico, and breadth 75 feet. The principal floor is raised on a basement 8 feet high to which you ascend by a flight of steps under the portico (on the eastern and western sides,) leading to two doors that form the chief entrances to the vestibule, which is 37 by 32 feet with school rooms, 26 by 16.6 (on the right and left.) At the extremity of this vestibule on either side is a flight of geometrical stairs 15 feet wide that affords an easy and convenient access to the gallery, and prayer room above; or to the basement underneath.—Four large folding doors inserted in the wall, that separates the vestibule and stairs from the body of the church, with two similar doors in the rear, give ample thoroughfare in entering or departing from the principal church room. The plan of the pews is novel, and although not pleasing to the eye, it possesses many valuable properties both for seeing and hearing to the best advantage—The whole plan embraces three double blocks of pews, each separated by aisles 5.8 inches wide, containing 42 single pews, two double ones, 9.3 inches in length and capable of seating, with ease, 6 persons in each single pew. The centre block is, in form, a simple parallelogram; but the lateral blocks are in their general figure in the shape of trapezoids. The partition or subdivision of these blocks, radiating to one common centre, gives to the back of each pew, as they approach towards the pulpit, a position at right angles with it; so that each pew is facing the pulpit in a proportional ratio as it approaches the speaker, increasing naturally in length as well as in value. The desirable properties of this arrangement of the pews has met with general approbation, together with the inclined plane of the floor, capping of the pews, height of the pulpit, gallery, and general proportion of the rooms: the whole have been successfully studied to promote the most important objects of the edifice, those of hearing and seeing to the best advantage.—The terminating outline of the pews next to the pulpit, by this plan, is in figure corresponding with the lines of the pulpit, affording an appropriate space and form for the accommodation of the communion table and at the same time forming convenient passes to the rear doors. The pulpit, by most persons, is thought to be happily placed, both in its plan and height, as it commands a perfect view of every part of the room and is of a just distance between the gallery and principal floor. The gallery, although unusually large and projecting, bears a good proportion to the general size of the room. It contains 80 pews of six per-

sons each. The church room is 71 by 85 exclusive of bows at either end, and 30 feet high in the centre, with a fall in the floor of 30 inches in the whole length. A prayer-room, 71 by 32, and 20 feet high, extending across the whole front of the building capable of accommodating 500 persons with ease, is handsomely fitted up with a neat light gallery for singers. In finishing the conveniences and parts which compose this edifice, both in interior and exterior, a due attention was had to preserve a chaste simplicity of decoration, in character with the building and the purpose to which it is to be applied. The architect has been very successful in uniting with its more essential properties, convenience, strength, and economy,—that appropriate finish which is accordant with good taste. In effecting this union much credit is due to Mr. James Clark, who executed the designs of the architect with faithful accuracy and intelligence. The paneled compartments of the ceiling are designed to accord with the plan of the floor with a range of enriched panels immediately over the aisles from which are suspended lamps that light the room, each roseat in the centre of the panel serves as a ventilator. The foundations, walls, floors, roof, and every part of the building is executed of the most substantial proportions, and of the best materials of their several kinds, and no expense spared to have the work executed in the most approved and correct manner, that reflects much credit both on the mechanic employed in the erection as well as the building committee.

The mechanics engaged in this church were,

John Haviland, Architect.
William Hanse, Carpenter.
James Webster, Bricklayer.
John Struthers, Stone-cutter.

The cost of the building when completed, will not exceed 45,000 dollars.

The Exterior.

The elevation of the principal front facing the north is 77 feet in breadth; composed of a portico in the *Hexastyle* of the Grecian Ionic order, taken from the Ionic Temple on the river Ilyssus at Athens,* and elevated on a basement 8 feet high. The

* Nicholson in his principles of architecture, vol. 3, p. 84, in speaking of the beauties of this example observes, that "the simplicity and greatness of the parts, their judicious arrangement, the beautiful turning of the volutes, and the graceful curve of the hem hanging between them, renders this one of the most beautiful and bold examples of this order.

The elegant base of the column, the grand proportion of the entablature, the massy mouldings of the cornice, and the spacious surface of the frize, well adapted for sculptured ornaments, and the architecture for its strength, as it is not broken into two or more faces, are considerations which should recommend the example.

columns are 44 inches in diameter, and 29 feet 6 inches in height; entablature 7 feet 6 inches. The pediment is 16 feet, which measures precisely one-fifth of its span. The whole height of portico to the apex of the roof is 61 feet, surmounted by a cupola 15 feet in diameter and 45 feet high, making the extreme height to the top of the vane 106 feet. The whole of this portico is composed of wood. The most perishable part of it is executed of red and white cedar, and secured from the weather by several coats of paint and sand used in the process of giving them the general appearance of stone in character with the other external surface of the building. The size of the lot on which this building stands, was unfortunately too small to admit of the introduction of one of the most beautiful features in a portico; i. e. that of the steps in front of the columns. The front was also too wide to give the intercolumniation the most desired proportion termed *eustyle*.

The material that covers the roof prevented the architect from giving that pleasing angle to the pediment which he originally designed.* Although we have some authority to support the height of the one here erected; yet, we confess it does not accord with our own taste. From the nature of the plan, windows and doors in the front were also unavoidable. These, together with the cupola and other features of this edifice, are objectionable to the man of taste, who looks for a classic specimen of Grecian architecture; a model of the Athenian Temple, with all its beautiful simplicity and grandeur. But in justice to the architect, who, had no controul, where beauty might interfere with utility, it must be acknowledged that the general features of the building are excellent; the boldness of the parts in detail well made out and in good taste; these with the advantage of situation and the lightness and interest given to the whole by the colouring in imitation of marble have a pleasing and imposing effect, to the passenger in Walnut street, who views it as a picture of some interest, beautifully relieved by the trees of the square.

ART. IX.—*The Pleasures of Friendship. A Poem.* By James M'Henry. *In two parts.* Pp 72. Pittsburgh. 1822.

WE owe an apology to the author of this very pleasing poem, for having kept his muse in attendance a much longer time than we would willingly appear to neglect any work, whose tendency is so highly moral. Several circumstances have contributed to retard the expression of that approbation which we now most cordially pronounce. The lovers of verse will find in the "Plea-

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* The most beautiful proportion for a pediment according to Daviler is that where its height is about one fifth of the length of its base, vid. Nicholson's Arch. Dic.

sures of Friendship," pure and pious sentiments conveyed in correct and easy measure. We shall take a few specimens at random. They are not, perhaps, better than the general strain of the poem, which we think is sufficiently meritorious to entitle the author to praise and patronage.

We understand Dr. M'Henry is about to publish a poetical tale, founded on some incidents connected with the American revolution. That period of noble daring, and generous self-abandonment, is full of rich materials for the novelist and the poet. The author of the Spy has already obtained a respectable rank among the writers of fiction, by his embellishment of one *small theatre* of the many over which the American eagle spread her towering wings. America has had her historians and her biographers. The muse shall yet sing the glories of her cabinet and her banner; and fancy shall yet dwell upon that patriot glow which spread from the fireside to the field.

The Pleasures of Friendship opens with some general reflections on the blessings of friendship to human life, and thus sums up their value:

Thus Friendship bids the days of childhood smile,
With many a soften'd scene, and artless wile;
And when the warmth of youthful vigor glows,
Affection's sympathising throb bestows;
And yields each joy that in the bosom blooms,
When the ripe mind its mellow'd form assumes;
And in that season, when to hoary years,
No glowing scene of gay delight appears;
No charms are felt but what from Friendship flow,
The glorious sun of human life below!
Friendship! to thee, unsullied joys belong,
Joys that can bless ev'n heaven's immortal throng.
In those bright realms, so rich in every joy,
That Hope herself would but the bliss annoy,
(For Hope where'er she comes, however fair,
Still Fear, th' attendant of her path, is there)
Angelic hosts affection's raptures prove,
And holy anthems tell their mutual love!
Fair Friendship binds the whole celestial frame,
For Love in heaven and Friendship are the same.
Stem of delight! endearing is thy power,
When vernal age first spreads its op'ning flower;
In that soft season, when to nature new,
Each passing scene delights the wond'ring view;
When young ideas fill the vacant mind,
With sweet surprise, and pleasure unconfin'd;
When restless thought to quick transition prone,
Impatient roams till every charm be known;
Thy smiles alone the truant can arrest,
And fix some young associate in the breast.
And say, when age with retrospective view,
Surveys the tender years when life was new,
When the young mind felt e'en this world could bless,
Nor wish'd a happier Eden to possess;

Of all the joys in mem'ry's magic store,
So oft with fond endearment counted o'er,
What can the heart to equal rapture warm,
With those to which affection gave the charm!
How warmly cherish'd, with a deep regret,
Our heart's first friend, whom we can ne'er forget!
Still lightly o'er the lawn we see him bound,
And with exulting bosom leap the mound—
We glow to think, when rural feats were done,
With him the applause, alternately, we won.
Though in the race victorious *he* was nam'd,
We justly still the prize of combat claim'd;
Still to a greater height *we* urg'd the ball,
Though *he* with surer aim could meet its fall.—
Oft down the glen together have we stray'd,
To watch our snares for fawns or foxes laid;
Oft spent whole days in consultation deep,
How most secure the linnet's nest to keep,
Or joy'd the woodland echoes to awake,
Or rous'd the victim plover from the brake,
Or mark'd the hawk, the pirate of the sky,
And let the leaden vengeance on him fly.—
Oft by the river's brink we took our stand,
And drew the agitated fry to land;
Or trimm'd our bounding skiff with easy sail,
And lightly scudded with a pleasant gale;
Or thence returing to domestic bowers,
While young imagination charmed the hours,
Arabian genii all their terrors spread,
And wonder swell'd our bosoms while we read;
Or haply, with a nobler flame we glow,
Inspir'd to bold adventure by De Foe!
How brightly bloom'd the interesting isle,
And danger charmed us with attractive smile.

The seaman's meditations, as he keeps his midnight watch on the barque that bears him from his home, is thus pathetically expressed:

At silent midnight's meditative hour,
The watchful seaman feels thy cheering pow'r.
Inspiring Friendship! as he views from far,
Heaven's azure circle gemm'd with many a star—
Yon wand'ring orb, night's cold but lovely queen,
Illumes the sky, and gilds the wat'ry scene;
The stately vessel spreads the waving sail,
To catch each impulse of the unsteady gale:
In thoughtful mood reclining o'er her side,
He views her progress through th"expanding tide,
And sighs to think, as o'er each wave she moves,
She bears him farther still from those he loves!

The following lines brought back to our remembrance the deep and heartfelt interest with which we listened to the almost incredible sufferings of our countryman, poor Riley! So romantic is his narrative; so intense were his miseries; that on that ground alone, his veracity has been questioned: but we believe it has

stood the test. For ourselves, we were carried along by the unaffected simplicity of his manner, and the tear of sympathy was ready at his call. If ever the face of a *friend** was greeted rapturously by the unfortunate, it must have been by Riley when he found himself in the arms of the generous Wiltshire!

Long, hapless Riley! long thy bosom bled,
As faint and weary o'er the desert led,
The savage Arabs urg'd thy painful way,
And mock'd thy feeble frame that begg'd delay.
How flow'd thy anguish at th' appalling view,
As famine daily thinn'd thy wretched crew!
How oft for death thy harass'd bosom pray'd,
As to the dust thy sinking soul was weigh'd!
Till to a Briton's ear thy sorrows came,
And on his heart impress'd a brother's claim.—
What blissful throbs thy grateful bosom knew,
When to thy aid on pity's wings he flew,
And bade, with gen'rous warmth, thy suff'ring end,
And hail'd thee as a freeman, and a friend!

The contrast between that union which is formed when fancy reigns and wisdom sleeps—and that which is cemented by virtue and similarity of tastes, is thus happily described:

In youth, when wild tumultuous passions reign,
And lead the enraptur'd pair to Hymen's fane;
Ere cautious wisdom can perform her part,
To mark esteem presiding in the heart,
Soon as the transient gust of passion dies,
When cloying charms no longer please the eyes,
The lovely goddess that our fancy drew,
Becomes insipid, and our joys untrue;
If in the conformation of her mind,
We search in vain some pleasing charm to find,
The loves and graces that adorn'd her frame,
And fir'd the heart with unresisting flame,
May still shine forth as lovely and as bright;
But, ah! no rapture now attends the sight!
Our days pass slow and sad on life's dark stream,
Unblest by love, unbrighten'd by esteem.
But when the nuptial rite together binds,
Two ardent hearts and corresponding minds,
When something more than passion's throb controls
The mutual admiration of their souls;
When in each other they enraptur'd find,
The grace of conduct, and the light of mind,
The lovely temper wisdom still attains,
The constant heart where fond affection reigns;
O! then, when youth and vigour shall decay,
When all external charms shall fade away,
The happy pair delighted, fond, and true,
Shall feel the sweets of love forever new,
Shall see, perhaps, an offspring bless their sight,

* Speaking *poeticé*;—for the noble conduct of the British Consul belongs rather to the class of benevolence.—*Rev.*

Good, like themselves, the source of new delight!
And, O! when generous feeling shall appear
To animate those infant bosoms dear,
What sweet emotions they shall feel the while,
And fondly watch each other as they smile!
Thus in their mutual love supremely blest,
They glide through life, and calmly sink to rest,
Their mortal parts to kindred dust return'd,
By virtue honour'd, and by friendship mourn'd!

In a journal which omits no opportunity of giving due honour to its native land, we must not omit the tribute which Dr. M'Henry, though not an American, has paid to our exalted chief. Indeed, some of the finest eulogiums on Washington, which we have read, have proceeded from British pens.

But, O! what name in history's page so bright,
Whose story gives the world such pure delight!
As his, who in Columbian wilds afar,
Where sylvan nature courts the Western star,
With steady energy to battle led
Those patriot bands who bravely fought and bled,
And like their chief, had sworn by all on high,
To conquer in their country's cause, or die!
What glory crowns fair Freedom's darling son,
The boast of men—immortal WASHINGTON!

Our extracts are already more than sufficient to characterise the Poem we are recommending—yet we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of giving one passage more, which is highly poetic:

Sire of Creation! when thy mighty call
Produc'd the heav'ns, and this terrestrial ball;
When heaving nature startled at thy word,
And living spirits first ador'd their Lord,
Th' eternal purpose mov'd within thy breast,
To form the race of man belov'd and blest;
And pure, and good, as heav'ns own seraph band,
Our race first issu'd from thy forming hand.
To guilt, and pain, and sorrow all unknown,
God was our shield, and Paradise our own!
In love's own bow'r th' ambrosial feast was spread,
And holy angels blest the nightly bed;
Refreshing streams with soothing murmurs flow,
Soft, whisp'ring gales with balmy fragrance blow;
The fruits, the flow'rs, the music of the grove,
Tell all is happiness, and all is love!

ART. X.—*Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco.*

IN turning over some old books, I lately met with a curious and whimsical one, entitled "Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco, a dialogue." It was printed in 1630. Wine and the other commodities in several scenes are introduced asserting their respective claims to dignity and estimation. If their arguments are not in any other way worth notice, they, at least, deserve some conside-

ration as illustrating the literary taste of the age, and showing of what sort were the jokes, at which those who are now swept from existence once chuckled and smiled, they, their bodies, their sepulchres (fata sunt data sepulchris), their names all gone and forgotten.

Beere (as he is written) is introduced making a bad pun on his own name. He says to Wine, "*Beere* leave, Sir." The strength of Ale's argument (and it is better than those of any others) is contained in the following passage: "You, Wine and Beer, are fain to take up a corner any where—your ambition goes no further than a cellar; the whole house where I am goes by my name, and is called Ale-house.—Who ever heard of a Wine-house, or a Beer-house? My name, too, is of a stately etymology—you must bring forth your Latin. Ale, so please you, from *alo*, which signifieth nourish—I am the choicest and most luscious of portables." Wine, Beer, and Ale at last compose their differences, each having a certain dominion assigned to him, and join in singing these verses.

Wine.

I generous Wine am for the Court.

Beer.

The citie calls for Beere,

Ale.

But Ale, bonny Ale, like a lord of the soile,
In the country shall domineere.

Chorus.

Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beer, and Ale shall be drunk this day.

In the end, Tobacco appears—He arrogates an equality with Wine.—"You and I both come out of a *Pipe*." The reply is, "Prithee go smoke elsewhere." "Don't incense me, don't inflame Tobacco," he retorts; but is told, "no one fears your puffing—turn over a new *leaf* Tobacco, most high and mighty Trinidado."

ART. XI.—*The Age of Elizabeth.*

The long reign of Elizabeth, when contemplated with an impartial eye, presents a monotonous aspect of quietness, rather than tranquility, and exhibits more of political intrigue than of military glory, or national achievement. From the moment of her accession, to the hour of her dissolution, Elizabeth was occupied by the same interests, leaving succession undecided, and the regal supremacy unattempted.

During the storms which agitated the continent, England appears to have scarcely moved from her pacific anchorage. The long, eventful contest, for civil and religious liberty, in the Netherlands, affected Elizabeth and her court little

more than a joust, or a tournament, of which they remained spectators. To the oppressed Protestants, Elizabeth gave neither prompt nor efficient support. With the exception of the honourable piracies, exercised by Drake and Raleigh, little was done to exalt her naval prowess; and she was indebted to the folly and temerity of Philip for the only splendid triumph which adorned her reign. To what source, then, must we attribute the general impression of her greatness and glory? Whence that sentiment, instinctively repeated from our fathers, that this was the happy age, the golden age of England? The perusal of Miss Aikin's work* will help to elucidate this question. In the court of Elizabeth were comprised the romance, the gallantry, the talent, of her nation: the manners, though not perfectly purified from barbarism, were exalted by a strain of chivalrous courtesy, and feudal hospitality. The image of a maiden queen, sitting in open hall, attended by the flower of her nobility, encircled with gallant knights and accomplished beauties, has not only a picturesque, but a poetical expression of character. To the sprightly conversation of the table, succeeded masques and revels—a play, or a ball in which the queen disdained not to be a performer. But whether she danced or hunted, or gave audience to ambassadors, or conversed with learned men, she was still followed by a train of beauties, who, by their air, their dress, and their vivacity, almost realized the classical description of Diana and her nymphs. But the real glory of her age and court, and that which has been reflected to posterity, was, unquestionably, the genius which consecrated the memory of this grace and magnificence to immortality. In that circle where Elizabeth moved, Spenser sung his exquisite strains of of romance, and Shakspeare his more exquisite strains of nature. Although the queen was not munificent, her taste excited the liberality of her courtiers, and whilst she smiled, Southampton or Essex, or even Leicester, dispensed more substantial favours. It was the creation of an English drama, the protection afforded to national literature, but recently emancipated from the despotism of classical supremacy; this formed the real glory of her age, and by this is her reign emblazoned to posterity. Even in a political view, the advantages it produced were incalculable, since it cannot be doubted that the diffusion of knowledge concurred equally with the extension of commerce, to disseminate the principles of civil and religious liberty. In the court of Elizabeth, Miss Aikin has discovered a fair representation of the talents, the virtues, the energies of her country; and under the unobtrusive title of Memoirs, has skilfully combined all that is important in the political history, with whatever is attractive in domestic details.

* Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

Art. XII.—*Anecdote of an Indian.*

Mr. Oldschool,

In the summer of 1801, at Naples, I had frequently the pleasure of being in company with Henry Ellis, who was formerly governor of Georgia, when a colony of Great Britain; I think for three or four years, commencing about 1757. He was probably about ninety years of age, at the time when I knew him; pleasantly garrulous, extremely well informed, and abounding in anecdote. He felt a strong attachment to America, was delighted with accounts of its prosperity and growing power, and related many incidents which occurred at the time of his government. Among others, I remember a tale concerning an Indian chief, which did great credit to the savage, and would be quoted as an instance of the heroic, had it occurred among those who warred against Troy, or been mentioned by Homer.

A sanguinary warfare with some of the Indian Tribes near the borders of Georgia had been settled, and the chiefs invited to attend at the government house to receive the presents which were provided for them. At the appointed day they all came, except one. He was among the most important of them. After waiting in vain as long as possible, in the expectation of his arrival, the presents were distributed among the Chiefs who had attended. On the following day, the one who had been so anxiously looked for, arrived. The presents being exhausted, the governor expressed his regret at the circumstance, and told him that as a packet was about to sail for England, he would send for certain things, which he enumerated and on their arrival, send for him to receive them. The Indian thanked him, and as soon as the governor permitted, departed.

On the arrival of the presents, the Chief was sent for. He came. The different things which had been promised to him, were arranged so as to make the best display, and exhibited to him. He beheld them with apparent indifference, although the things, being fine gems, and cloths of brilliant colours (among the most attracting articles to an Indian) had been expected to give him much gratification. From the coldness of his manner, the governor thought he was dissatisfied, and desired the interpreter to ask him if the things before him were not as valuable as he expected to receive. He replied, "yes!" Why then said the interpreter, "do you not thank the governor for them? The Indian hesitated, as if to conceive the meaning of the question; but after a short pause, said, with great solemnity of tone:—"When I was last here, I was received kindly; and when the governor took me by the hand on my departure, he promised me the things which are here before us. *He gave them when he promised them;* and I then thanked him. Should I thank him for them again, would he not suppose that at my former visit, I distrusted the performance of his promise?"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ART. XIII.—*Winter.—A Poem. Christmas* 1820.

[One of our young friends, who has not completed his twentieth year, has stolen a few hours from the pages of Blackstone, to woo the muse. If he prosecute his more important studies with equal success, we entertain no doubt that "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," so anxiously sought by "the sons of the law," will brighten his future career.]

DEAR LUCY! Winter's withering hand
Has follow'd Autumn, red and sear;
And nature droops o'er all the land
As if she mourn'd the parting year.
How soon the gentle zephyr flies
How soon each tender flow'ret dies!
How soon the change from summer's hue
To those of winter's drear control,
From such bright tints as charm'd the view
To those which sink the sadden'd soul!
But late I saw the chequering brown
Midst the green foliage faintly thrown,
And mark'd it stealing deeply o'er
The forest, green and gay no more;
And how each little leaf, it threw
Into a bright consumptive hue;
Till trees and shrubs, o'er hill and heath,
Were widely forming autumn's wreath.
Then winter's breath was wav'ring heard,
In trembling whispers through the trees,
A few dead leaves it rudely stirr'd,
Then sunk to summer's softer breeze.
But soon as if 'twere bolder grown,
In longer sweep and louder tone,
It pierc'd the wood, it swept the glade,
And revel'd furiously and wild
Among the victims it had made,
Amidst the forest, it had spoil'd.
Now life and beauty fled away,
Have barren left the blighted trees;
Their beauty—summer's foliage gay,
Their life—the wild birds' melodies.
And oh! what poet could forget
His little woodland rivulet;
The wither'd leaves now fringe the wave,
Where moss a softer beauty gave;
By foliage choak'd and chain'd by frost,
The living stream is almost lost.
Yet tho' its loveliest pride is gone,
One beauty lingers there alone.

Despite of wintry blasts and snows,
Along its banks the wild fern grows
And blooms so gay and beautiful,
That maidens oft a ramble take
Through sylvan scenes its leaves to cull,
And keep them for the island's sake.
Our noble river whose bright wave
Has borne us o'er its flowing breast,
And whose soft swell at evening gave
A lulling charm to nature's rest;—
Of that bright smile, that radiant flow,
And gentle murmur nought remains;
The only sounds that greet us now
Are those of winters' warring chains.
And they too cease, when stern and chill,
He rides his fiercest coldest blast,
And binds those struggling fetters still,
And holds the mighty river fast.
And yon bright orb which seem'd to rest,
Majestic on his mirror'd breast,
Its harden'd bosom coldly greets;
Save where some icy pyramid,
A moment with his glances meets,
A moment flashes and is hid;
And far and faint, his colder beam
Rests sullen on the gelid stream.
And where he goes, his latest ray
Leaves not behind a softer day:
No golden clouds bedazzling flow,
No wide horizon's redden'd glow;
And nature cannot slumber light,
As when on some soft summer's night
She sinks into her earliest rest,
While yet day lingers in the west.
Oh! it was sweet when balmy eve
Came in her darkling form, to weave
Her finest web of floating mist
Round the red wave that Sol had kiss'd;
When those bright waves that seem'd to roll,
As laughing with the beams they stole,
Their sparkles gone, their spirit o'er,
With scarce a murmur leave the shore;—
When the days brighter beams had set,
A softer influence linger'd yet,
When ev'ry wood, and tree, and limb
Blended their shadows, dark and dim.
There we might stray—when all around
Was hush'd, save zephyr whose soft breathing,

Was only echo'd by the sound
  Of ripples, o'er the calm wave wreathing.
All now is chang'd, soon as the sun
His feeble course has swiftly run,
In shadowy gloom drear darkness flits,
Whistles the wind in wavering fits;
And all the horrors that had fled
  Before the sun's meridian heat,
Soon as his beam has elsewhere sped,
  Beneath night's dreary mantle meet.
But though devoid of dazzling hues,
Of zephyr's breath, and balmy dews,
And few tho' winter's beauties be
  To soothe the soul or charm the sense;
Yet all his dreariest scenery,
  Is dress'd in wild magnificence.
Who has not seen, when chilly night
  Has overspread the wintry sky,
Her thousand lamps of living light
  Gleaming from their cold canopy,
The clustering zone of mingled rays,
  Each star-beam tremulously given,
And ev'ry planets' lordlier blaze,
  Studding the beauteous vaults of heaven?
Sublime, magnificent, and grand,
  Beyond conception's utmost scope!
Omnipotence, the only hand
  Whose might could urge, whose strength could stop.
And spreading past the power of speech,
  As boundless as yon wide expanse,
The furthest thought can never reach,
  The nearest, only greets the glance.
Or be they void, or be they rife
  With seraphs blest or fallen man;
Or be eternity their life,
  Or wide infinity their span;
Unknown their works, unseen their ways,
  By beings of this mortal bound;
And we enrapt can only gaze,
  While void is lost and thought is drown'd.
Does not the soul unfetter'd rise
  Beyond the bounds of death and time,
And soar enraptur'd to yon skies,
  As if it knew its native clime?
And does not ev'ry planet say
  How matchless, princeless, is its worth?
But oh! how little is the clay
  That clogs this mighty thing to earth.

And few tho' winter's beauties be,
I've linger'd oft to gaze upon
The hoary monarch's pageantry,
That sparkles round his northern throne
The lustre of its brilliant fires
Its radiant gleams and wav'ring spires.
What mortal ever yet has told
The secrets of that icy hold ?
Or whether winter only sways,
An iron sceptre past the bound
Of those sublime and shooting rays,
That light his chosen palace round;
But all within, the tyrant there
Enjoys a pure unclouded heaven,
And revels in the sunny air,
That hence his envious blasts have driven.*
Or whether snows and icebergs meet,
To form a cold congenial seat
For that stern monarch, wrapt in gloom,
Whose very look is summer's tomb;
And that pure lustre which will play,
Mocking the pale approach of day,
Is but the sun's bright beams, which he
From his drear kingdom fiercely throws,
With which he wars unceasingly,
Enwrapt in gloom, and ice, and snows.
Wish ye the joys of winter? Go
And brave his blasts and spurn his cold,
Sully his sheet of boundless snow,
Nor let his ice, your footsteps hold;
But rove untir'd and recklessly,
Whilst health attends and pleasure leads;
And void each sweeping blast shall be,
And vain the chill that winter spreads.
Oh! when the scene around appears,
So pure above, so bright below,
How soon the mind extatic rears
Within a sympathetic glow!
How soon will winter's clear blue sky
A pleasure passionless impart!
As yonder cedar glads the eye,
So *that* pure feeling warms the heart.
Or thou may'st roam ere yet the glade
Beneath the 'whelming snow is laid,

* Some late discoveries have favoured the idea that beyond the farthest latitudes which ships have been able to reach, there are softer skies, and a more genial climate.

Whilst all the blighted fields confess
Of winter's reign, the loneliness;
Or from the leafless forest see
The snow-clouds floating silently,
And watch their whit'ning breasts expand
In gloomy grandeur o'er the land,
And spreading in their bright blue field,
'Till one wan mass they flow reveal'd,
And ready, o'er the forest brown
To sift their frozen burden down.
There thou may'st pause, and from the gloom
Of low'ring clouds, see winter burst,
To shroud within a spotless tomb,
The land his breath had blighted first;
And see him send his sparkling child,
His handmaid, pure and bright, to fling
O'er wither'd fields and scenery wild,
Her own, her bounteous covering.
Mark how at various intervals,
Her fairy hand that covering weaves;
And oh! how tremblingly it falls,
And nestles midst the wither'd leaves.
With stifled breath and list'ning ear,
You scarce its murmuring can hear;
So soothingly the fleecy flood
Whispers beneath the silent wood,
With such a faint and silver sound,
Its countless atoms kiss the ground.
This Winter! this is thine alone:
Not summer's sweetest, balmiest tone,
Not all the soothing sounds of spring
Can with its gentleness compare;
To it, the zephyr's murmuring
Is but a sullen blast of air.
Yes! countless atoms cheat the gaze,
Yet fall so gentle and so soft,
That all combin'd, they cannot raise
A sound, forEcho's self to waft.
Wide spreads the snow, the stormy night
Her darkling mantle flings around,
The tempest too, or strong or slight,
In wav'ring phrenzy sweeps the ground.
Wish ye the joys of winter? Seek
The evening room and the cheerful fire,
When the night is cold and the wind is bleak,
And there, let innocent mirth inspire
The passing hours, and mock the wind,
That howls abroad, but cannot find

An entrance from without, to come
And mar the joys of the evening room.
Tacony! oft in childhood's hour,
I rang'd thy thickets carelessly,
And felt or thought that nature's power,
In fairer beauty beam'd on thee:
When trees their foliage would assume,
Or wither to their deathlike sleep,
O'er thee alone she seemed to bloom,
O'er thee alone she seem'd to weep.
And tho' dark years may intervene,
And cloud the mind when youth has fled,
Yet the dear-lov'd haunt and the happy scene,
Shall live in the heart when joy is dead.
Yes, memory round the soul will bind
Some strong deep scenes, that never will,
In spite of storms, which wreck the mind,
Be faded; but, when all is still,
They will return, as fair and true,
As to the lake its pearly blue,
Which flies when tempests o'er it sweep,
When on its breast dark billows rear,
But when the storms in calmness sleep,
Its bright blue smile again is there.

Love.

Oh! Love hath wings on which we fly,
To breathe in joys unclouded sky!
And love hath wings on which we go,
Down to the hapless depths of woe!
Love is a light in sorrows night,
It shines with pure and gladdening ray,
And love is a flame which from heaven come,
A beacon, that shines o'er our earthly way.

When kindred hearts in rapture meet,
Whene'r their pensive sighs are sweet,
Then dwells celestial bliss below,
Then flies all thought of care or woe!
Then trip the hours—o'er summer flow'rs;
Then life glides like a gentle stream.
Earth yields no bliss so sweet as this,
Though it sometimes fade like an earthly bliss.
The pair inspired by rosy love,
Foretaste the joys of heaven above;
Their hearts are blessed; and what to them

Is glittering pomp, or costly gem?
They rapture breathe! on earth beneath
They tread a soft enchanted path;
If o'er the hour the tempest lower,
They reck not the fate of its bursting wrath.

Alas! if love do not reveal
His warmth, to stamp the marriage seal;
Then grief and bitter woe betide
The wedded lord and hapless bride;
Then hope will die, and true love fly
Far off, upon his trembling wing;
The withered breast, shall know no rest
From the scorpion care, and his poisoned sting.

To my Daughter, on the morning of her Birth-Day.

BY LORD BYRON.

[THE ensuing stanzas, which have been transmitted to us as authentic, will be perused with lively interest by many of our readers. They are wholly free from that daring wickedness and loathsome licentiousness which distinguish the HEAD of the SATANIC SCHOOL, as Lord Byron has been happily styled; and therefore they may not be very warmly received by some of *the imps of the upper form*, who are a disgrace to the press on this side of the Atlantic.]

HAIL, to this teeming stage of strife—
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How fainly would I bend the knee,
And turn idolator to thee!

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confessed
Far as the life which warms the breast:
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods, and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears—
Ere passion hath disturbed thy cheek,
And prompted what thou darest not speak;
Ere that pale lip is blanched with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could meet thine untuned ear
And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh my child!
Of travail on life's thorny wild,

Of all the dangers, all the woes
Each loitering footstep which enclose—
Ah! little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born!
Of clouds that gather round thy morn,
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store!
Would thou might never reck them more!

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe to weep—
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flowed—
Beguiled by follies, every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away;
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe! though on that brow
No half-fledged misery nestles now—
Scarce round those placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day,

Oh! could a father's prayer repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell!
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care—
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill;
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child, the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief—
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew thy cheek—
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes—
That breast be agonised with sighs;
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care—ah! much too soon.

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all their own,
Of many a pang, and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill, untold, unsung,
That will not, may not, find a tongue;
But kept concealed without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul!

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest—
May joy still animate thy breast!
Still 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays!
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret prayer;
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How fainly would I bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

ELEGIAC VERSES.

———sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart.—*Wordsworth.*

Oh weep not for the dead,
For her whose beauty lies
Too deep for sympathies;
For her whose spirit's fled!

Oh weep not, though her form,
Like a young April flow'r,
Was pluck'd up in an hour,
By death's relentless storm!

Weep not because no more
Her mellow tongue will try
Its witching melody,
To charm ye as of yore!

Oh weep not, though her face
Is pale as any stone,
And that for aye is gone
Its vivifying grace!

Oh weep not that her breast,
Which once enraptur'd beat
With its own native heart,
Is in the grave at rest!

Oh weep not that e'en now,
The dew-worm doth unfold
Those ringlets of pure gold,
Which wantoned on her brow!

Oh weep not that the light
Of her blue laughing eyes,
Charming us like sunrise,
Is chang'd for endless night!

Weep not when ye would seek
For the just op'ning rose—
Now, any where it grows,
Save on her icy cheek!

Weep not that all ye knew
Of loveliness and grace,
Hath vanish'd from her face,
And stole away like dew!

Weep not when memory brings
The pleasant words she talk'd
When ye together walk'd,
Discoursing sweetest things!

I tell ye not to weep,
But ah! I feel the tear
Is gath'ring fastly here!—
What thorns from joy we reap.

My heart is heaving high,
With bitter thoughts oppress't;
Peace—wilt thou never rest?
It answers with a sigh!

Well then our tears may flow;
But not that she is gone
Before the golden throne,
With palm and robe of snow:

No, but that we must stay
From her we lov'd so dear;
And hold on sorrowing here,
Our melancholy way.

P. G.

EVENING.

'Midst a rich show of clouds, the day
Sets slowly, like some honor'd friend,
Whom, as he parts upon his way,
A faithful farewell train attend.

The night comes on with silent pace,
The sounds of busy life decay;
Like ocean waves, that ebb apace,
The mingled murmurs melt away.

The first few stars begin to peep,
The birds have ceas'd their melody,
And slumber settles, soft and deep,
On childhood's quickly-closing eye

At this dear hour to rove alone,
Beside the brooks, the lanes along,
When slowly creeps the infant moon
The many-woven clouds among;

While on the stream of quiet bliss,
The passive spirit floats supine,
Dreaming of love, and joy, and peace—
Enchanting eve, the gift is thine!

This is the hour—the hour of rest,
By sages lov'd by poets sung,
When 'midst the stillness of the breast,
The gates of thought are open flung;

When grief, and wrong, and worldly ills,
'Touch'd by the magic hour, are flown,

As some meek-hearted mother stills,
With gentle voice, her infant's moan:

When cares and pleasures unrefined,
Day's motley scenes of toil and glees,
Retire, and leave th' exorcis'd mind,
One still and dim vacuity;

And clearer through the silent void
Is heard the voice of truth supreme,
And brighter, 'mid the gloom descried,
The torch of wisdom sheds its beam.

Then the strong soul, unfetter'd wings,
Where'er she lists, her flight sublime,
Through earthly, or eternal things,
Through good and ill, through space and time:

O'er early errors heaves the sigh,
Looks downward, through unfolding years,
And broods on coming grief and joy,
With tranquil hopes and chasten'd fears.

Then the great Spirit of the Past,
Comes, with his rainbow flag unfurl'd,
Whose folds, far spread, round all things cast
A light, "that is not of this world;"

And the rapt soul, in vision views,
Her early friends, and joys, and fears,
Trick'd in his nameless, glorious hues,
Like visitants from other spheres.

Then, too, the heart is at its play,
The strings of love draw closer then,
And thoughts, dear thoughts, that slept by day,
Come to the lonely heart again!

This is the hour, the peaceful hour,
By sages and by bards approv'd,
When Hope and Memory blend their power,
And they, who love us, most are lov'd.* M.

TO CECILIA.

I LOOKED and did not think such danger dwelt
Within the circle of those dewy eyes;
Secure and cautionless I gazed, nor felt
Their power to make my foolish heart their prize.

So still beneath their shadowy lids they seemed,
Such dove-like softness in their orbits lay,
So gentle was the light that from them beamed,
I could not fear a peril in their ray.

But oh! the spells their long dark lashes throw
Have done their silent work within my breast;

* "This is the hour the lov'd are dearest
This is the hour the parted meet;
The dead, the distant, now are nearest,
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet."
C. H. Townsend's Poems.

No respite from their magic now I know,
They rob my day of peace, my night of rest.

My busy thoughts conspiring to my harm,
Each look of thine, too faithfully retrace,
And give to every well-remembered charm
The fulness of its own peculiar grace.

Where'er I turn, the smiles that round thy mouth
With such insidious sweetness play, appear;
And rich with fragrance as the spicy south,
Thy soul-dissolving sigh seems wafted near.

Return, return; and bend on me once more
The graceful curves that on thy forehead stand,
And give those lips the smile they lately wore,
And let me touch the softness of that hand.

Thine eyes, their language if I read aright,
My looks of homage did not largely blame:
I saw, or thought I saw, the sunny light
That seemed thy beauty's triumph to proclaim.

Henceforth those speaking orbs shall be the book
From whose perusal I my fate may learn;
Then re-appear, and by one favourite look
The fears that kill my heart to rapture turn.

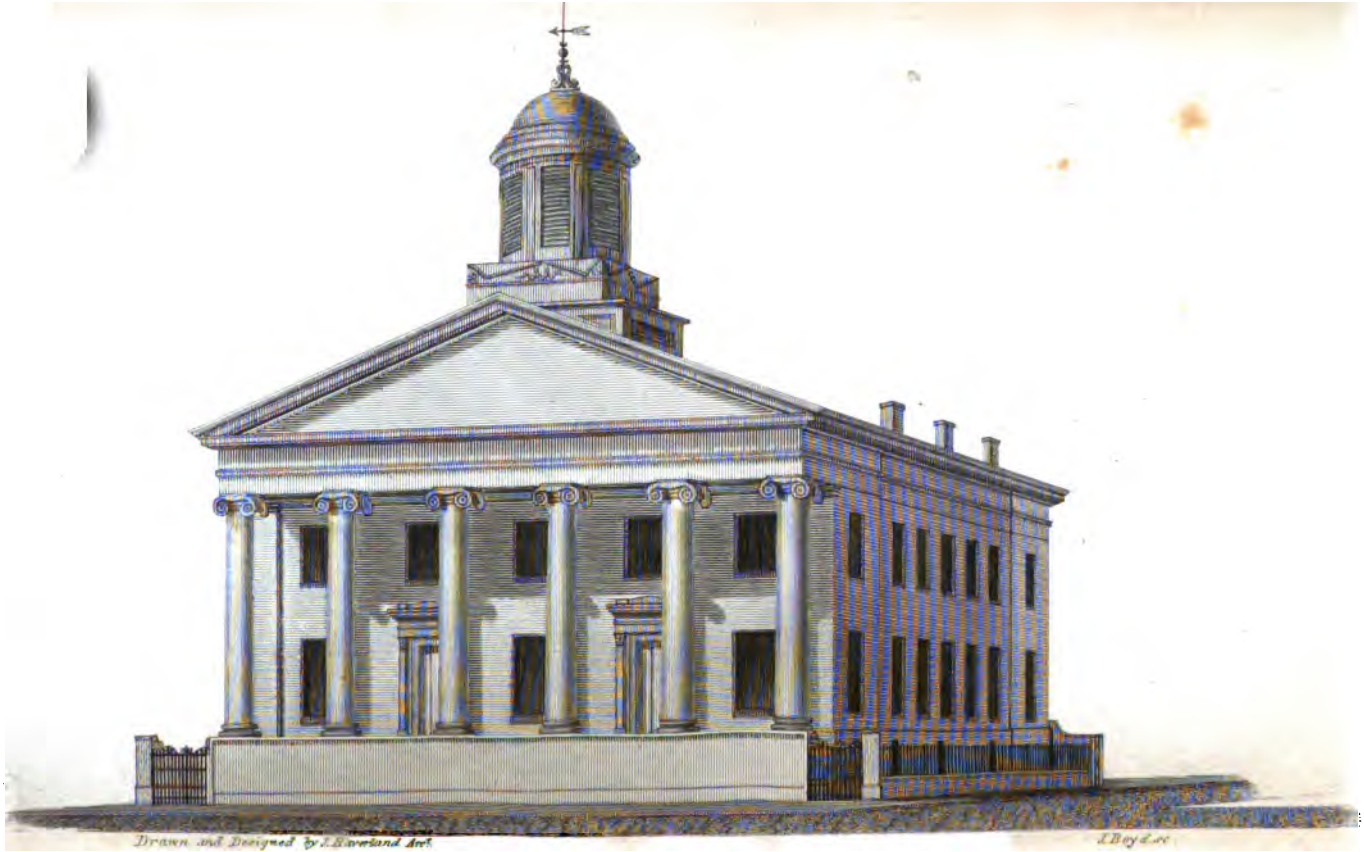
I ask not words; the answer I desire
A sigh may give,—the blushes of that cheek—
Or from those downcast lids a glance of fire:
These best will give the promise that I seek.

ERRATA.

In consequence of our last number having been printed in the absence of the Editor,—and at a new office—several typographical errors occurred. The name of the popular romance, *Waverley*, was invariably spelled without the second *e*, in defiance of the printed copy before the eye of the compositor.

The very interesting communication from our friend R. was likewise marred by numerous blunders; the most important of which are here noted:

Page 208	line 24	*for* chain *read* chair
218	28	*for* stancheos *read* stancheons
219	16	*for* nimietim *read* nimium
220	8	*for* set *read* sets
	9	*for* hindmost *read* headmost
	22	*for* coast *read* mast
225	1	*for* an *read* our
227	3 (*from bottom*)	*for* frequently *read* heartily
230	2	*for* lanthorm *read* lanthorn
	14	*for* his *read* this
231	3	*for* strking *read* striking
	21	*for* at heart *read* a threat
235	31	*for* Lougone *read* Longone
	39	*for* rags *read* nags



The First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.

Engraved by J.B Longacre from a Painting by C. King.

Published by Harrison Hall, No 70 South Fourth Street Philadelphia.

Drawn

WILLIAM PINKNEY ESQ.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

AND

NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1822. No. 5.

ART. I.—*Letters written by an American gentleman from the south of France in the year* 1819.

LETTER II.

DEAR H.—BETWEEN St. Remy and Nismes, we crossed the Rhone upon a bridge more remarkable for its length than its architectural beauties. Half of it is built upon boats, and the remaining portion upon piles. Each extremity is connected with a town; the eastern has Tarascon, and the western, Beaucaire. In crossing this bridge we were exposed to considerable danger by a young and unruly post-horse, which was very near precipitating us into the rapid flood below.

The population of Tarascon is computed at 12,000, a great part of which finds constant employment in constructing boats, for the navigation of the Rhone. The principal object of attraction for strangers at this place, is the ancient Chateau du Roi René, once the residence of the Counts of Provence. It is built and ornamented in the Gothic style, and still remains in good preservation; but in the vicissitudes of time it has lost the dignity of a palace in the humble character of a prison.

Beaucaire, the Belloquadra of antiquity, is celebrated in the present day for its annual fair, which is said to be the largest in Europe. It lasts from the 22d to the 28th of July, during which time business to the amount of 40, or 50 millions of livres is transacted.

Not far from Beaucaire, the road mounts upon a hill commanding a picturesque view of the beautiful and highly cultivated country, through which the rapid Rhone pursues its course towards the Gulf of Lyons. Whilst my eye roved with gladness over this delightful scene, my mind was diligently engaged in search of interesting recollections to associate with the prospect. And here a remark of Addison was forcibly revived. "I have seen" says that inimitable writer, "great part of the course of this river, and cannot help thinking it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. Had a river like this been left to itself to find its way out from among the Alps, whatever windings it had made, it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water, before it had reached the end of its course."

Whilst yet at a distance from Nismes, you see the Tour Magne or Great Tower, looking like a huge mishapen ruin. Fortunately, the testimony of those who have seen it in a better state, enables us to supply the waste of time, and to ascertain the form in which it was left by the Romans. What now remains of this once stupendous structure which was built in the Doric style, is about 80 feet in height, its base being covered by its own ruins to the depth of twelve feet.

Among the various surmises respecting its rise, I think the most plausible is, that it once formed part of the walls of the city when larger and more populous than at present, and besides its object of defence served as a look out post from which the approach and motions of an enemy might be discovered at a distance. It may also have been used as a beacon from which signals were made to the inhabitants of the country in time of war by fires lighted at the top. The interior arrangement of the building favours this conclusion, for it has no other opening than the one leading above.

Nismes, anciently called Nema-usis, was founded by a Roman colony in the days of Augustus Cæsar. It is still of considerable extent, and reported to contain 40,000 inhabitants who are mostly occupied in the manufacture of silk and woollen. The former opulence and extent of this city may be estimated by the vestiges remaining, all of which are upon a grand and magnificent scale. Besides being handsomely situated, its promenades, garden, and above all, its superb fountain, contribute greatly to its ornament and must render it a delightful residence. The garden is formed by a large semicircle which includes the Temple of Diana and the fountain. Here are distributed several statues, among which four of a large size personify the seasons. The most interesting object of this kind is a fine Apollo which was found among the ruins of the Baths, in a mutilated state, but has since been repaired and placed upon its pedestal by an eminent artist. It represents a young man naked and without beard, his curling hair descending upon his finely turned shoulders. The artist has ably

succeeded in uniting strength and elegance, the freshness of youth with the stability of manhood, bodying forth, as it were

> ——————"a dream of Love
> Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
> Long'd for a deathless lover from above
> And madden'd in that vision."

The clear water that issues in prodigious abundance from the foot of the rock upon which the Great Tower stands, fills two large marble reservoirs, from which a grand canal, also of white marble proceeds as a main branch to supply the city for the different purposes of domestic economy and manufacture. Some idea of the immense quantity of water which springs from this fountain, may be drawn from the size of the basin at the source, the Roman basin, two large and deep canals upwards of 300 feet long, together with two capacious basins from which the great canal proceeds. This last canal is nearly two thousand feet long, fifty broad, twenty deep, and has three handsome bridges thrown over it. The modern architect, with great taste and judgment, has preserved as many things in their original state as possible. The wall inclosing the fountain stands upon the ancient line, and the steps descending to it are the antique. The beautiful bridge under which the waters glide into the first basin, had formerly three arches where there are now but two. At present there are no baths as the chambers where the ancients had them in the place now improperly called the Nymphæ, have not been preserved. Several fine statues found on clearing away the rubbish have been restored to their pedestals. After all I fear you will have but a faint idea of the beauties of the fountain and garden at Nismes.

I forbear saying much about the inhabitants of a country whose manners and customs you are already well acquainted with through the medium of several eminent tourists. There are two in particular, to whom I would again call your attention. I allude to Sterne and Smollett; but you must believe neither of them entirely, as the glowing and amiable pictures of the one, are scarcely more faithful than the foul and disingenuous delineations of the other. As usual in such instances, a medium is nearest the truth. For myself I can say, that, whilst my heart has never yet been melted by the soft and touching scenes described by Sterne, I have never experienced those feelings of hatred and distrust which might be anticipated from the letters of Smollett.

To say the truth, the mind does not delight to dwell on the ordinary scenes of the present day, whilst we have before us so many noble monuments of antiquity as are here collected together. We are transported to the heroic times which laid the foundation of these magnificent structures, and feel something bordering on contempt for the degenerate race that surrounds us; but certainly little or no disposition to abandon the contemplation of these glorious objects in order to take a survey of men and things standing

altogether unconnected with them, except in the mere circumstance of location.

Of all the cities of a once almost boundless empire, no one at the present day exhibits an amphitheatre so entire in all its parts as Nismes. This stupendous edifice combines the solidity, grandeur, and above all, the ingenious distribution of parts, which render the Roman amphitheatres the greatest works constructed by that people. The injuries of time, the fury of wars, always followed by ruin and devastation, have scarcely soiled this building. The first impressions a sudden view of it makes upon the beholder are so elevated and forcible as to fix him to the spot until they subside; the feelings of wonder and reverence almost amounting to adoration, which the magnitude and style of this building give rise to, are heightened by associations like those described by the Abbe Delille:

> Plus ces tems sont fameux, plus ces peuple sont grand,
> Et plus j'admirai ces restes imposans.

The form of the amphitheatre is elliptical, being that which affords the most advantageous view to the greatest number of spectators The largest diameter is from east to west, and exceeds 400 feet: the smallest is about 320 feet, and the circumference of the whole measures 1140 feet. Its height on the outside is about 70 feet, but the arena or circus being considerably below the external level, makes the height appear much greater when viewed from the inside.

The front of this edifice is composed of two stories, the first being a portico with sixty arches opening into it, which served as doors of entrance into the interior. The second stage, crowning the first, has the same number of arcades placed immediately above the lower range, and is very similar to it in other respects. A parapet in front served as a security to persons walking in this upper portico. The arcades are ornamented with pilasters of the Tuscan order. Along the circumference of the attic or highest division of the building, a great number of salient blocks of marble project with holes in them, into which the supports of the awning were placed. This awning or *velarium* did not extend over the arena, and protected the spectators only from the weather.

Over the door facing the north, which is decorated with a triangular front, we find some ornaments. They consist of half the bodies of two bulls with their knees bent under them, extremely well executed in alto-relievo. These were no doubt intended as emblems to designate, after the proud custom of the Romans, that the amphitheatre was built at the expense of a subjugated people. As this entrance is the only one ornamented, it is supposed to be that through which the actors and gladiators passed into the arena, mounted on horses, elephants, or on foot, together with the ferocious beasts shut up in cages.

I come now to the interior, which is entered by numerous passages so arranged as to make it convenient for the crowd of spectators to take or leave their places without confusion. The arena was formerly covered with sand which, besides affording a firm footing to the gladiators, absorbed the blood quickly which flowed from them.

The steps which served for seats are placed all around the arena one above another from the *podium* or first range, destined for the most honourable, to the *attic*. Their number is thirty-two, each of sufficient height and size to permit the spectators to sit at ease without being incommoded by those above or near them. They are formed of large hewn stones, some of which I measured and found from 18 to 20 feet long. It is supposed by many who have made calculations, that these seats are sufficient to accommodate conveniently 20,000 persons.

The strong walls are built without cement or mortar, but the stones were either dovetailed or clamped together with iron, all of which has disappeared.

Many small figures in demi-relief are conspicuous on the pilasters which ornament the outside of the building. One is a wolf suckling two infants, which may certainly be named Romulus and Remus. The other represents two naked gladiators, each holding a poniard in the right hand and a buckler in the left. One is raised, and with his arms drawn back, seems ready to make a furious onset upon his antagonist, who, with one knee upon the ground, extends his poniard to defend himself. The remaining figures found in different places constitute a diversified representation so offensive to modesty, that it is difficult to conceive of such an entire perversion of taste and propriety as once existed. The indulgence of the present age and its sacred regard for antiquity, still permits them to retain their conspicuous station.

This building was erected under the auspices of the liberal emperor, Antoninus Pius. The inhabitants of Nismes, still retaining a spark of that barbarous spirit which instigated their illustrious predecessors, amuse themselves with bull-fights every summer in the amphitheatre.

From viewing the arrangement of this magnificent structure, the transition in the mind of the beholder to the purpose for which it was designed is very easy. But the contemplation of this subject awakens a train of new emotions, in which horror, pity, and disgust, are mingled with admiration. These crowd his brain whilst he figures to his imagination a picture similar to that which the mighty pen of Byron has so forcibly and feelingly described:

> "And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
> In murmured pity or loud-roared applause,
> As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
> And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore, but because

Such was the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot."

Looking down from above upon the arena, you feel the whole force of this painful picture:

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low——
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

The dying gladiator still before him, the poet in the following beautiful strain proceeds:—

"He heard it but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacean mother—he their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday——
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire
And unrevenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire."

Letter III.

Dear H.—I shall now attempt to give you some description of the celebrated *Maison Carree*, the most beautiful and valuable antiquity that Nismes contains. In contemplating this edifice, the sublime ideas arising out of the magnitude, simplicity, and stability of the amphitheatre, are softened down into the most pleasurable emotions that can be conveyed by the utmost symmetry and architectural harmony. At the present time (the Parthenon of Athens being a ruin,) perhaps this edifice may be truly styled the most perfect in existence. Even Smollett's ill-humour seems to have yielded to its magic influence, for, in speaking of its ornaments, he says, "They are indeed so exquisite, that you may return to them every day with a fresh appetite for seven years together;" and the still more enthusiastic Cardinal Alberoni declares, that the structure "is a jewel deserving a cover of gold to protect it from external injuries."

The Maison Carree is about 72 feet in length, and derives its name from its square form. Its state of preservation is superior to that of any other antiquity at Nismes. The walls are con-

structed of white marble, but time has given them a rusty appearance. The outside is ornamented with thirty grooved Corinthian columns with superb capitals cut into leaves of olive, executed with inimitable skill and beauty. These columns surround the building, and stand about four feet apart, except at each extremity of the vestibule, where they are not more than half that distance. The grand portico or vestibule, in front of this building, is open on three of its sides, and supported by twelve columns, which are a part of the thirty beforementioned. At the bottom of this portico is the large door of entrance, twenty-two feet high and ten wide, ornamented on each side by a pilaster. Some marks seem to indicate that this entrance was formeriy closed by a great metallic door.

A flight of twelve steps, each of which is twelve inches wide, mounts to the vestibule.

The interior has nothing interesting in its arrangement, nor any thing by which its use could be ascertained; but the following inscription, which has been decyphered with difficulty by M. de Seguier, has destroyed the numerous and singular conjectures which prevailed upon that subject.

C. Cæsari Augusti. F. cos.
L. Cæsari Augusti. F. cos.
Designato Principibus Juventutis.

By which we are to understand that this edifice or temple was dedicated to Caius and Lucius, the two adopted sons of Augustus and Princes of the youth.

To Americans, the Maison Carree is the more interesting since several attempts have been made to imitate it in our own country. The model was, I believe, sent over by Mr. Jefferson whilst he was in France, and the first copy was the Capitol at Richmond.

It is said that the fine effect of the original is, in a great degree, lost in this copy. The ancient structure is so chaste and simple in the arrangement of its different parts, that one would suppose it easy of imitation. The addition of a dome in the Virginia capitol has, no doubt, injured the beauty of the outline, and there is, probably, a deficiency in the execution of its details.

In the beautiful garden already spoken of, there once stood a temple, erected in the days of paganism to the worship of the goddess Diana. It is now reduced almost to a heap of ruins, but, though devested of its former magnificence, its vestiges will still be viewed by the traveller with interest. The correct taste of its Roman builders doubtless made it correspond in splendour to its happy situation, which is on the brink of the great and beautiful fountain already described as issuing from the foot of a high rock, once included within the walls of Nismes. Such situations were always sought by the ancients for their temples, with a view, perhaps, to the convenience of the priests, in the performance of their

Letter IV.

Dear H.—Montpelier, situated in the department of Herault, at the distance of three or four leagues from the Mediterranean, has been long celebrated for the salubrity of its climate. Its environs display a high state of cultivation, and in addition to great natural advantages may boast of numerous well built and commodious country houses, which bespeak the comfort if not the opulence of their proprieters. The town, is, as its name implies, situated on a hill, and makes an imposing appearance; on entering it, however, the streets are found to be narrow and crooked with small and crowded houses. One of the first places which fixes the traveller's attention is the Peyrou, or public promenade crowning the summit of the hill, and constituting one of the most attractive ornaments of Montpelier. A noble aqueduct, said to have been built by the Romans, brings the water from a mountain situated about three leagues from the city, and pours it into a large reservoir, from whence after supplying numerous fountains and jets d' eau, which beautify and refresh the public walks and garden, it is conducted throughout the city by suitable conduits. The prospect from the Peyrou is beautiful, grand, and majestic. A rich and delightful country is in the vicinity, whilst in the distance the eye rests with delight upon the Mediterranean and surveys with rapture the lofty grandeur of the Cevennes, Alps, and the Pyrennees. Below the Peyrou lies the esplanade, which is situated between the city and its fortress, and has many rows of lofty trees which in summer afford a delightful shade, and in winter are not less useful by keeping off the chilling northerly wind. The botanic garden also affords a delightful walk, and there are several others in the suburbs. From the great number of places appropriated to such purposes, may be inferred the pleasure this people take in pedestrian recreations, which their fine climate renders so inviting. A fondness for external show and parade is indeed a striking trait in the character of the inhabitants, not only of this place, but of the whole country. From what I have already said of Montpelier, you may form some idea of the attractions it holds out to strangers.

The town of Cette, situated on the shores of the Mediterranean is about four leagues from Montpelier, to which it answers as a seaport. Here the famous canal of Languedoc enters the Gulf of Lyons which it connects with the Atlantic: a noble achievement, worthy in every respect the genius of Colbert whose fame it will perpetuate. An eminent writer says, in allusion to this subject, "when I find such a general tribute of respect, and veneration paid to the memory of that great man, I am astonished to see so few monuments of public utility left by other ministers. One would imagine, that even the desire of praise would prompt a much greater number to exert themselves for the glory and advantage of their country; yet, in my opinion, the French have been

ungrateful to Colbert, in the same proportion as they have overrated the character of his master. Through all France one meets with statues and triumphal arches, erected to Louis XIV, in consequence of his victories; by which likewise, he acquired the title of Louis le Grand. But how were these victories obtained? Not by any personal merit of Louis."*

The school of Montpelier has long enjoyed a high reputation. It is not now on so extensive a scale as formerly, when the university consisted of three faculties, the theological, judicial and medical, besides which there was a separate chirurgical school founded by Peronnie. It was to this seminary that Petrarch was sent by his father to study law, at the age of fourteen. This was the only profession which at that time paved the way to distinction and riches. But the genius of the poet, refused to pursue the dry, and thorny paths of the law, and his father soon found that he had mistaken the disposition of his son. The jargon of the school of jurisprudence was less attractive to his imagination than the language of Cicero and the classic poets. In this respect he resembled Boccacio, Tasso, and Ariosto, who in the same studies acquired a like disgust. Having studied law at Montpelier for four years he at last grew very impatient and declared that he would no longer deprave his mind, by such a vile system of chicanery as the forms of law then exhibited. The fact was that instead of applying himself diligently to his legal studies he had become infatuated with the poets, and devoted himself to belles lettres.

I scarcely ever think of Petrarch, that an interesting anecdote told by him does not strike my memory. His father having at length ascertained the cause of his dislike to juridical studies, was so exasperated that, having found the place where the precious manuscripts of Virgil, Cicero, and other favourite authors were kept secreted, he took them out, and burnt them before his face. An interesting scene ensued. Petrarch in all the agony of despair cried out as if he had himself been thrown into the flames. His lamentations overcome the obduracy of his father, who snatched Cicero and Virgil out of the fire, and restoring the half consumed volumes, "Take them," said he "my son! here is Virgil, who shall console you for what you have lost, and here is Cicero, who will prepare you for the study of the laws." But this circumstance we all know did not quench his insatiable thirst for poetry,

The medical and surgical departments which were once separate establishments are now united under the title of *l'ecole speciel de medicine*, and still retain considerable celebrity, but the other faculties have long since become extinct. The liberal patronage of the minister Chaptal, who was once a professor of chemistry in this school, has done much to support its reputation. By him considerable sums were appropriated to the enlargement of the libra-

* Smollett.

ry, to the improvement of the Botanic garden, and the erection of a new anatomical theatre and chemical laboratory.

To those who have perused the sombre but energetic pages of Young's Night Thoughts, the scene of one of its most pathetic incidents must be interesting. During the last illness of Narcissa who died of consumption, she sought in the south of Europe a climate more congenial than that of her native country. In this journey she was accompanied by her father who witnessed her death, soon after her arrival at Montpelier. Such was then the influence of fanaticism, that this interesting young lady whose situation excites our warmest feelings, was denounced as a protestant heretic and absolutely refused a grave in a christian burying ground.

> " Denied the charity of dust to spread
> O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy,
> What could I do? what succour? what resource?
> *With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;*
> *With impious piety that grave I wronged;*
> Short in my duty, coward in my grief!
> More like the murderer than friend, I crept
> With soft-suspended step, and, muffled deep
> In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
> I whisper'd what should echo through their realms,
> Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies."

How strongly are our warmest sympathies excited by this and the preceding passages relative to Narcissa, and whose heart is not pierced by the touching appeal of the poet:

> Ye who e'er lost an angel, pity me.

In one of the visits of Talma, the great tragedian, to this place, he endeavoured to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a tomb over the spot where Narcissa's grave is still pointed out in the Botanic garden. But his magnanimous attempt did not meet with sufficient encouragement from the inhabitants, who perhaps have not yet quite recovered from the severe reflections cast upon them by the poet.

The climate of Montpelier has certainly much to boast of, but those who look for unvarying serenity will meet with disappointment Winter is not without its snow and frost, but the one soon disolves, and the other is not severe. The prevailing northerly winds during this part of the year are invariably attended with a clear sky, and mists are by no means frequent. But as I propose soon to give you some general observations upon the climate of this country, I shall drop the subject after observing, that it is strange how Montpelier ever acquired its former reputation in consumptive diseases, for which of all others it seems least adapted.

Letter V.

Dear H.—It is high time that I should say something of the famous *Pont du Gard*, a noble edifice, justly considered as a chef d'œuvre, and one of the boldest achievements of architecture. Though situated at the distance of four leagues from Nismes, it appertains properly to it, having once made part of an aqueduct which conveyed water to that city. I should have mentioned it along with the antiquities of that place, but fearing that you had already before you too much on the same topic, I reserved this choice subject for the present letter. The Pont du Gard is, in every respect, worthy the proudest era of Rome, and seems to stand forth an indestructible monument of her magnificence and power.

From the present state of preservation, it would appear as if nature had suspended her rights over this structure. That it should have braved the elements for nearly two thousand years, with so little dilapidation, excites our astonishment, whilst its unaffected elegance and majestic simplicity, induce us to reflect rather severely upon the architects of the present day, whose utmost exertions seem wasted in vain attempts, to imitate the works of the ancients.

The Pont du Gard derives its name from a bridge thrown across the river Gard, called Gardon by the Romans, in the reign of Louis XV. This bridge is in contact with the aqueduct, and mounting to the height of the lower tier of arches, seems to be a continuation of them, the architecture being of the same order, and the effect of time upon the original structure scarcely visible. The river takes its rise in the Cevennes, and after pursuing a rapid course in a south-easterly direction, falls into the Rhone below Avignon. The place chosen for the passage of the aqueduct, is where the stream appears to have forced its way through two mountains, which approach nearer to each other than ordinary. The banks of the Gard, which may be seen winding its course through hills and branching among rocks, afford delightful scenery.

Three tiers of complete arches, constituting, as it were, three bridges placed one above another, compose this edifice. The first tier is upwards of sixty feet above the surface of the river, and measures about five hundred feet in length. It consists of six arches, under the fifth of which, counting from the right border, the water usually passes, unless when swelled by floods above its banks. This arch is much larger than the rest. The second tier consists of eleven arches, which are about the same height of the first. Five of its piers correspond with those of the first rank, which serve as their foundation. Its length is eight hundred feet. Finally, the third bridge is about twenty-four feet above the top of the second. It measures eight hundred and nineteen feet in length, and consists of thirty-five arches, each of which is twelve

feet high, with an opening of fourteen feet. The piles or piers of these highest arches, are eight feet thick in front. The whole height of the edifice is one hundred and seventy-four feet.

The aqueduct, which this grand structure supports, passes in this way from one mountain to another. Within, it is four feet wide and five feet high, coated with cement three inches thick, over which a layer of red chalk or bole, intended to prevent more effectually the escape of water, still exists. The covering consists of flat stones, three feet wide and one foot in thickness, joined together with cement.

The order of architecture is the Tuscan, and the material a free-stone, which has been nicely hewn into blocks, and adjusted in the firmest manner without cement or mortar. The stones which compose the first and second tiers of arches, are thirteen and an half feet long, and extend quite across them.

It was by means of a long chain of aqueducts, of which this was the grandest link, that the water of two distant fountains, called Airan and Eure, were conveyed over mountains and rivers to Nismes. The farthest is rather more than twelve miles in a direct line from that city, but it was found necessary to lengthen the aqueduct in its irregular course to more than twenty miles.

To one who has visited Nismes, it must appear somewhat strange, that so much labour has been lavished in supplying a city with water, which has in its centre one of the finest and most abundant fountains in Europe. In endeavouring to account for this circumstance, I will hazard three conjectures as plausible. First, the great fountain on the brink of which the temple of Diana stood, might have been held sacred, and its water only used in the ablutions and purifications prescribed by heathenish rites. Secondly, the water may not have been so good, a circumstance which is rendered probable, from the nature of the rocky hill from under which the fountain flows; and thirdly, one great object may have been to furnish employment for the soldiers, during a long respite from war, for it is well known that the Roman soldiers were taught to use the pickaxe in peace, as well as the sword in war.

After having viewed such magnificent antiquities as the Pont du Gard, one would scarcely expect to find history entirely silent upon this subject. The epoch of its erection is, however, lost in conjecture, but is now generally fixed at the 735th year of Rome, about nineteen years before the birth of Christ; as in that year, M. Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, was sent into this country to regulate affairs and suppress some rebellious movements. It is well known that during his residence in Transalpine Gaul, he embellished it with many great works, and his zeal for the public good, acquired for him a great reputation at Rome.

Before leaving the place, our guides conducted us to a large cavern, situated in the side of a mountain a few toises below the

aqueduct, which is supposed to have been the residence of the workmen who constructed the building. This opinion is supported by the convenient situation of the place, together with its regular size and extent.

ART. II.—*An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.* By Thos. Hartwell Horne, A. M. (of St. John's College, Cambridge,) Curate of the United Parishes of Christ Church, Newgate Street, and of St. Leonard, Foster Lane. Second edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, illustrated with numerous maps, and fac-similies of Biblical Manuscripts. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1821.

IT is a truly auspicious "sign of the times," that the zeal and ability displayed by the believers in Divine revelation, in combatting the assaults of infidelity, have risen in proportion to the attacks which, especially of late years, have been directed against the authority of the Sacred Scriptures. In these assaults there is scarcely a trace of novelty of argument; the old rusty weapon newly furbished, the old poison newly concocted, are all that infidelity can discover to attack the Gospel and destroy the souls of men; so that whoever has well considered the specious, though in many cases gross cavils and objections of Spinosa, Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, Bolingbroke, Hume, and other sceptics of the last and preceding centuries, will be readily able to refute the bold and unmeasured attacks of later writers. Yet even the authors just specified were not original in their objections; many of their arguments were but the common-places of infidelity in every age, and had been satisfactorily answered long before *they* were born. One class of weapons was stolen, by an ingenious but not very honest process, from their adversaries;—finding that devout and learned men, after having devoted years of close application to the study of the sacred text, had observed some *seeming* contradictions, anachronisms, inconsistencies, and other inaccuracies, which infidels by themselves would never in all probability have discovered (for if they had meditated on the scriptures with sufficient attention for such a purpose, they could hardly have *remained* infidels;) they eagerly laid hold of these apparent difficulties, but *wholly kept back the solution*, thus leading the "unstable and unwary" to suppose that no solution had been, or could be, offered. We could easily point out a hundred examples of this artifice, were it necessary.

If, indeed, *truth* were the object of the writers who have of late figured in the cause of blasphemy and infidelity, they would have rested satisfied with the full and irrefragable answers given by learned and pious men of former times, and would long since have desisted from obtruding their mischievous publications upon the world, knowing, as they *must* know, that they contain little or

nothing but what has been again and again confuted, and ought therefore to be for ever abandoned by all ingenuous disputants. We might add also, that if *truth*,—and not gain, or the love of notoriety, or a factious spirit, or an appetite for mischief, were their excitement—they would adopt a very different style of writing to that which usually characterises their productions; they would display their arguments *as* arguments. not as cavils, and, much less, expressed in the language of derision or scurrility. But whatever may be the motives of such writers, it is their obvious policy, and that of their abettors, to represent themselves as champions, and, if necessary, as martyrs, for *truth*. Hence, they bring forth objections refuted again and again, with all the apparent ardour and simplicity of new discoverers; and every fresh production is hailed by the partizans of the faction with triumph, as though it were a *new* work, affording *original* as well as unanswerable objections to revealed religion. Such being the fact, we are not displeased to observe,—though, after so much has been written and *proved* on the subject, the service might at first sight seem superfluous,—that numerous advocates have of late appeared on the side of revelation; and that, while individuals and societies have been using their efforts to stem the torrent of blasphemy, materials adapted to their purpose have been provided in abundance ready to their hands. And, whatever may be the character of the modern advocates of infidelity, or, however insolent their language, or arrogant their pretensions, yet, as their productions are read, and their conclusions gulped down by many who cannot detect their sophistry, it is necessary that persons competent to the task should continue to meet these antagonists, and to furnish such new arguments, or revive such old, as may enable every private Christian, and still more those who are engaged in preparing for the sacred office, to combat every objector. Happily for the cause of religion, the Sacred Scriptures demand and invite inquiry; and the more critically and minutely they are investigated, the brighter will be the lustre of those evidences which prove them to be "not the word of man, but in truth the word of God."

These remarks have suggested themselves to us in taking up the elaborate work mentioned at the head of this article; a work which we are glad to find has so soon passed into a second edition, though it may seem to reproach us for not having sooner reviewed the first. Mr. Horne's publication, however, appeared to us, like a dictionary or encyclopædia, more suitable for reference and instruction, than to form the subject of a paper in a popular journal; and might have still continued unnoticed, had not the considerations in our prefatory remarks induced us to think it our duty not to overlook so erudite and valuable a publication, even at the risk of being able to present to our readers little more than a catalogue—scarcely a *catalogue raisonne*—of its contents.

The object of the author in the present volumes is to furnish a comprehensive manual of biblical criticism and interpretation, and a full and satisfactory view of the Divine inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures. From the great variety of the subjects discussed, as well as the extent of research apparent in every page, we can readily believe the reverend writer when he states, that this work embodies the result of nearly TWENTY years' diligent study and labour. It is comprised in four very large volumes, containing nearly three thousand pages, and forms, we scruple not to say, the most comprehensive and useful manual of biblical literature extant in the English language.

The first volume contains a critical inquiry into the genuineness, authenticity, uncorrupted preservation, and inspiration of the Sacred Canon. Having shown the necessity of a Divine revelation from a view of the degraded state of moral and religious knowledge among the ancients, as well as among heathen nations to the present day, the author proceeds to refute the objection of modern infidels, that philosophy and right reason are sufficient to instruct men in their duty, by exhibiting, *in their own words*, the discordant and contradictory speculations of modern opposers of revelation in respect to religion and morals, and the baneful effects actually produced upon nations and individuals by the gloomy and demoralizing system, if system it may be called, of infidelity. The condensed details of facts produced in this part of the work are of a most painful nature; but they claim the serious consideration of every candid antagonist of Christianity, and ought to excite increased gratitude in every Christian for the heaven-descended gift of the "words of eternal life."

Having proved the necessity of a Divine revelation, and shown the probability that such a revelation would be mercifully afforded, the author proceeds to examine the claims of the Old and New Testament, which profess to be that revelation, to the exclusion of all other systems. Among the attacks made on Christianity, one of the most formidable—and the one that lies at the root of all the rest—is that which is directed against the truth of the canonical Scriptures. It has been asserted, that we derive a set of rules and opinions from a series of books not written by the authors to whom we ascribe them; and that the volume which we call divine, and which is the basis of our faith and manners, is but a forgery. It is of the utmost importance therefore, as a preliminary step, to ascertain the genuineness, authenticity, and uncorruptness of the several books contained in the Bible, considered simply as compositions; after which the credibility of their respective authors must be investigated; and, lastly, their claims to be received as of Divine inspiration. In discussing these momentous topics, it might, as Mr. Horne observes, be the shorter way to begin with the New Testament; for, if the claims of this part of the volume of revelation be proved, those of the Old Testament

cannot be reasonably doubted, because the New Testament incessantly refers to the Old, and makes ample quotations from it. Since, however, the modern impugners of revelation have directed their arguments chiefly against the Old Testament in order to impeach the New, Mr. Horne commences with the former; observing, that if that which was only preparatory, can be shown to be of Divine original, that which succeeded, and which completed the former, must have an equal sanction. There is an *apparent* want of logical strictness in this argument; a prophecy, for example, might be of Divine origin, and therefore infallible, while an alledged event, *purporting* to be the fulfilment of it, might be a mere fiction. As one instance among many, the Messiah was to be despised and rejected; but it would not necessarily follow, that, because a person *professing* to be the Messiah was despised and rejected, he was therefore the real Messiah. The foundation might have been divinely laid, and merely human materials have been built upon it. But, notwithstanding this *apparent* inconclusiveness, the argument is not *really* inconclusive; for it can be shown, not merely that the Old Testament is true, and that the dispensation there commenced is completed in the New, but that it is completed *no where else*, (and completed it must be by the hypothesis, or the *Old* Testament which predicts a completion could not be true,) besides which, it can be further shewn, that the *alleged* completion of it in the New was a genuine completion, and that it bears such marks as prove that this was the very, and, as was just remarked, the *only* completion intended by the Omniscient Revealer. Mr. Horne's argument substantially involves these points; and, therefore, though not quite logically enounced, is, in fact, perfectly conclusive.

Having stated the external and internal evidences for the genuineness, authenticity, and credibility of the Old Testament, our author proceeds over the same ground with respect to the New. The details in this part of his work are minute, but their importance abundantly compensates for the length at which they are necessarily treated. The critical nature and consecutiveness of argument of this and other portions of Mr. Horne's volumes, prevent our detaching many passages by way of specimen; we cannot, however, resist the temptation of quoting a few paragraphs from the chapter which contains the author's selection of testimonies to the credibility of the Scriptures, drawn from natural and civil history, and particularly that comparatively *new* branch of collateral testimony,—the incidental confirmation of scriptural facts by coins, medals, and ancient marbles. Our first extract shall consist of a peculiarly interesting passage from the testimonies of heathen advocates to the lives, characters, and sufferings of the early Christians. The testimonies of Tacitus, who is confirmed by Suetonius, Martial, and Juvenal; of Pliny the Younger, and Trajan; of Celsus, Lucian, Julian the Apostate, and others, are

presented at length, and with suitable annotations. Of these, the most important is that of Tacitus, which we select on account of some puny attempts which have lately been made to undermine the credibility of that faithful historian.

"The first persecution of the Christians was raised by the emperor Nero, A. D. 65, that is, about thirty years after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Concerning this persecution, we have the testimonies of two Roman historians, Tacitus and Suetonius.

"Tacitus was contemporary with the apostles. Relating the great fire at Rome, in the tenth year of Nero's reign, he says, that the people imputed that calamity to the emperor, who (they imagined) had set fire to the city, that he might have the glory of rebuilding it more magnificently, and of calling it after his own name; but that Nero charged the crime on the Christians; and in order to give the more plausible colour to this calumny, he put great numbers of them to death in the most cruel manner. With the view of conciliating the people, he expended great sums in adorning the city, bestowed largesses on those who had suffered by the fire, and offered many expiatory sacrifices to appease the gods.—The historian's words are:—'But neither human assistance, nor the largesses of the emperor, nor all the atonements offered to the gods, availed: the infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. To suppress, if possible, this common rumour, Nero procured others to be accused, and punished with exquisite tortures a race of men detested for their evil practices, who were commonly known by the name of Christians. The author of that sect (or name) was Christus, who in the reign of Tiberius was punished with death, as a criminal, by the procurator Pontius Pilate. But this pestilent superstition, though checked for a while, broke out afresh, not only in Judea, where the evil first originated, but even in the city (of Rome,) the common sink into which every thing filthy and abominable flows from all quarters of the world. At first those only were apprehended, who confessed themselves of that sect; afterwards a *vast multitude* discovered by them; all of whom were condemned, not so much for the crime of burning the city, as for their enmity to mankind. Their executions were so contrived as to expose them to derision and contempt. Some were covered over with the skins of wild beasts, that they might be torn to pieces by dogs; some were crucified; while others, having been daubed over with combustible materials, were set up as lights in the night time, and thus burnt to death. For these spectacles, Nero gave his own gardens, and, at the same time, exhibited there the diversions of the circus; sometimes standing in the crowd as a spectator, in the habit of a charioteer; and at other times driving a chariot himself: until at length, these men, though really criminal and deserving exemplary punishment, began to be commiserated, as

a people who were destroyed, not out of regard to the public welfare, but only to gratify the cruelty of one man."*

"The testimony, which Suetonius bears to this persecution, is in the following words:—'The Christians likewise were severely punished, a sort of people addicted to a new and mischievous superstition.'†

"The preceding accounts of the persecution of the Christians by Nero, are further confirmed by Martial, the epigrammatist (who lived at the close of the first century,) and by Juvenal, the satirist (who flourished during the reigns of Domitian, Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian;) both of whom allude to the Neronian persecution, and especially to the pitched coat in which the Christians were burnt.

"Martial has an epigram, of which the following is a literal translation:—'You have, perhaps, lately seen acted on the theatre, Mucius, who thrust his hand into the fire: if you think such a person patient, valiant, stout, you are a senseless dotard. For it is a much greater thing when threatened *with the troublesome coat*, to say,—'I do not sacrifice,' than to obey the command,—'Burn the hand.'"‡ This troublesome coat or shirt of the Christians, was made like a sack, of paper or coarse linen cloth, either besmeared with pitch, wax, or sulphur, and similar combustible materials, or dipped in them; it was then put upon the Christians; and, in order that they might be kept upright,—the better to resemble the flaming torch, their chins were severally fastened to stakes fixed in the ground.§

In his first satire, Juvenal has the following allusion:

> Now dare
> To glance at Tigellinus, and you glare
> In that pitch'd shirt in which such crowds expire,
> Chain'd to the bloody stake, and wrapped in fire.‖

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* Tacitus, Annal. lib. xv. c. 44. Lardner's Heathen Testimonies, chap. v. Works, vol. vii. pp. 251—259, 8vo.; or vol. iii. pp. 610—614, 4to.

† Suetonius in Nerone, c. xvi. Lardner, chap. viii. Works, vol. vii, pp. 265—272, 8vo.; vol. iii. pp. 618—622; 4to.

‡ In matutina nuper spectatus arena
Mucius, imposuit qui sua membra focis.
Si patiens fortisque tibi durusque videtur,
Abderitanæ pectora plebis habes.
Nam cum dicatur, *tunica præsente molesta*,
'Ure manum,' plus est dicere: 'Non facio.'
Martial. lib. x. epig. 25.

§ Lardner, chap. vi. Works. vol. vii. pp. 260—262, 8vo.; or vol. iii, pp. 615, 616. 4to.

‖ Mr. Gifford's translation, p. 27. The original passage is thus:
Pone Tigellinum, tæda lucebis in illa,
Qua stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,
Et latum media sulcum deducit arena. Juven. Sat. lib. i. 155.—157.

Or, more literally,—'Describe a great villain, such as was Tigellinus,' (a corrupt minister under Nero,) 'and you shall suffer the same punishment with those, who stand burning in their own flame and smoke, their head being held up by a stake fixed to a chain, till they make a long stream' (of blood and fluid sulphur) 'on the ground.'*

"The above cited testimony of Tacitus, corroborated as it is by contemporary writers, is a very important confirmation of the evangelical history. In it the historian attests, 1. That Jesus Christ was put to death as a malefactor by Pontius Pilate, procurator under Tiberius; 2. That from Christ the people called Christians derived their name and sentiments; 3. That this religion or superstition (as he terms it) had its rise in Judea, where it also spread, notwithstanding the ignominous death of its founder, and the opposition which his followers afterwards experienced from the people of that country; 4. That it was propagated from Judea into other parts of the world as far as Rome; where, in the tenth or eleventh year of Nero, and before that time, the Christians were very numerous;† and 5. That the Professors of this religion were reproached and hated, and underwent many and grievous sufferings.

"On the above cited passage of Tacitus, Gibbon has the following remark:—'*The most sceptical criticism is obliged to respect the* TRUTH *of this extraordinary fact,*' (the persecution of the Christians under Nero,) 'AND THE INTEGRITY OF THIS CELEBRATED PASSAGE OF TACITUS. *The* FORMER' (its truth) '*is confirmed by the diligent and accurate Suetonius, who mentions the punishment which Nero inflicted upon the Christians. The* LATTER' (its integrity and genuineness) '*may be* PROVED *by the consent of the most antient manuscripts; by the inimitable character of Tacitus; by his reputation, which guarded his text from the interpolations of pious fraud; and by the purport of his narration.*'‡ Such is the observation of the elegant and learned historian, whose hatred of Christianity has led him, in other parts of his work, to misrepresent both it and the Christians; yet, in defiance of all historical and critical testimony, an opposer of revelation (now liv-

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* Lardner, chap. vii. Works, vol. vii. pp. 262—265, 8vo.; or vol. iii. pp. 616, 618, 4to.

† The expression of Tacitus is, *ingens multitudo, a vast multitude;* which Voltaire, with his accustomed disregard of truth, has represented as only a few poor wretches, who were sacrificed to public vengeance. Essay on History, vol. i. ch. v. p. 60. Nugent's Translation. Dr. Macknight has completely exposed the falsehood of that profligate writer, in his Credibility of the Gospel History, pp. 300—302. Mr. Gibbon's false translation and misrepresentations of the passage of Tacitus above cited, are ably exposed in the appendix to Bp. Watson's Apology for the Bible, addressed to the historian.

‡ Decline and Fall, vol. ii. pp. 407, 408.

ing) has affirmed, that 'the texts which are to be found in the works of Tacitus, are too much suspected of interpolations to be adduced as an authority.' The effrontery of this assertion is only surpassed by the wilful ignorance which it exhibits, especially as the writer alluded to has reprinted Gibbon's misrepresentations of Christians and Christianity, in a cheap form, in order to deceive and mislead the unwary." (Vol. i. p. 220—223.)

The argument on the genuineness, authenticity, uncorrupted preservation, and inspiration of the holy Scriptures, is followed by an ample view of the argument afforded by miracles and prophecy, and by a discussion of the *internal* evidence of their inspiration, from the sublimity and excellence of their doctrines,—the purity of their moral precepts,—the harmony which subsists between all their parts,—their preservation to the present time,—their tendency to promote the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind, as evinced by an historical review of the beneficial effects actually produced in every age and country by a cordial reception of the Bible;—to which is added a refutation of the numerous objections urged against the sacred writings in recent deistical publications. A copious appendix is subjoined to this volume, comprising a particular examination of the miracles supposed to have been wrought by the Egyptian magicians, and of the *contradictions* falsely alleged to exist in the Scriptures;—such as contradictions historical and chronological; contradictions between prophecies and their accomplishment; contradictions in morality; apparent contradictions between the sacred writers themselves, and between sacred writers and profane; and lastly, seeming contradictions to philosophy and the nature of things. This comprehensive discussion is followed by a table of the chief prophecies relative to the Messiah, both in the Old and New Testament, and an examination of the Apocryphal books of the Old and New Testament. The topics which we have thus briefly enumerated occupy nearly five hundred closely printed pages, the contents of which it would be impracticable for us, in our limited space, to abstract; especially as the work itself is a condensed abstract of whole libraries of former authors, who have treated on the subjects discussed in it, and whose invaluable labours in vindication of the Scriptures might appear at first sight to have rendered those of the present writer superfluous. Indeed Mr. Horne seems himself to have originally thought so; for in the former impression of his work, which we have compared *passim* with the present, he gave only a brief outline of the general argument in favour of the Scriptures, and referred his readers for further information to a few of the most valuable treatises on the subject, being unwilling, as he states, unnecessarily to augment their number. In preparing the second edition for the press, he states that it was his original intention to condense his former remarks, and to subjoin to them a few additional considerations; but he was induced to deviate from his

design by the extensive circulation of infidel publications, whose avowed object was, by specious insinuations, and the unblushing re-assertion of oft-refuted objections, to undermine and subvert the religion of Jesus Christ;—" the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order; which alone has power to curb the fury of the passions, and to secure to every one his rights; to the laborious, the reward of their industry; to the rich, the enjoyment of their wealth; to nobles, the preservation of their honours; and to princes, the stability of their thrones." The author further states himself to have been called upon by name from the press (in consequence, we conclude, of his useful and seasonable work published two or three years since, entitled " Deism Refuted, or Plain Reasons for being a Christian,") to consider and refute, if he could, the objections urged against the Sacred Writings. Thus summoned, he felt it his duty not to shrink from the task; and as the antagonists of the Scriptures have in some degree varied the ground of their attacks, he indulged a hope, and we think justly, that a temperate discussion of the subject, expressly accommodated to the present times, would not be unacceptable to biblical students, who may be called upon, both to defend their own faith, and to strengthen that of others, against the insidious attacks of infidelity. He adds, that to his own mind the result of his laborious inquiries has been highly satisfactory; for, not having access to all the numerous and able defences of Christianity against the infidels of former ages, he was obliged to examine, in many cases *de novo*, the innumerable contradictions alleged to exist in the Scriptures; all of which he found to disappear when subjected to a candid and attentive examination. The gross and illiberal manner in which most of the publications in question have been executed, seemed indeed to place them below the contempt of every gentleman and scholar; but we agree with the author, that nothing is beneath notice that is calculated to mislead the ignorant and unwary; besides which *some* of the objections urged by the writers in question are so speciously expressed, or, to use a common phrase, so *well put*, that they really demanded considerable information and research to prove their falsehood. This remark may apply to the works of all writers of all ages. It would be easy, for example, to take up any Greek or Latin classic, and roundly to assert, with very little labour, and in half a dozen lines, that they contain certain gross mistakes, inconsistencies, anachronisms, &c. which charges even a good and ripe scholar might be days or weeks in satisfactorily disproving, and which the uneducated will, of course, be disposed to believe on the confident *dictum* of the assertor. Mr. Horne's labours, therefore, are not by any means superfluous; and we are glad to find, that while the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and other respected institutions, as well as individual clergymen and laics, have not thought it derogatory to their character to arm the poor against

the infidel wiles of writers whom it would stain our paper to name, Mr. Horne has prepared a panoply for persons of education, and given to the world a new "Scholar armed" against the attacks of modern infidelity. His first volume may indeed be considered the most comprehensive *Demonstratio Evangelica* in our language. In point of arrangement, it is far superior to the celebrated work of that name by the learned Huet; and, as far as we perceive, not a single objection of any importance which the perverse ingenuity of modern sceptics has been able to raise against the sacred writings, has escaped the author's vigilance, or remained unrefuted.

The variety and importance of the subjects discussed in the first volume have detained our attention so long on them, that we can offer only a very measured notice of the remainder of the work.

The second volume is divided into two parts. The *first* of these parts treats of sacred criticism, including an historical and critical account of the original languages of Scripture, and of the Cognate dialects;—an account, (with numerous fac-similes) of *the principal Manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments, with a bibliographical and critical Notice of the chief printed Editions,* and of the division into chapters and verses; after which follow *a History of ancient and modern Versions, and their Application to biblical Criticism and Interpretation;* illustrated with fac-simile specimens of oriental versions executed at the Serampore press. In this part of the work, the history of *the authorised English Version* is particularly considered, and the literary character of its venerable translators satisfactorily vindicated against the cavils of some late writers. The benefit to be derived from Jewish and Rabbinical authors is next discussed, and the genuineness of some important statements of Josephus, the Jewish historian, ably vindicated. These discussions are followed by dissertations on the following list of topics:—1. On *the various readings in the Sacred Text, with a digest of the chief critical Canons for weighing and applying them.* 2. On the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, with new tables of the quotations at length, in Hebrew, Greek, and English; showing, *first,* their relative agreement with the Hebrew and with the Septuagint; and, *secondly,* whether they are prophecies cited as literally fulfilled; or prophecies typically or spiritually fulfilled; or prophecies accommodated; or simple allusions to the Old Testament; and, 3. *On the Poetry of the Hebrews;* its construction, its nature, and its different species, with rules for understanding it. The recent publication of Mr. Jebb, entitled "Sacred Literature," being an application of the principles of Hebrew poetry to the New Testament, has enabled Mr. Horne to enrich this chapter with much new and interesting matter, not to be found in the first edition of his

work.* 4: On Harmonies of the Scriptures, including remarks on the principles on which they should be constructed.

The second part of the volume is appropriated to the interpretation of Scripture; and comprehends—An investigation of its different senses, literal, spiritual, and typical, with rules for ascertaining and determining them;—the *signification of words and phrases,* with rules for investigating them;—*emphatic words;* rules for the investigation of emphases, and particularly of the Greek article;—subsidiary means for ascertaining the sense of Scripture, such as the analogy of languages, parallel passages, scholia, glossaries, the subject-matter, context, scope, historical circumstances, and Christian writers, both fathers and commentators.

The author next advances to an application of the preceding principles to the historical interpretation of the sense of Scripture;—the interpretation of its figurative language, comprehending the principles of interpretation of tropes, figures, allegories, parables, and proverbs;—the spiritual or mystical interpretation; —the *interpretation of prophecy, including rules for ascertaining the sense of the prophetic writings, observations on the accomplishment of prophecy in general, and especially of the predictions relative to the Messiah;*—the interpretation of the types; of the doctrinal and moral parts of Scripture; and of the promises and threatenings therein contained; and lastly, *the inferential and practical reading of the Sacred Writings.* The copious Appendix subjoined to this volume contains, among other valuable articles, bibliographical and critical notices of the principal grammars and lexicons of the Hebrew, Greek, and Cognate languages; —of the remarkable editions of the Septuagint Greek version of the Old Testament; of the principal writers on the criticism and interpretation of the Scriptures; and a select list of commentators and expositors of the Bible, with notices of their works.

Such are the contents of the second volume. All those chapters, the titles of which we have given in Italics, are preeminently valuable to biblical students, aad particularly the chapter on various readings, and that on the quotations from the Old Testament in the New.

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* We cannot let pass by this opportunity without strongly recommending Mr. Jebb's work to the study of all persons interested in biblical and philological pursuits. The learned author has indeed opened a new mine of "Sacred Literature," in which he has not only discovered much valuable ore himself, but enabled others to dig for more with abundant prospect of success. We are inclined to think he has, in some instances, pushed his system a little too far; but in the main, it rests on the substantial basis of sound criticism, and will prove a valuable subsidiary in the interpretation of the evangelical text. The literary and classical merits of the work, though great, are subordinate to the importance of its principal argument, which is to throw a new and interesting light on the structure and interpretation of the New Testament.

The third volume, comprised in four parts, contains a summary of biblical geography and antiquities. It is enriched throughout with very numerous illustrations of the sacred writings, drawn from the Greek and Latin classics, and from the researches of modern travellers. Many of those of the last class are quite new to biblical scholars, being taken from recent works; several of which, from their date, must have been published while this volume was actually passing through the press; so promptly has Mr. Horne availed himself of every new source of biblical information.

The following is a brief summary of the contents of this admirable epitome of biblical geography and antiquities:—Part I. contains an outline of THE HISTORICAL AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND—including its name, boundaries, successive political divisions, a topographical account of the city of Jerusalem, a description of Jewish climate, seasons, productions, deserts, &c. We shall exhibit to our readers an example of the success with which Mr. Horne had laid under contribution the ample stores of modern voyagers and travellers for the illustration of biblical literature. We allude to his elucidation of the horrors of the Great Desert traversed by the Israelites after their departure from Egypt. The passage will furnish a general specimen of the interesting manner in which he enriches his descriptions by new and entertaining, as well as highly apposite citations:—

"The vast *Desert of Arabia*, reaching from the eastern side of the Red Sea to the confines of the land of Canaan, in which the children of Israel sojourned after their departure from Egypt, is in the sacred writings particularly called THE DESERT; very numerous are the allusions made to it, and to the divine protection and support, which were extended to them during their migration. Moses, when recapitulating their various deliverances, terms this desert *a desert land and waste howling wilderness* (Deut xxxii. 10.)—and *that great and terrible wilderness* wherein were *scorpions and drought, where* there was *no water* (Deut. viii. 15.) The prophet Hosea describes it as a *land of great drought* (Hos. xiii. 5.) But the most minute description is that in Jer. ii. 6.—*a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death*, a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt.* These characteristics of the desert, particularly the want of water, will account for the repeated murmurings of the Israel-

* This expression has exercised the ingenuity of commentators, whose opinions are recited by Mr. Harmer (Observations, vol. iv. pp. 115, 116), but the correctness of the prophetic description is confirmed by the existence of a similar desert in Persia. *It is a tract of land broken into deep ravines, destitute of water and of dreariness without example.* The Persians have given to it the extraordinary but emphatic appellation of *Malek-el-Mvatdereh, or the Valley of the Angel of Death.* (Morier's Second Journey, p. 168.)

ites both for food and water (especially the latter):* and the extremity of their sufferings is thus concisely but most emphatically portrayed by the psalmist. (cvii. 15.)†

"*Hungry and thirsty,* THEIR SOUL FAINTED *in them.*

"In this our temperate climate, surrounded as we are with perpetual verdure and with every object that can delight the eye, we can scarcely conceive the horrors encountered by the hapless traveller when crossing the trackless sands, and exposed to all the ardours of a vertical sun. The most recent as well as the most graphic description of a desert (which admirably illustrates the passages above cited), is that given by the enterprising traveller M. Belzoni, whose researches have contributed so much to the elucidation of the sacred writings. Speaking of a desert crossed by him in Upper Egypt, on the western side of the Red Sea, and which is parallel with the great desert traversed by the Israelites on the *eastern* side of that sea, he says, 'It is difficult to form a correct idea of a desert, without having been in one: it is an endless plain of sand and stones, sometimes intermixed with mountains of all sizes and heights, without roads or shelter, without any sort of produce for food. The few scattered trees and shrubs of thorns, that only appear when the rainy season leaves some moisture, barely serve to feed wild animals, and a few birds. Every thing is left to nature; the wandering inhabitants do not care to cultivate even these few plants, and when there is no more of them in one place, they go to another. When these trees become old and lose their vegetation, the sun which constantly beams upon them, burns and reduces them to ashes. I have seen many of them entirely burnt. The other smaller plants have no sooner risen out of the earth than they are dried up, and all take the colour of straw, with the exception of the plant *harack;* this falls off before it is dry.

"'Generally speaking, in a desert, there are few springs of water, some of them at the distance of four, six, and eight days' journey from one another, and not all of sweet water: on the contrary, it is generally salt or bitter; so that, if the thirsty traveller drinks of it, it increases his thirst, and he suffers more than before. But, when the calamity happens, that the next well, which is so anxiously sought for, is found dry, the misery of such a situation cannot be well described. The camels, which afford the only means of escape, are so thirsty, that they cannot proceed to another well: and, if the travellers kill them, to extract the little liquid which remains in their stomachs, they themselves cannot advance any farther. The situation must be dreadful and admits of no re-

* See particularly Num. xx. 2—5. and xxi. 5.

† In the Christian Observer for 1810, pp. 1—9. there is a new and elegant version of the hundred and seventh psalm, accompanied with critical and explanatory notes, from the pen of Mr. Archdeacon Jebb.

source. Many perish, *victims of the most horrible thirst.* It is then that the value of a cup of water is really felt. He that has a *zenzabia* of it is the richest of all. In such a case there is no distinction. If the master has none, the servant will not give it to him; for very few are the instances, where a man will voluntarily lose his life to save that of another, particularly in a caravan in the desert, where people are strangers to each other. *What a situation for a man, though a rich one, perhaps the owner of all the caravans! He is dying for a cup of water—no one gives it to him—he offers all he possesses—no one hears him—they are all dying*—though by walking a few hours farther they might be saved. If the camels are lying down, and cannot be made to rise—*no one has strength to walk*—only he that has a glass of that precious liquor lives to walk a mile farther, and perhaps dies too. If the voyages on seas are dangerous, so are those in the deserts. At sea, the provisions very often fail; in the desert it is worse; at sea storms are met with; in the desert there cannot be a greater storm than to find a dry well:—at sea, one meets with pirates—we escape —we surrender—we die: in the desert they rob the traveller of all his property and water; they let him live perhaps, but what a life! to die the most barbarous and agonising death. In short, *to be thirsty in a desert, without water, exposed to the burning sun without shelter, and* NO HOPES *of finding either, is the most terrible situation that a man can be placed in, and one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain: the eyes grow inflamed; the tongue and lips swell; a hollow sound is heard in the ears, which brings on deafness, and the brains appear to grow thick and inflamed;*—all these feelings arise from the want of a little water. In the midst of all this misery the deceitful morasses appear before the traveller at no great distance, something like a lake or river of clear fresh water.* If perchance a traveller is not undeceived, he hastens his pace to reach it sooner; the more he advances towards it, the more it goes from him, till at last it vanishes entirely, and the deluded passenger often asks, where is the water he saw at no great distance? He can scarcely believe that he was so deceived; he protests that he saw the waves run-

* Terrific as the above description is, it is confirmed in most of its details by Quintus Curtius; who, describing the passage of Alexander the Great and his army across the deserts of Sogdiana, thus graphically delineates its horrors:—"Amidst a dearth of water, despair of obtaining any kindled thirst before nature excited it. Throughout four hundred stadia not a drop of moisture springs. As soon as the fire of summer pervades the sands, every thing is dried up, as in a kiln always burning. *Steaming from the fervid expanse, which appears like a surface of sea, a cloudy vapour darkens the day . . . . The heat*, which commences *at dawn, exhausts the animal juices, blisters the skin, and causes internal inflammation.* The soldiers sunk under depression of spirits caused by bodily debility." Quint. Curt. lib. vii. c. 5.

ning before the wind, and the reflection of the high rocks in the water.

"'If unfortunately any one falls sick on the road, there is no alternative; he must endure the fatigue of travelling on a camel, which is troublesome even to healthy people, or he must be left behind on the sand, without any assistance, and remain so till a slow death come to relieve him. What horror! What a brutal proceeding to an unfortunate sick man! No one remains with him, not even his old and faithful servant; no one will stay and die with him, all pity his fate, but no one will be his companion.'*

"The phenomenon, here described, is produced by a diminution of the density of the lower stratum of the atmosphere, which is caused by the increase of heat, arising from that communicated by the rays of the sun to the sand with which this stratum is in immediate contact. This phenomenon existed in the great desert of Judæa, and is expressly alluded to by the sublime and elegant Isaiah,† when, predicting the blessings of the Messiah's spiritual kingdom, says:—

> "*The glowing sand ‡ shall become a pool,*
> "*And the thirsty soil bubbling springs.*

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* Belzoni's Narrative of his Operations and Researches in Egypt, &c., (4to. London, 1820.) pp. 341—343. In another part of his volume, Mr. B. more particularly describes the *mirage* (for such is the appellation by which this phenomenon is now commonly known), in the following terms: "It generally appears like a still lake, so unmoved by the wind, that every thing above is to be seen most distinctly reflected by it. If the wind agitate any of the plants that rise above the horizon of the mirage, the motion is seen perfectly at a great distance. If the traveller stand elevated much above the mirage, the apparent water seems less united and less deep; for, as the eyes look down upon it, there is not thickness enough in the vapour on the surface of the ground to conceal the earth from the sight; but, if the traveller be on a level with the horizon of the mirage, he cannot see through it, so that it appears to him clear water. By putting my head first to the ground, and then mounting a camel, the height of which from the ground might have been about ten feet at the most, I found a great difference in the appearance of the mirage. On approaching it, it becomes thinner, and appears as if agitated by the wind, like a field of ripe corn. It gradually vanishes, as the traveller approaches, and at last entirely disappears, when he is on the spot." (p. 196.) Dr. Clarke has described the mirage, as it appeared to him on his journey to Rosetta, in 1801. (Travels, vol. iii. p. 371.) Similar descriptions, but none so full as that of Mr. Belzoni may be seen in Elphinstone's Account of the kingdom of Caubul (p. 16. 4to. London, 1815.); Kinneir's Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire (p. 223, 4to. London, 1813.); and in Lieut. Pottinger's Travels in Beloochistan and Sinde. (p. 185. 4to. London, 1816.)

† Isa. xxxv. 7. Bishop Lowth's translation.

‡ The phenomenon referred to by Isaiah, is termed by the Arabs, as well as by the Hebrews שָׁרָב (SERAB); and to this day the Persians and Arabs make use of it, by an elegant metaphor, to express disappointed hope.

"And it is not improbable that Jeremiah refers to the serâb or mirage when, in pouring forth his complaint to God for mercies deferred, he says, *Wilt thou be altogether unto me as waters that be not sure* (marginal rendering of Jer. xv. 18), that is, *which have no reality*, as the Septuagint translators have rendered it, *ὑδωρ ψευδες ουκ ἐχον πιστιν.*

"Frightful as the horrors of the deserts are, they are augmented beyond description, should the traveller be overtaken by one of those sand storms, which prevail during the dry seasons. Sometimes the high winds raise into the air thick clouds of dust and sand, which, descending like a shower of rain, most grievously annoy all among whom they fall, and penetrate the eyes, nostrils, ears, in short every part of the human frame that is exposed to it. At other times the sands are drifted into such heaps, that, if any storm of wind should arise, the track is lost, and whole caravans perish in the inhospitable wilderness. Such are the showers of *powder and dust*, with which Moses denounced that God would *scourge* the disobedient Israelites, in Deut. xxviii. 24."* (Vol. iii. pp. 53—57.)

The second part of this volume treats of THE POLITICAL AND MILITARY AFFAIRS of the Jews and other nations mentioned in Scripture—including *the political state* of the Jews from the patriarchal times to the Babylonish captivity; under the Ashmonœan princes, the sovereigns of the Herodian family, and the Roman procurators;—the *Jewish courts of judicature;* the *principles of the criminal law of the Israelites;* their legal proceedings and punishments;—the *Roman judicature*, manner of trial, and treatment of prisoners, as mentioned in the New Testament—*crucifixion*, comprising a particular illustration of the circumstances attending the crucifixion of our Saviour—Jewish and Roman modes of computing time—tribute money—forms of making covenants and contracts; *military state* of the Jews and other nations—namely, the composition and discipline of their armies, their mode of warfare, their treatment of the conquered, and their military trophies and triumphs.

Part III. discusses THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND SACRED AFFAIRS of the Jews, and other nations incidentally mentioned in the Scriptures, arranged under the heads of *sacred places*—including the tabernacle and its contents—the temple of Solomon and the second temple—the synagogues and their service:—*sacred persons*—comprising an account of the Jewish church and its members—the Levites, priests, high priests, prophets, Nazarites, Rechabites, and other persons consecrated by vows:—*sacred times and rites* observed by the Jews,—their ordinary worship, sacrifices, prayers, fasts, the Sabbath, and great annual festivals of the passover, day of pentecost, feast of tabernacles, day of atonement,

* Fragments Supplementary to Calmet's Dictionary, No. 172.

feasts of Purim, and dedication of the second temple, the sabbatical year and year of jubilee;—*corruptions of religion among the Jews*—their idolatry, and Jewish sects—together with a description of the moral and religious state of the Jews at the time of our Saviour's advent.

Part IV. is appropriated to a consideration of the PRIVATE LIFE, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, MANUFACTURES, &c. of the Jews and other nations; including *marriages and nuptial ceremonies*—divorces—birth and education of children—*slaves, their condition and duties*—houses and furniture—dress—food and entertainments—private intercourse and forms of civility and politeness—mode of travelling—hospitality to strangers—studies, literature, sciences, and philosophy—*agriculture and rural economy*—manufactures—trade and navigation—festivities, theatrical and other amusements—diseases—art of medicine—*funeral rites and mourning for the dead.*

The appendix to this volume contains, in addition to chronological and other tables, a geographical index of the principal places mentioned in the Bible, especially in the New Testament, including an abstract of profane oriental history from the time of Solomon to the captivity, illustrative of the history of the Hebrews as referred to in the prophetic writings, and presenting historical notices of the Assyrian, Chaldee, Median, and Persian empires.

We fear we may have wearied our readers by these summary enumerations; but having undertaken to notice such a publication as the present, it seemed both unjust to the author, and unsatisfactory to those who wish to know what his work contains, not to present a brief outline of its principal features. We claim to ourselves the privilege of reviewing books and authors, either in the antiquated or in the modern manner; either as critics or as essayists; either making the book an apology for our own remarks, or making our remarks subservient to the book, as the case may require. In the present instance we have preferred analysing our author's volumes to writing a dissertation of our own; which, however, our readers are at liberty to conclude we could have done with admirable effect, if it had fallen in with our inclination.

If we do not transgress in the same manner till another equally exempt occasion presents itself, we shall probably not repeat our offence for many years to come; for, seriously speaking, we know not when we are likely again to see such a mass of valuable and multifarious biblical matter distilled into any single work. In the volume immediately before us, which the author modestly entitles only "A *sketch* of biblical geography and antiquities," it will be found that few, if any, essential topics connected with sacred antiquities have been omitted. In our enumeration of the contents of this volume, we have printed in italics the titles of several chapters which appeared to us peculiarly interesting and well-executed.

The fourth volume, on which we can only touch in passing, is appropriated to an analysis of Scripture. It contains copious critical prefaces to all the canonical books, and synopses of their several contents arranged under the heads of *Title, Author, Date, Canonical Authority, Argument, Scope, Synopsis of Contents, and Style,* with occasional remarks on topics of peculiar difficulty as they occur. In drawing up these synopses, the author has presented as far as possible at one glance, a comprehensive view of the subjects contained in each book. We know not that any question of importance which has been agitated relative to any particular book, whether entirely or in part, has been overlooked. The results of the most learned inquiries of scholars of every age and school, are concentrated in this, and indeed in every other part of the work, devested of that excessive philological speculation and heterodox licentiousness, which characterize the writings of many modern biblical critics, particularly those of the German school. Would that all among ourselves had escaped the infection! Would that all our learned editors and translators of continental theologians had been as cautious as Mr. Horne of importing rash and unwarrantable criticisms, to embarrass the mind of unfledged students, and to add to the triumphs of scepticism and infidelity. Would at least, that if they *must* bring over the bane, they had provided sufficient antidotes; and had suffered no sentiment to go forth to the world in any way connected with their name or authority, but such as they would conscientiously undertake to maintain as their own.

After the foregoing extracts and remarks, we need add no formal declaration of the high opinion we have formed of the character of these volumes. The first idea which they present to the mind is, that of the indefatigable industry and research of the author. The scheme of his work comprises almost every topic of biblical literature, and in filling up his outline he has not only every where concentrated the chief points connected with his subject, but what is of invaluable importance to theological students, he has under each head given an ample list of references to the best authors who have treated on the point under consideration. The work becomes, therefore, not only an excellent text-book, but a biblical dictionary and encyclopædia. We strongly recommend every divinity student to procure an interleaved copy, and to treasure up the chief contents of his daily reading, by means of extracts or references to a corresponding part of Mr. Horne's pages. Such a system pursued for years by our younger clergy, would not only tend to furnish them with interesting topics of study and meditation, and increase their respectability and efficiency in their profession, but would add greatly to the national stock of sound biblical learning, and to the reputation and usefulness of the church. Opulent laymen could scarcely confer a greater benefit on a clergyman of restricted income, than by placing

such a publication as the present on his empty shelves. The work has the superadded merit of being very cheap, considering that it contains an overflowing quantity of well-executed letter-press, with fourteen plates, besides numerous illustrative wood-cuts interspersed.

There is yet one point more which, in this age of theological warfare, we cannot mention without just encomium; we mean that exemption from party spirit which appears throughout the work. The author has evidently felt the responsibility of his undertaking, and has written every page with a salutary fear lest he should mislead himself or his reader, or should prejudice the cause of truth by an unhallowed infusion of human system and party predilection. The work is throughout as temperate and modest, as it is correct and learned; and we trust it will produce a most beneficial influence in turning the attention of the younger clergy in particular to the appropriate studies of their profession, and that the blessing of God will rest upon this and every other undertaking of the pious author.

ART. III.—*Two Sermons, occasioned by the death of the Rev. Thomas Scott, late Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks; preached at St. John's, Bedford Row, 29th April,* 1821. By Daniel Wilson, A. M. 8vo. London, 1821.

THE expectation of a "life" of the late Mr. Scott, from the pen of his son, may account for the scanty notice which is taken by the preacher of the personal history of the deceased; a single note serves to supply the following series of dates:—Mr. Scott was born near Spilsby, in 1747, and ordained deacon in 1772. He became curate of Olney in 1780; chaplain of the Locke Hospital, (of which he was the entire founder,) in 1785; and Rector of the humble preferment of Aston Sandford, in Bucks, in 1801, at which place he died, April 16, 1821, in the 75th year of his age. In treating the text of 2 Tim. iv. 6—8, Mr Wilson considers that the words with which the apostle there exhorts and animates his son Timothy to redoubled ardour in the ministerial charge, from a consideration of his own approaching departure, and of the eternal reward which awaited the faithful pastor, admit of a fair and legitimate application to the case of the individual who has been so recently discharged from his long and honourable services, and to those labourers who are yet toiling in the same vineyard, in order to their encouragement to renewed exertions in the ministerial office. The object therefore which the preacher chiefly proposes to himself is to stir up his clerical brethren, by a brief review of the living labours, and dying consolations of the deceased, to "do the work of an evangelist;" to "preach the word," and to "be instant in season, and out of season."—In reference to the nature of the reward thus proposed to all faithful stewards

of the divine mysteries, we find the following judicious observations *in limine:*

"This crown 'the Lord the righteous judge' will award; for 'God is not unrighteous to forget our work and labour of love.' The reward is not indeed one of desert—our only foundation in respect of merit is the free justification which is by faith of Jesus Christ; for as sinners we are not only unprofitable servants, but deserve condemnation; but it is a gift of grace, and as believers in Christ we humbly expect, for his sake, a heavenly recompense, in proportion to our services and sufferings in his cause."

And in proof of the harmonious consistency between the divine mercy and the Christian reward, we find the following quotation from Calvin himself;

"'The free justification which is conferred on us by faith, is not inconsistent with the reward of works. Yea, rather these two things rightly agree, that a man is justified freely by the benefit of Christ, and yet that he will receive the reward of his works before God. For as soon as God receives us into grace, he accounts our works acceptable; and thus deigns to bestow on them a reward, though an undeserved one.'"

As the above distinction is not always attended to, and the natural tendency of our nature, even as Protestants, is to exalt human merit at the expense of divine grace, Mr. Wilson, in proposing to our view "the recompense of the reward," to which even Moses himself "had respect," appears to have judged well, in thus laying his foundation, on the chief corner stone of the church in every age. Mr. Wilson first notices the well-known work of Mr. Scott, called "The Force of Truth," of which he speaks in the following terms:

"The manner in which he was called to the spiritual combat was remarkable. His narrative of this event, we may venture to assert, will be classed in future ages with those of which the process has been recorded by the most sincere and candid avowals of the individuals themselves. 'The Force of Truth' cannot indeed be equalled with 'The Confessions of St. Augustin,' or the early life of Luther; but the main features of conversion, and the illustration of the grace of God in it, are of the same character. The church has seen few examples so minutely and satisfactorily detailed of the efficacy of the doctrine of Christ, as in the instance before us. We there behold a man of strong natural powers, intrenched in the sophistries of human pride, and a determined opponent of the chief truths of the Gospel, gradually convinced and subdued. We see him engaging in a laborious study of the Scripture, with preconceived opinions firmly fixed, and reluctant to admit a humiliating scheme of theology: yet borne on, contrary to his expectations, and wishes, and worldly interests, by the simple energy of truth. We view him arriving, to his own dismay, at one doctrine after another. We behold him making every step

sure as he advances, till he at length works out, by his own diligent investigation of the sacred volume, all the parts of divine truth, which he afterwards discovered to be the common faith of the church of Christ, to be the foundation of all the reformed communities, and to be essentially connected with every part of divine Revelation. He thus learns the apostolical doctrines of the deep fall of man—his impotency to any thing spiritually good—the proper atonement and satisfaction of Christ—the trinity of persons in the godhead—the regeneration and sanctification of the Holy Spirit—justification by faith only—salvation by grace—the necessity of repentance unto life—separation from the sinful customs and spirit of the world—self-denial, and the bearing of reproach for Christ's sake—holy love to God and man—activity in every good word and work—dependence upon Christ for the supply of needful grace—humble trust in his promises for final victory, and an unreserved ascription of all blessings to the secret and merciful purpose and will of God. The whole narrative is so honest, and so evidently free from any suspicion of enthusiasm, as to constitute a most striking testimony of the power of divine grace.

"It was first published in 1779: at the close of twenty years he prefixed to the fifth edition a solemn declaration that every thing he had experienced, observed, heard, and read, since the first publication of it, had concurred in establishing his most assured confidence, that the doctrines recommended in it were the grand and distinguishing peculiarities of genuine Christianity. This declaration was repeated in each subsequent edition, till the time of his death."

We may here observe that, since the publication of this Funeral Sermon, a very interesting memoir has appeared, of the latter years and death of Dr. Bateman, the physician, which contains the following remarkable testimony in favour of another work of Mr. Scott, his Essays on the most important subjects in Religion:

"I read to him," (says his biographer) "the first of Scott's Essays, which treats of the 'Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures.' He listened with intense earnestness; and, when it was concluded, exclaimed, 'This is demonstration! complete demonstration!'"

Again:—

"He preceded his revered, though unknown instructor, Mr. Scott, only one week. He never ceased to remember, with the deepest gratitude, his obligations to that excellent man. It was only the evening before his death, that he recommended, with great earnestness, to a young friend, whose mother, under affliction, was first beginning to inquire after religious truth, to engage her to read Scott's Essays; acknowledging, with fervent gratitude, the benefit he had himself received from that work, and concluding an animated eulogium, by saying, 'How have I prayed for that man!'"

In describing the writings of Mr. Scott, consisting of six volumes quarto and nine or ten volumes octavo, Mr. Wilson says—

"He 'kept the faith,' not only in the main characters of his theology, but in the use which he found the sacred writers made of each doctrine; and in the order, the proportion, the manner, the occasion, the spirit, the end of stating and enforcing all they taught. In this view, the way in which he had been led to study the Scriptures for himself, and diligently to compare all the parts of them with each other, was of essential service. He was not a man to receive the impression of his age, but to give it. The humble submission to every part of divine revelation, the abstinence from metaphysical subtleties, the entire reliance on the inspired doctrine, in all its bearings and consequences, the candour on points really doubtful, or of less vital importance, which are the characteristics of his writings, give them extraordinary value. Thus together with the commanding truths above enumerated, he held as firmly the accountableness of man, the perpetual obligation of the holy law, the necessity of addressing the conscience and hearts of sinners, and of using, without reserve, the commands, cautions, and threatenings which the inspired books employ, and employ so copiously; the importance of entering into the detail of the Christian temper, and of all relative duties; of distinguishing the plausible deceits by which a false religion is concealed, and of following out the grand branches of Scripture morals into their proper fruits in the family and the life. In a word, he entered as fully into the great system of means and duties, on the one hand, as into the commanding doctrines of divine grace, on the other. He united the Epistles of St. Paul and St. James."

Adverting to Mr. Scott's Answer to the Bishop of Lincoln's "Refutation of Calvinism," Mr. Wilson observes,—

"The prejudices inseparable from any living controversialist must, of course, be allowed to subside, before a calm judgment can be formed of his character; but, when that period shall arrive, I doubt not that his laborious productions, more especially his masterly Reply to the work entitled the "Refutation of Calvinism," will be admitted to rank amongst the soundest writings of the age."

Mr. Wilson afterwards calls this Reply "incomparable for the acute and masterly defence of truth," and further observes of it—

"I consider this work (second edition) to be one of the first theological treatises of the day. It is pregnant with valuable matter, not merely on the direct questions discussed, but almost on every topic of doctrinal and practical divinity."

In adverting to the most celebrated of Mr. Scott's works—his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, Mr. Wilson thus expresses himself:

"It is difficult to form a just estimate of a work which cost its author the labour of thirty-three years. Its capital excellency consists in its following more closely, than perhaps any other, the fair and adequate meaning of every part of Scripture, without regard to the niceties of human systems; it is a scriptural comment. Its originality is likewise a strong recommendation of it. Every part of it is thought out by the author for himself, not borrowed from others. It is not a compilation; it is an original work, in which you have the deliberate judgment of a masculine and independent mind, on all the parts of Holy Scripture. Every student will understand the value of such a production. Further, it is the comment of our own age; furnishing the last interpretations which history throws on prophecy, giving the substance of the remarks which sound criticism has accumulated from the different branches of sacred literature; obviating the chief objections which modern annotators have advanced against the doctrines of the Gospel, and adapting the instructions of Scripture to the particular circumstances of the times in which we live. It is, again, the work of one who was at home in what he did. The faults of method and style, which considerably detract from some of his other writings, are less apparent here, where he had only to follow the order of thought in the sacred book itself; whilst all his powers and attainments had their full scope. It was the very undertaking which required, less than any other work, what he did not possess, and demanded more than any other, what he did—it required matured knowledge of Scripture, skill as a textuary, sterling honesty, a firm grasp of truth, unfeigned submission of mind to every part of the inspired records, unparalleled diligence and perseverance; and these were the very characteristics of the man. When to these particulars it is added that he lived to superintend four editions, each enriched with much new and important matter, and had been engaged above three years in a new one, in which, for the fifth time, he had nearly completed a most laborious revision of the whole work, we must, at least, allow its extraordinary importance. Accordingly, the success of it has been rapidly and steadily increasing from the first; not only in our own country, but wherever the English language is known. It will soon be in the hands of all careful students of the holy volume; whether in the first instance, they agree with him in his chief sentiments or not. Nor will the time be distant, when, the passing controversies of the day having been forgotten, this prodigious work will be almost universally confessed, in the protestant churches, to be one of the most sound and instructive comments of our own or any other age. It should be part of a student's constant reading; to turn to a few controversial passages, can afford no fair criterion of its merit. I can safely say that, after regularly consulting it for above five-and-twenty years, it rises continually in my esteem."

In reference to Mr. Scott's private character, we find the following remarks on his extraordinary diligence:

"He was always at work, always busy, always redeeming time; yet never in a hurry. His heart was given up to his pursuits; he was naturally of a studious turn; and his labour was his delight. He gradually acquired the habit of abstracting his mind from sensible objects, and concentrating all his thoughts on the particular topic before him; so that he lived, in fact, twice the time that most other students do, in the same number of years. He had an iron-strength of constitution to support this. And, for five or six-and-forty years, he studied eight or ten hours a-day, and frequently twelve or fourteen, except when interrupted by sickness. His relaxations of mind were often equal to the diligence of most other persons. But it was not merely incessant labour which distinguished this remarkable man: but incessant labour directed to what was useful and important. He was always bent on his proper work. He was not merely studious, but studious of what was immediately useful. He was not a desultory reader, attracted by every novelty, and wasting his time on inferior topics, or authors of less moment: but a reader of what was solid and appropriate, and directly subservient to the great subject in hand. He was from an early age; almost entirely self-taught. He had little aid from masters, small means for the purchase of books, and scarcely any access to great collections. A few first-rate works formed his library, and these he thoroughly mastered. He never remitted his exertions in improving his works. After thirty-three years bestowed on his Comment, he was as assiduous in revising it as when he first began. The marginal references cost him seven years of labour.

"In his domestic circle, his character was most exemplary. No blot ever stained his name. A disinterestedness and unbending integrity, in the midst of many difficulties, so raised him in the esteem of all who knew him, as greatly to honour and commend the Gospel he professed. He was also an excellent father of a family. What he appeared in his preaching and writings, that he was amongst his children and servants. He did not neglect his private duties on the ground of public engagements; but he carried his religion into his house, and placed before his family the doctrines he taught, embodied in his own evident uprightness of conduct. This determination and consistency in personal religion instructed his children better than a thousand set lessons. He did not inculcate certain doctrines merely, or talk against covetousness, and the love of the world, or insist on the public duties of the sabbath, or support family prayer whilst the bent of his conversation was worldly, his temper selfish, his own habits indulgent, and his vanity or ambition manifest under the thin guise of a religious phraseology—but he exhibited to his household a holy and amiable pattern of true piety— he was a man of God: imperfect indeed, but consistent and sincere. Accordingly, all his children became, by the Divine mercy, his comfort and honour during life, and now

remain to call him blessed, and hand down his example to another generation."

A note of Mr. Wilson's, on this part of Mr. Scott's character, evinces a just conception of the superiority of *practice* over *precept.*

"I believe," says he, "it will be commonly found that the general behaviour and conversation of parents more impress the minds of the young, than formal instructions do. When you address children directly their minds recoil; but their own shrewd observations on what they see done, or hear said, by you to others—on the estimate you form of things—on the governing principles of your conduct—sink deep into their memories, and constitute the far most effective part of education."

"A spirit of prayer and devotion was, further, a conspicuous ornament of his character. He lived 'near to God.' Intercessory prayer was his delight. He was accustomed in his family devotions to intercede earnestly for the whole church, for the government of his country,* for the ministers of religion, for those preparing for the sacred office, for schools and universities, for the different nations of Christendom, for the Heathen and Jews, and for all religious institutions; varying his supplications as circumstances seemed to dictate. On these occasions his deep humility of mind, and his zeal for the glory of his Saviour, were very affecting and edifying to those who were present. He seemed like the aged saint filled with the love of God and man, and supplicating for the whole human race. More especially, he had for thirty years been constantly imploring of God that he would open some way for the conversion of the world, and the revival of genuine Christianity at home, before he saw any apparent means for the accomplishment of his desires; and when the Bible and Missionary institutions were begun, his thanksgivings abounded."

"I close," says Mr. Wilson, "this review of his character by noticing the gradual but regular advances which he made in every branch of real godliness, and especially in overcoming his constitutional failings. This is, after all, the best test of Christian sincerity. A man may profess almost any principles, or hold any kind of conduct, for a time; but to continue a holy self-denying course of consistent and growing piety, to extend this honestly to every branch of our duty, to resist and struggle against the tempers and dispositions to which we are naturally most prone—this marks a divine change of heart, and stamps the genuine believer in the Gospel of Christ. And such was the individual whom we

*Among the works of Mr. Scott which more particularly proved his affectionate attachment to the British constitution in church and state, were his "Answer to Paine;" his "Rights of God;" and his "Doctrine of civil Government."

are considering. His failings lay on the side of roughness and severity of temper, pride of intellect, and confidence in his own powers: but from the time when he first obeyed the truth of the Gospel, he set himself to struggle against these and every other evil tendency; he studied self-control; he aimed at those graces which were most difficult to nature; he employed all the motives of the Gospel to assist him in the contest; and he gradually so increased in habitual mildness, humility, and tenderness for others, as to become exemplary for these virtues, as he had long been for the opposite ones of religious courage, firmness, and determination. I can most truly say, that, during an acquaintance which afterwards ripened into a filial affection of about twenty-five years, I scarcely ever saw an instance of more evident growth in real obedience, real love to God and man, real victory over natural infirmities, in a word, real christian holiness. In the latter years of his life he was obviously ripening for heaven. 'He had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith;' and now in 'a full age,' his genuine humility before God, his joy in Christ Jesus, his holy zeal for the diffusion of the Gospel, his tender affection to his family and all around, his resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father, and his exclusive trust in the merits and grace of his Saviour, seemed to leave nothing to be done, but for the stroke of death to bring him 'to his grave, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season.'"

Our limits will only permit us to *refer* to the ten pages (probably the most valuable and edifying of this little volume) in which the preacher records the mingled expressions of triumphant confidence, and profound humility, with which his departed friend waited the approach of death. In the midst of much of that well-founded hope, and strong consolation, which might be expected in such a case, there is yet observable such a holy and chastened solemnity of mind, arising from a deep sense of the evil of sin, and the terrors of the Lord, as irresistibly recal to our minds that passage of Scripture, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" We are no friends to the exhibition of an undue elevation of spirit, under such awful circumstances as the approach of death, though it be even the death of the believer; and feel more or less of doubt and distrust when persons, however fair or decent their previous carriage may have been, hardly evince a single fear at the contemplation of a conflict which, after all, must be terrible to flesh and sense. We remember to have heard that, when a member of a certain congregation was once boasting to his minister that he had not felt a doubt or a fear for thirty years, his pastor replied, "Then, sir, give me leave to doubt and fear for you."—We read and hear occasionally of convicts going to their execution with what we must consider the excess of effrontery, rather than the exhibition of a penitent and Christian spirit; and knowing how easy a thing it is to

excite the animal affections, where the heart has never been softened, and much less changed, we cannot but recommend to those worthy persons who, from the purest motives, and with the best designs, undertake the task of attending convicted criminals, that they would teach the Gospel through the medium of the law, and seek to excite a salutary fear rather than a delirious joy; that they would foster the feelings of sorrow and self-abasement, rather than the secure expectation of mercy; and that they would humble the sinner, before they exalt the Saviour. We believe that, for want of attention to these fundamental particulars, many unhappy men have been sent out of the world with Psalms in their mouths, but without grace in their hearts. Their instructors appear to have begun at the wrong end of the Christian economy; and their disciples have been rather buoyed up with unwarranted hopes of future happiness, than soberly and savingly taught that one tear of real contrition is worth more than all the unsafe and unhallowed excitements of mere enthusiasm.

In these cautionary remarks, we by no means intend to cast a doubt upon all, or even a majority of those cases of late repentance which are continually presented to our attention: much less to depreciate, in the remotest degree, either the fulness or freeness of that provision of mercy which is laid up in the Saviour, even for the chief of sinners. But we are still of opinion, that too much care can hardly be taken in matters of this nature, where a mistake, once made, is a mistake for eternity; and we think that more hope may fairly be indulged, upon Christian principles, of those cases where the heart is renovated by a searching conviction of sin, than where the unskilful administration of spiritual cordials produces a temporary and seeming relief, without touching the seat of the disease.

In deducing the practical uses from this life and death, we find the following judicious address to the professors of religion in general:

"You may possibly agree, in general, in the commendations bestowed on the labours of an apostle; on his tranquil faith—his unwearied sufferings—his holy triumph. You may even acquiesce in much of what *I* have said on the Christian virtues of the eminent person whose departure we have been considering; and yet, in your own habitual character, you may be almost the exact reverse of both. Permit me then to speak to you with affectionate boldness. You are, in fact, not repenting truly of sin, nor turning with your whole heart to God in Christ Jesus. You have never asked, seriously, the great question, 'What must I do to be saved?' You have never felt yourselves as sinners condemned by the holy law, nor have you come to the promises of the Gospel to 'receive the reconciliation.' In other words, you have never entered on the Christian combat, nor begun the Christian race. Let me then urge you to this momentous duty. Awake, I entreat

you, from the lethargy of a merely external Christianity, or the dream of a worldly-trifling self-indulgent life, and call upon your God for the blessings of his grace. 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' Jesus Christ is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' 'He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him.' Implore of him the gift of his Holy Spirit, to teach, enlighten, strengthen, and sanctify you. It is not in your own wisdom or power, but in His, that you can succeed in this vast undertaking. 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' remembering that 'it is God' who alone can 'work in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.' Begin the good fight of faith, and enter the heavenly race, by deep contrition for sin, and humble trust in the merits of the sacrifice of Christ, by a holy determination to renounce the service of Satan and the world, and to wage war with them all your future life. Go on afterwards by constant prayer, jealous watchfulness, diligent study of the Scriptures, determined resistance to temptation, a holy use of the word and sacraments; sincere love to God and man, and activity in every good word and work. But, to this end, keep the faith once delivered to the saints, place all your hopes on the atonement of your Saviour, do every thing in dependence on his Holy Spirit, ascribe all your salvation to his mercy and grace: and, oh, let the animating language of the apostle in the text, and the example of our late venerated friend, invite, yea, urge you to comply with this exhortation. We must all repent, or perish. We must fight against our spiritual enemies, or be vanquished. We must win the crown of righteousness, or have our portion with the lost. There is no middle course. Religion is not an incidental matter, which may be done at any listless moment. It is the first of all concerns. It is a combat, it is a race, which demands all our attention, all our earnestness, all our exertions, all our powers and efforts of body and soul. Hear, as it were, the voice of the blessed saint, now departed, exciting you from the grave to enter on the warfare which he has accomplished, and pursue that prize which he has obtained: and may God grant that not one of us may decline the animating call, but that we may all, with one consent, yield ourselves now at length to the voice of conscience and the authority of truth!"

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Mr. Stewart, the celebrated Pedestrian.*

Mr. Stewart, generally known by the designation of "walking Stewart," died in London, on the 20th February, 1822. This most extraordinary, eccentric, atomical Philosopher, was born in Bond-Street, and originally educated at the Charter-house. In the year 1768 he was sent out a writer to Madras, on the interest of the late Lord Bute. He was employed as Secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, and expended a large sum in giving official enter-

tainments by order of his master. Within two years after his arrival in India, at the age of about 18, he determined on the very singular measure of leaving his situation in the Company's service, assigning as a reason that he was resolved to travel, the *amor videndi* being irresistible—that he would see, if he could, the whole world—that he would unlearn all he had learned—that he would become an Automathes, think and act for himself. In pursuance of this resolution, he addressed a letter to the Court of Directors, which, from its juvenile insolence and audacity, is preserved on their records to this day; in which he tells them he was born for nobler pursuits, and higher attainments, than to be a copier of invoices and bills of lading to a company of grocers, haberdashers, and cheesemongers. Within a few weeks after writing this unique epistle, he took his leave *a la sourdine* of the Presidency, and began his *premier pas* of his pedestrian long life —some of his friends lamenting his abrupt departure, and thinking he might be involved in pecuniary difficulties, sent after him, begging him to return, and offering him assistance. He replied to their invitation that he thanked them, that his resolution was taken, that his finances were small, but adequate to his wants. He prosecuted his route over Hindostan, and *walked to Delhi*, to Persepolis, and other parts of Persia. He traversed the greater part of the Indian Peninsula, visited Abyssinia and Ethiopia, and has been present at the latter place at an entertainment of the natives, who, disregarding sexual distinction, appeared in *statu naturæ*. He then entered the Carnatic, and became known to the then Nabob, who conceived an esteem for him, which eventually in his latter days, became the means of his support, for the Nabob appointed him his private Secretary. A few years ago the House of Commons, in order to spare Stewart's feelings, granted him 15,000l. to liquidate the demands on the Nabob. Quitting the Carnatic, he adopted the mad resolution to walk to Seringapatam, which he effected; when there, Tippoo, hearing that a European had entered his city, ordered him to be immediately arrested. Tippoo directed him to appear before him at his Durbar. He questioned him as to his motive for coming to his kingdom; he answered solely a desire to see it. Tippoo told him he must consider himself as his subject, and as such a military one, and he must be enrolled in his army; and that as he appeared a gentleman, he would make him, after some tactical instructions, a capt. of Sepoys. He became one, and was engaged in several affairs against the Mahrattas, and was wounded in the right arm. He continued a *detenu* of Tippoo's several years, until the late Sir James Sibbald, bart., then at Bombay, was appointed by that Presidency to settle the terms of peace with Tippoo. Stewart availed himself of the opportunity of requesting Sir James to use his interest with his highness to procure his release.—This, with some difficulty, Sir James Sibbald effected; and Stewart set for-

ward to *walk* to Europe. He crossed the Desert of Arabia, and arrived at Marseilles. He *walked* through the whole kingdom of France, through Spain, came to England—left England for America, through every State of which he *walked*, as he did through Ireland and Scotland. On his return from Ireland he was nearly ship-wrecked; and, at the moment of being so, he begged of some of the crew, if they survived, to take care of the book he had written, and intended to be published, entitled "*Opus Maximum*," a favourite work of his. His corporeal exertions are as above described—his mental powers were commensurate, but of a character unique in the extreme, and perhaps without any approximation of similitude in the thoughts of any human being. He was *tout a fait* the Atomical Philosopher; his defence and demonstration of which singular hypothetical doctrine was so ably defined and asserted, that he almost convinced infidelity to become a proselyte, for he was completely *Magister Verborum*, and proved in his argument he knew the energy of *Verbum tonans*. On every subject discussed he was fully competent, and evinced a judgment and comprehension "*Luce durius.*" He could speak and rationate to conviction on the Encyclopædia; for in every science he was *au fait*. Of the multifarious publications on his "Doctrine of Atoms," the writer gives one of the many in his possession, which delineates the principle on which his data are founded, and on which he establishes his theory. This it is:—"The book of Nature. To think means to use the powers of mind, to identify self with all nature, and to live in all surrounding being."

> "All matter draws, and to one centre brings;
> Man's nature chang'd to beast, and beast to Kings."

He then adds, "the human body emits every hour, *half a pound of matter from its mode;* which, dispersed over a great extent of space, must attach itself to millions of beings, and participate of their sensation, without any consequence from the interruption of memory, by transmuting from the human body into all surrounding being. This fact teaches man how great his interest in the whole, and how little in the part of self. The ignorance of this truth makes an *oyster* of the Great Agent of the Universe." Abstruse and recondite as the above may appear, and all his writings were *unius generis*, yet so great was his power in maintaining his hypothesis, that he almost reasoned his unbelieving hearers into credulity. His conversation on all general subjects was instructive and entertaining. Not a subject he dilated on, however remote from his favorite theme of "Atoms," but it appeared from his treating it that he had made such *his only study*. At the time of Hastings' trial, speaking on the subject, he said, "that to try Mr. Hastings by the narrow rule of *Meum* and *Tuum*, was like bringing Alexander the Great to a Quarter Sessions."

ART. V.—LAW CASE. RYMER *versus* REECE, M. D.

The trial of this case produced much fun and merriment in the court. The plaintiff was a practising surgeon and apothecary at Reigate, in Sussex, having been in the year 1780, a surgeon on board a man of war, and now enjoying half pay in that respect. In the month of July, 1792, he took out a patent for his Cardiac and Nervous Tincture, the basis of which consisted of brandy and Madeira, with the maceration of a long list of simples, and almost all the spices of Arabia Felix. The prospectus of the invention contained a prodigiously long catalogue of its virtues, and the diseases which it was calculated to cure. No less than 16 diseases, of the most opposite qualities, would give way to its sanative influence; it was diaphoretic, a febrifuge, a tonic, a menagouge, a sedative, a cephalic, good for dyspepsia, an aperient, a stimulant, a corroborative, an aromatic; in short, it was a panacea for all imaginable diseases, incident to the human frame, both mental and bodily, in all climates: nay, it was an infallible cure for sudden death, In *the Gazette of Health*, the defendant, who was stated to be the proprietor of that work, and a gentleman of some celebrity, with reference to the Prophetess Johanna Southcote, published a criticism on the plaintiff's medicine, and the empiricism of his prospectus, containing also some observations in ridicule of the plaintiff's assuming the dignity of *Esquire*.—There was a good deal of humour in the criticism, the principal object of which appeared to be rather to point out the injurious consequence of the plaintiff's nostrum, if taken in all the diseases for which it was held forth as an infallible cure, particularly in febrile and inflammatory diseases, than to impute any thing noxious to the medicine itself, if taken as a tonic in certain cases. The plaintiff's patent had long since expired, and of late years the sale of his medicine has greatly decreased.

The Chief Justice permitted evidence to be received, that the plaintiff's medicine was used in certain diseases, that being part of his allegation in the declaration.

After this Mr. Scarlett addressed the Jury. He treated the action as one deserving contempt and derision. Had we lived to this day, and notorious quacks be permitted to bring actions for criticisms upon their nostrums? Were men of science to be brought before Courts of Justice for ridiculing their empiricism, and pointing out to the unwary the hazard of taking their deleterious drugs? This gentleman had sent forth into the world a panacea for all disorders of the most opposite symptoms and quality, holding out health and vigour to the patient in cases, where the medicine might produce sudden death, and was not a man of science to be at liberty to detect the imposition, and warn the public against the danger they incurred? Such erratic publica-

tions were of vast public benefit, because they enabled persons who had not access to large medical and scientific libraries, to detect fraud and impositions.—The supposed libel was nothing more than a fair criticism upon the plaintiff's quackery, and if it was mixed with a little ridicule, it was the more likely to be salutary in its effect. In this point of view the case fell precisely within the rule laid down by Lord Ellenborough in Sir John Carr, *v.* Hood; in which the plaintiff was ridiculed as the *jaunting car.* In that case a witness was called to prove, that in consequence of reading a criticism in the Edinburgh Review, upon the plaintiff's book, he had declined reading his works, upon which the learned Judge congratulated him upon the escape he had had, and he told him, that he was the better for it. So in this case, how many people must be the better for not taking the plaintiff's nostrum, in consequence of the warning voice of the defendant.

The plaintiff professed to cure no less than sixteen mortal diseases, by the all powerful influence of his tincture; and amongst its other virtues it was calculated to cure *timidity!* Would that, if such was its virtues, the plaintiff would be good enough to ship off a cargo of his medicine to the kingdom of Naples, and inspire its inhabitants to the vigorous assertion of its political rights. On this occasion he could not refrain from relating a story of the celebrated Dr. Solomon who amassed an immense fortune by his Balm of Gilead, which he sold at 10s. 6d. a bottle. The Doctor had shipped a cargo of it for America, estimating each bottle at one shilling, in order to evade the duty. The custom-house officer suspecting that this was the Doctor's object, and that the medicine was worth a great deal more, made a seizure of the cargo, and the Doctor refusing to pay the duty, he said he would let the office have the cargo, at a shilling a bottle and the officer accordingly took it. The Doctor then shipped another and a larger cargo, and the same consequence followed, the officer taking the cargo at a shilling a bottle. He immediately opened a warehouse himself for the sale of Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead, but finding that he could not sell it for half a guinea a bottle, began to suspect that it was not worth so much; and upon a communication with the Doctor, he confessed the fact, and boasted that the officer could not sell it, for that he, the Doctor, could, by his advertisements, declare that it was not genuine; adding, that he was very well paid for his medicine at a shilling a bottle, for that all the medicine he had made did not cost more than *two puncheons of rum*; by which he had amassed an immense fortune and purchased a large estate. Were quacks, therefore, to continue their impositions on the public with impunity, and were men of science to be punished for exposing their tricks to ridicule? The subject of such quackery had been most admirably ridiculed by a celebrated writer, whose writings became more valuable as they grew older. Dr. Goldsmith, in his Chinese letters, speaking of quacks,

said, "When I consider the assiduity of the profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured.—Surely there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternation of an intermittent fever, or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must; otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The Doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick! Only sick! did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius they die, though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner." Would the Jury then, in the present case, give the plaintiff a verdict for that which was but a legitimate exposure of his quackery, without malice or any ill intention imputable to the defendant?

The Jury immediately interposed, and expressed themselves satisfied; they found a verdict for the defendant.

ART. VI.—*A View of the Structure, Functions, and Disorders of the Stomach, and Alimentary Organs of the Human Body. With Physiological Observations and Remarks upon the Qualities and Effects of Food and Fermented Liquors.* By THOMAS HARE, F. L. S. &c. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. Longman and Co. 1821. Pp. 300. 8vo.

TIBERIUS used to ridicule those, who, after having attained the age of thirty, could still find occasion to inquire what was noxious or salutary for their constitution. Yet eighteen centuries have since glided on, and the same questions are still asked by persons even of sixty. It is difficult, indeed, to explain the causes of that neglect which has gradually erased physiology and dietetics from the catalogue of general studies. The construction of man, and the influence of physical and moral agents upon his frame, once formed the most interesting branch of the contemplations of a philosopher. It was the volume he delighted to open; the favourite sphere of his conjectures; the most frequent subject of his observation. In this school, the legislators of antiquity acquired the rudiments of their science; and, unbiassed by the tumultuous wishes or momentary opinions of the circle in which they moved,

it was on this basis that they endeavoured to erect their decrees. Even in the poetry of Homer may be traced an abundant vein of medical knowledge; and the minute narrative of the plague at Athens bears ample testimony to the proficiency of Thucydides. The pages of Aristotle and of Plato, too, are deeply tinged with information of this kind; it is a copious source of their illustrations and phraseology, and often an immediate topic of their delineation. The former has lavished on it all the acuteness of his penetration, all the boldness of his theory; and the latter has diffused over the rocky ground of anatomy, the sunshine, the verdure, and the flowers of his brilliant imagination. Lucretius pursues the mystery of animal life into its most obscure recesses; and Celsus, the benefactor of the healing art, is thought by some to have been directed towards it merely by a liberal curiosity, and never to have walked in the paths of practice. In later periods, the list is greatly multipled of eminent literati, who, though totally unconnected with the profession, have yet assiduously laboured in its mines, and extracted the most valuable ores; indeed the medical writings of the ancients were probably the earliest which engaged the attention of modern Europe. The most remarkable authors of the two last centuries appear to have drunk largely from this fountain; to these documents they resorted for evidence of the attributes of the Deity, the object and destination of our being, and the nature of human obligations; and it seems as if the physicians of those times had quitted their own territory to wander amidst more captivating scenes, while the votaries of general learning were eager to take possession of a domain thus vacated by its original inhabitants.

In that Encyclopædia of admirable sayings, the Life of Johnson, Boswell has recorded a happy sentence addressed to him by a lady: "Ma foi, monsieur, notre bonheur depend de la façon que notre sang circuit." The spirit of this remark has occurred to thousands, although it has seldom been so fairly embodied. If it be just, how can it have happened that the natural history of man is at present resigned to a separate class of inquirers, whose leisure or inclination is rarely sufficient to examine its diversified ramifications? The empire of health over every thought, action, station, and feeling, might alone arrest the most earnest consideration of every intelligent mind; but its views do not terminate here; it involves an extensive reference to our leading interests; it tends to solve the most complicated problems of society, the formation of laws, the regulations of police, the decisions of criminal jurisprudence, population, mortality, not to mention some other topics, important when weighed alone, but which would shrink into insignificance at the side of such companions. As it is, we devote years to studies, which may seldom or never affect our persons; the old sciences are embraced with unceasing attachment, and new ones are warmed into existence; while the

nature of our present condition, an investigation only inferior to anticipations of a future one, is condemned to become an article of merchandize, is confined to the narrow retirement of the hospital, the lecture-room, the apothecary's shop; so that, in the emphatic words of Haller, there are men who learn the system of the world, and die in ignorance of themselves.

We have not forgotten our author. The comprehensive, easy, and elegant manner in which he has executed his design, suggested an obvious regret that the encouragement afforded to such undertakings is usually so limited. He could not have selected from the whole range of nature a single topic of importance so universal. Some parts of the body possess comparatively few claims on common notice; and there are many diseases which thousands may confidently hope to escape; but small, indeed, is the number of those who can boast, through life, an exemption from the various results of disordered digestion, misfortunes which are probably destined to a still wider extension through the increasing growth of manufactures, and the prevalence of sedentary occupations. John Hunter imagined the "stomach to be even the centre of vital energy;" but it no longer needs an assertor of its rights. It is at length recognized in good society; it is rising into fashion; and, after having long maintained an unequal contest with the humours and the nerves, it seems to have achieved a permanent victory unless, indeed, the liver should gradually collect its scattered partizans from the east and the west, and, in another generation, carry the citadel of health by storm.

Writers do not commonly perform more than the promise of their title page; but we have been agreeably surprised by the discovery of many useful and curious particulars which are hardly included under the denomination of the present work. One cause of this may be, that Mr. Hare is entirely free from pedantry and pretension; there is no ostentation of self; no obtrusion of the author at the expense of the subject; none of that illiberal sarcasm, which undermines the palace of another, in order to erect on the site a hovel, to be called its own. Although his opinions are sometimes new, and always ingenious, he drops no seductive intimations of the increasing success of his treatment; no regiment of vigorous patients is drawn up to command our admiration; he makes no mysterious allusions to points of practice only communicable in person, and too subtile, too delicate, to be insinuated through vulgar letter-press. We are not acquainted with many modern medical works in our own language, composed on the same broad plan, or which exhibit so much material in a form so concentrated; not that any complaint can be made of a scanty supply of essays on digestion, or indigestion, but that, in reality, no single one occurs to our recollection, which comprises so neatly, not only the natural and morbid history of the alimen-

tary system, but embraces also the remedies of its depraved, and the diet of its healthy, condition.

After premising some remarks on the sympathy between the stomach and the brain, the author commences his progress through the history of the alimentary canal, with an account of the mouth and its apparatus.

"The saliva takes its name from the saline taste and qualities which it possesses; and its degree of saltness depends wholly upon the state of the stomach. In a general way, we are not aware of it, from its constant presence; but unusual fasting, hunger from too rapid digestion, and an increased secretion from a relaxed state of the system, as in paralysis, all render it sufficiently evident.—The healthful condition of this most important secretion, is not only of the highest moment to the animal economy at large, but the saliva is often a medium for transferring diseases of various kinds, as is sufficiently instanced in the bite of a rabid animal, in the reprehensible and offensive practice of nurses tasting the food of children, and even the transfer of metallic influence."

We omit the instances adduced, as to this last fact, which are, however, deserving of perusal, and pass to matter more practical.

"The earthy matter which is, at all times, held in solution by the saliva, not only shows itself in combination with animal gluten upon the teeth, but on some occasions it forms a distinct calculous concretion in the duct of the parotid, and other glands. A small deposition once established, furnishes a point for the more rapid attraction of that which is afterwards contained in the fluid; and in this manner the duct has been blocked up, and the saliva thrown out of its course, giving rise to fistulary ulcerations. Errors of diet seem to influence this morbid supply of earthy matter to the salivary secretion, as much as constitutional peculiarities.

"We know that an earthy residuum succeeds the putrefactive fermentation of animal matter; and I conceive that the fermentation effected, or at least promoted, upon animal food in the stomach, by saliva from the mouth and from the pancreas, and whereby it is resolved into new elements, may cause an undue degree of earthy matter to be formed where animal food is used too largely. It is undoubtedly used by far too largely with indiscriminate eaters; and even the most moderate use more than nature demands for the general purpose of life.

"I believe the formation of calculi of all descriptions to be especially promoted by such habits of body and habits of life as favour a morbid fermentation in the stomach; and, above all, by the acidifying qualities of fermented liquors and acescent food; and that the circulating mass may thus become charged with an undue proportion of earthy matter, which, through the medium of secernment, is detained in the reservoir of that particular gland,

whose secretion possesses the greatest chemical affinity for it. The smallest conceivable portion, having thus been deposited, furnishes a nucleus for the attraction and deposition of repeated laminæ, as is particularly instanced in that from the kidneys in their own ventricles, and in the urinary bladder. Gall-stones seem little more than indurated bile, which, for want of energy in its secerning organ the liver, and dilution of itself, has partially coagulated; each body of coagulum, no matter how small, furnishing a necleus for subsequent accessions.

"Earthy concretions from the lungs, and from the salivary glands, have no determinate figure, nor even an approach to it. They are constituted, like the concretions alluded to, of amorphous lime, more commonly combined with the phosphoric than any other acid; and this circumstance alone shows an essential difference between the natural arrangements of health and disease; for the provident ordinations of divine wisdom appear to have assigned its own particular and characteristic figure to every species of matter, howsoever minute, whereby the humblest molecules of lime, in the progress of their natural and healthful deposition in the animal body, arrange themselves by the same law as the gaudiest groups of transparent crystals within a massive rock; while under the influence of disease, they are shaped only by attrition, where surrounded by fluid matter; for example, in the kidneys and urinary bladder, after the manner of pebbles by the ordinary agency of water."

In support of our author's idea, that excess in animal food may contribute to the production of calculous disorders, we may mention that the uric acid, a superabundance of which is considered as the most frequent proximate cause of them, is scarcely to be found in any animals whose sustenance is entirely vegetable; and that the uric gravel has often been cured by the adoption of a vegetable diet. Yet some singular contrarieties at present exist in the history of this malady. Although apparently so frequent an offspring of luxurious indulgence, it is ascertained to be more familiar with the poorer classes of society than the wealthy; and more peculiar to the morning of life than to its declining years. The varieties of place and occupation which it seems to select, are very curious; to tropical climates it is almost a stranger; at Geneva, (says Odier,) nothing is more rare; it very seldom attacks the army: and in the navy, where animal food and spirituous liquors are largely consumed, the proportion of such cases is said to be only one in seventeen thousand; while in Norfolk the estimate rises to one in thirty-eight; and in the British hospitals in general, it is as one in three or four hundred. The disease is so common a visitor of the neighbourhood of Moscow, that a Russian practitioner has assured us of his conviction, the Professor Hildebrand has operated on some thousands. This abundance is partly imputed to the badness of the water, and by Hildebrand to the number of children forsaken or neglected.

The throat and organs of deglutition, and the diaphragm, are next successfully illustrated, when a very pleasing digression is made to the natural history of muscle, tendon, and cellular tissue, and a comparison formed of the ultimate fibre of animal muscle, of vegetables, and of minerals. The following is a portion of this engaging inquiry.

"On examining the extremest fibre of a soft vegetable body, it will be found to correspond in its tubulated structure with the ultimate fibre of animal muscle. Many confervæ, both of the sea and fresh water, which, to the naked eye, appear to be only a congeries of minute dense filaments, exhibit in the microscope a tubulated structure, furnished with transverse septa, which apparently constitute an apparatus for the offices of contraction and elongation, like that described in the ultimate fibre of animal muscle. (Plate 1, Fig. 6.) The fibrillæ of numerous parasitic fungi, which also appear dense to the unassisted sight, are demonstrated by the microscope to be tubular, and very commonly furnished with spheroidal processes, which probably are glands. (Plate 1, Fig. 7.) Beyond those hollow fibres, none are to be traced which seem impervious.

"Thus, it appears that the ultimate fibre of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is constituted by a tube adapted to exercise the especial functions of contractibility and relaxation, upon the communication of a stimulus from an exciting cause. Whoever is attached to vegetable physiology, will readily call to mind those modifications of muscular action, which are so conspicuous in *Mimosa pudica*, *Dionæa muscipula*, and *Stylidium globosum*.

"The medulla of plants bears a very considerable analogy to the spinal marrow of animals; and if, according to Mr. Lindsay, it is to be demonstrated in the leaf stalk of the sensitive plant as the seat of irritability, (and in coincidence with Sir James Edward Smith, I cannot 'see any thing to invalidate the idea,') the medium through which an exciting impulse is conveyed to the vegetable muscular fibre, resembles strictly that of the animal economy.

"A plant which has been removed from one spot to another, droops through relaxation of its muscular apparatus, which has lost the stimulus usually supplied to it, until the gaseous and nutritive constituents of the new soil shall have assimilated with its circulating fluids. But as soon as the plant is capable of absorbing moisture and nutritive matter from the soil, the necessary degree of stimulus is communicated to its muscular fibre, which contracting, gives the same air of vigour to the refreshed vegetable, as food and drink communicate to the fatigued animal.

"Smoothness, rotundity, and gentle undulation of outline, are characteristic of perfection in animals; and in vegetables, the same qualities are to be remarked in a lower gradation, until existence is on the wane: but in the aged man, and in the aged tree, these attributes begin to disappear, and, giving way to angularity and

harshness of outline, a step is made towards that inorganic kingdom with which they are about to be assimilated, for the purpose of contributing to the nutrition of their own species in after generations."

The stomach, the intestinal canal, the liver, spleen, pancreas, and absorbent system, are successively discussed; the narrative is not disguised by a technical dress, and is relieved from the monotony of detail by anecdotes and allusions, both entertaining and explanatory.

We gradually arrive at a subject as important as it is mysterious, and equally interesting to the naturalist, the moralist, and the physician, the reciprocal sympathies existing between the brain and the alimentary organs.

"The stomach, and all the organs which have been described as concerned in the digestive process, are profusely furnished with nerves, not only in the form of branches, but of the most intricate plexuses and ganglions; by which means they connect themselves with that great continuation of the brain, which is called the spinal marrow; and for the protection of which nature has provided a strong articulated pillar of bone, commonly distinguished as the spine; and there is, moreover, a direct communication with the brain by delicate ramifications of its substance, independently of the spinal marrow."—

"That the nervous system is especially concerned in the process of digestion, attentive observation is sufficient to establish; and in proportion as the nervous system has difficulties to contend with, is the process of digestion imperfect. Difficulties may be opposed to the due exercise of nervous influence by imprudence in the use of unsuitable aliment; by the casual accession of mental disturbances in all their varieties; and by bodily disorders, whether arising from irregularities of habit or local injury."—

"We know that sudden intelligence, which alarms or rejoices us, or the sudden accession of any powerful impression, makes us forget hunger; that a fatigued and hungry horse is suddenly excited to complete forgetfulness and activity on hearing the hounds; and that he will go through a long chase with alacrity, notwithstanding his previous exhaustion. We know, too, that under extreme mental depression from disease and pain, cheerful society will so far awaken our animal spirits, upon some occasions, as to lead us into energetic conversation; but it is to be remembered, that these excitements are not effected without very considerable expense to the constitution, through the exhaustion they afterwards occasion; the exhaustion is that of the nervous system, and the whole animal economy suffers until the natural tone of the nerves is restored."—

"The aberrations of intellect occasioned by the unsuitableness of food to constitutional peculiarities, are always in a greater or

less degree, of a desponding turn; because the inconvenience to the nervous system is of a sedative nature; and while the more diffusible effects of fermented liquors exhilarate for a moment, the time is not distant when they must in like manner become sedative."

The records of medicine abound in facts of this description. Vomiting will often arise from a blow upon the head, and nausea may be induced by the bare mention or recollection of a disagreeable object. Observe the effect of purgatives and emetics upon the intellect and the passions; and the dimness of mental sight attendant on a full meal. Occasional abstinence thus exerts a powerful agency in improving the understanding, and in sharpening the senses; the too notorious Law, in his younger days, would only eat a small piece of chicken, that he might promote his fortune at the gaming-table; and the dinner of Newton, while composing his Treatise on Colours, was confined to a little biscuit, and a glass of canary. Circumstances which impair the appetite, may, in this manner, enlighten the perceptions; and the apophthegm of Rousseau is too frequently confirmed: "l'homme qui medite est un animal deprave." We almost wish that Mr. Hare had been more diffuse in this department of his work. We should not have thought him tedious. The progress of civilization, which constantly multiplies artificial pursuits and factitious desires, renders the connection between the mind and the body a study of daily increasing utility, exclusively of the fascination which is peculiar to it. The imagination, the passions, the occupation, solitude, indolence, and luxury, have all their respective impulses and re-actions, which, together with the influence of animating objects in rekindling the fire of the frame, and of sedentary habits in drying up the springs of happiness, highly deserve to be registered and analyzed.

The nineteenth and twentieth chapters are devoted to an examination of the qualities and effects of solid and liquid food. They are not wrought out of the compilations of others, but appear to be derived from a thorough acquaintance with the philosophy of aliment. Some consequences of a disordered state of the alimentary canal are then reviewed, among which erysipelas and gout receive their share of attention. Atmospheric temperature, local station, certain habits of life, and scrofula, form the heads of the following section; and the work is concluded by four chapters on the natural history, diseases, and treatment of the teeth. This last is perhaps one of the most elaborate portions of the treatise. It is perspicuous, minute, and discriminating, evidently composed *con amore*. We sincerely recommend it to all our fellow-sufferers. Its *warnings* are invaluable.

Art. VII. *Some of the Memorable Events and Occurrences in the Life of* Samuel L. Mitchill *of New York, from* 1786 *to* 1821

[Incredible as it may appear, the following memoranda were actually published and distributed by the celebrated personage to whom they relate. We suspect that he is also the author of another account of himself which was inserted several years ago in the Monthly Magazine, published by Sir Richard Phillips in London.]

1. Returns from Europe with the Diploma of M. D. from Edinburgh, obtained in 1786, after having been initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, in the Latin Lodge of the Roman Eagle, by the famous Joannes Bruno, 1787.

2. Visits Saratoga Springs while surrounded by the forest, and ascertains experimentally, that the gas extricated from the water was fixed air, with the power to extinguish flame, destroy the life of breathing animals, &c. 1787.

3. Receives the degree of A. M. honorary from Columbia College, 1788.

4. Attends the treaty at Fort Schuyler, by which the Mingoes or Five Nations of Indians, sold the great Western District to the people of New York, and subscribed the deeds as a witness, 1788. Receives personal names from the Oneidas and Onondagas.

5. Goes to Lower Canada, during Lord Dorchester's administration, and sees, among other eminent men, William Smith, the historian of New York, Feb. 1789.

6. Member of the New York Legislature, as an assemblyman for his place of nativity, Queens county, with Messrs. Schenck and Lawrence, April, 1790.

7. Member of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, Feb. 1791.

8. Secretary of the Society for promoting Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures in New York, Feb. 1791. Delivers the annual Oration in the Senate Chamber of the ancient City Hall, before the removal of the goverment to Albany.

9. Interests himself in procuring a statute to be enacted, for enabling the Regents of the University to establish a College of Physicians and Surgeons, March, 1791.

10. Exerts himself to form a library in the town upon Long Island where he was born, under the name of the "North Hempstead Library Association;" which still subsists and improves, 1791.

11. Captain of a company of Light Infantry, commissioned by George Clinton, Oct. 1791.

12. Professor of Chemistry, Natural History, and Agriculture, in Columbia College, where he first taught the reformed Chemis-

try of the French June, 1792; under the influence and by the solicitation of his quondam preceptor, Samuel Bard, then a leading Trustee.

13. Foreign associate of the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences at Cape Francoise (since destroyed), Dec. 1782.

14. Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Jan. 1793.

15. Pronounces the Oration to the Tammany Society, in the old Presbyterian Church in Wall street, May 12, 1794.

16. Exhibits at full length in a printed Essay, the actual state of learning in Columbia College, 1794.

17. Physician of the grand hospital in New York, a situation in which he acted for more than 20 years; and exerted himself during the time in forming its valuable library, April 1, 1796.

18. Makes a detailed report to the Agricultural Society, of his geological and mineralogical observations during a tour performed at their request, to the banks of the Hudson, for Coal, &c. Dec. 1796. A performance respectfully quoted by Count Volney.

19. Member of the Assembly for the city and county of New York with Messrs. Fairlie, Hunt, Arcularius, Clinton, Burr, Swartwout, Storm, Robins and Warner, April 1797.

20. Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, held at Boston, May 1797.

21. Attends at Philadelphia as a delegate, the Convention for the Abolition of Slavery, June 1797.

22. Engages with Elihu H. Smith and Edward Miller in a periodical work, called the Medical Repository, which, after passing into other hands, still subsists; being in the progress of the 22d volume, 1797.

23. Carries in a bill enabling Robert R. Livingston, to navigate the Hudson River with Steam boats, Feb. 1798.

24. Corresponding member of the Historical Society of Mass. Feb. 1798.

25. Corresponding member of the Academy of medicine in Philadelphia, June 1799.

26. Delivers the Anniversary Discourse to the assembled citizens on the National Festival, in the Presbyterian Church, Beekman street, July 4, 1799.

27. Representative in the 7th Congress of the United States for the city of New York, and King's county, April 1800. One of the managers of the Impeachment against John Pickering.

28. Honorary member of the Agricultural Society of the Bahama Islands, Sept, 1801.

29. Member of the Farmer's Society at Sandy Spring, Montgomery county, Maryland, Oct. 1801.

30. Re-elected to the House of Representatives in the 8th Congress—April 1802, for New York county—discusses at great length the subject of Quarantines, and Health laws.

31. Corresponding member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, May, 1802.

32. Member of the Culpepper Agricultural Society in Virginia, Nov. 1802.

33. Associate of the Medical Society of London, Dec. 1802.

34. Corresponding member of the Institution formed in London for the Investigating the nature and cure of Cancer; Jan. 1803.

35. President of an Agricultural Society of Young men in Lancaster county, Penn. Dec. 1803.

36. Brings up the Report to the House of Representatives, under which Lewis and Clark were sent to the Columbia river, and in which the country is claimed beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, as part of Louisiana, Feb. 7, 1804.

37. Elected to the 9th Congress as Representative from the counties of New York, Richmond, and Kings, April, 1804. Chairman of the Standing Committee of Commerce and Manufactures, April, 1804.

38. Appointed by the Legislature of New York, Senator in the Congress of the United States for five years in the place of John Armstrong sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to France, Nov. 1804. One of the Judges of Samuel Chase, when impeached by the House of Representatives.

39. Honorary member of the Medical Society of South Carolina, March, 1805.

40. Member of the United States Military Philosophical Society, Nov. 1805.

41. Receives a vote of thanks from the inhabitants of New York for the success with which he solicited appropriations for fortifying and defending the city, 1806.

42. Delegate from the County Medical Society of New York, to the State Medical Society at Albany, July, 1806.

43. Corresponding member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, Belles Lettres and Commerce at Marseilles, March, 1807. Receives from Cathalan, their whole quarantine code, &c.

44. Professor of Chemistry in the college of Pyhsicians, instituted by the Regents of the University of New York, April, 1807.

45. President of the County Medical Society in New York, July, 1807; Successor to Nicholas Romayne.

46. Corresponding member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Leghorn, January, 1808.

47. Honorary member of the Orange County Medical Society, New York, February, 1808.

48. Member of the Medical Lyceum of Philadelphia, Feb. 7, 1808.

49. Professor of Natural History; the professorship of chemistry having been signed, March, 1808.

50. Becomes a director of the Phœnix Insurance Company, and continues so until the time of its dissolution, 1808.

51. Honorary Fellow of the Medical Society of New Hampshire, June, 1808.

52. Corresponding member of the Medical Society of Georgia. June, 1808.

53. Performs, with Robert Fulton, the first voyage in a Steam Boat, Aug. 1808.

54. Corresponding member of the Society for promoting the Physical and Natural Sciences in Paris, Nov. 1808.

55. At the request of the College, delivers a public Eulogy upon Professor Rush, one of the most distinguished of *Fredonian* citizens, and his worthy friend.

56. Trustee of the Public Library for the use of the two Houses of Congress, at Washington—1806 to 1809. In this service he associated with Baldwin, Adams, Giles, Clay, Randolph, and Dana.

57. Member of the Legislative Assembly of New York, for the city, April, 1809. Associated with Messrs. Farmer, Townsend. Prall, Hegeman, Pell. Brouwer, Van Beuren, Anthony and Wright. Serves on the Joint Committee for exploring the Canal communication between the Hudson and the Lakes.

58. Visits Upper Canada, and describes the Mineralogy of Niagara Falls, Summer, 1809.

59. Inspector of the Election for Charter Officers in the 5th ward of the city of New York, November 21, 1809. Associated with Messrs. Barker and Ireland.

60. Member of the Philo-Medical Society of New York, March 9, 1810.

61. A Manager of the Lottery to raise money for improving the navigation below Troy and Waterford, for the benefit of Fairfield Academy, and other purposes, March 12, 1810. Associated with Messrs. Johnson, Kent, Broome, and Dewitt.

62. Inspector of the Elections of State and National Officers in the same place, April 24, 1810. Associated with Messrs. Groshon and Davidson.

63. Representative for the city of New York, and Richmond and Rockland counties, in the eleventh Congress, June 12, 1810.

64. Representative for New York, Richmond and Rockland counties, in the twelvth Congress, June 12, 1811.

65. Honorary member of the New York state Medical Society at Albany, Feb. 2, 1811.

66. Honorary member of the Literary and Philosophical Society at Preston, in England, of which John Rudd is President, and R. W. Hopkins and Thos. German, Sec'ries, March 4, 1811.

67. A Professor and trustee of the renovated college of Physicians and Surgeons, April 4, 1811.

68. Fellow of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, of which Robert Jameson, is President, and Patrick Neill, Sec'ry, April 19, 1811.

69. Visits West Point, and writes the history of the memorable occurrences there, and of the Military Acadamy, May, 1812.

70. Visits Harper's Ferry, and describes the Geology of the Scenery where the Potomac and Schenandoah have forced their passage through the Blue Mountain, July 4, 1812.

71. Member of the Royal Academy for the better advancement of medicine at Madrid, in Spain, of which the Pro. Prœses is Antonia Franseri, the Corresponding Secretary, Casmir Ortega, and the Recording Secretary, Ignatius Lazuriagas, August 3, 1812.

72. Delivers the anniversary discourse to the Historical Society on the Botany of the two Americas, Nov. 1812.

73. Assists as a member of a committee of gentlemen in preparing resolves for the adoption of the citizens, expressive of their determination to support the war with Great Britian, 1813.

74. Serves repeatedly on the Grand Juries of the State and the United States.

75. Acts as a commissioner under the Navy Department of the United States, for constructing a floating battery, or heavy vessel of war, to defend the coasts and harbors of the U. States; associated with Messrs. H. Rutgers, Th. Morrison, O. Wolcott, and H. Dearborn, as agents; with R. Fulton as engineer, and A. & N. Brown as contractors, 1813, '14.

76. Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia, March 28, 1814.

77. Honorary member of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, whereof Rich'd Peters is president, and James Mease secretary, April 12, 1814.

78. Member of the American Antiquarian Society, held at Worcester, Mass. whose president is Isaiah Thomas, and secretary, Rejoice Newton, June, 1814.

79. President of the Lyceum of Natural History in New York for several years.

80. Labours jointly with his patriotic neighbours with mattock and shovel, in the trenches for several days, to erect fortifications against the enemy, 1814.

81. Acts with Hosack and Williamson in laying the foundation of a Literary and Philosophical Society in New York, 1815.

82. Honorary member of the Linnæan Society of New England, whose meetings are held at Boston; whereof John Davis is President, and Jacob Bigelow, Secretary, Jan. 28, 1815.

83. Honorary member of the Berkshire Society for promoting agriculture and manufactures, whereof Thomas W. Melville is President, and Samuel D. Colt, Secretary, April 1, 1815.

84. As a member of a Committee, joins his friends in petitioning the Common Council for a grant of the building in the North Park for the purpose of Literature, Science, and the Arts.

85. Pronounces a public lecture in explanation of Somnium, or Dream as a State different both from wakefulness and Sleep, Nov. 1815.

86. Appointed by the Faculty of the New York Hospital to

prepare a Pharmacopœia for that institution, together with Valentine Seaman, Feb. 1816.

87. Member of the Vermont Medical Society, of which Calvin Deming is Secretary, Oct. 14, 1816.

88. Member of the Royal Medical Society of Copenhagen, patronized by Frederick VI. king of Denmark, &c. and of which Henry Schonheider is President, and O. Bang, Secretary, Nov. 14, 1816.

89. A permanent member of the New York State Medical Society, of which John Stearns is President, and Charles D. Townsend, Secretary, Feb. 2, 1817.

90. Acts as Commissioner under a commission from the chancery, de lunatico inquirendo, in the case of Don Martin Thompson, Envoy Extraordinary from Buenos Ayres, then confined as a lunatic in the New York Hospital.

91. Acts as a juror under a commission from the chancery, de lunatico inquirendo, in the case of Count Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, then confined as a lunatic in the New York Hospital.

92. Acts at various times as an inspector of the election for Directors, in the Banks and Insurance Companies, where he had an interest.

93. Makes an excursion to the region watered by the Wallkill, with his friend Silvanus Miller; and at Chester, they and their companions succeed in disinterring a mammoth, Aug. 1817.

94. Joins Captain Partridge and other friends in an excursion to the Neversink Hills near Sandy Hook, and aids in correcting a dangerous mistake in their altitude, which is in reality not half so great (less than 300 feet) as had been commonly supposed, (600 feet.)

95. Corresponding member of the Medical Society of New Orleans, of which Dr. Trabuc is President, and Dr. Gerardin, Secretary, April 28, 1818.

96. Orator to the Society for instructing the Deaf and Dumb, in the City Hall of New York, before a very numerous and fashionable audience.

97. Honorary member of the Newtonian Society in Maryland, of which Robert J. Zeltz is Corresponding Secretary, June 7, 1818.

98. Brevet from his Excellency De Witt Clinton, L. L. D. Governor of New York, Captain General, &c. for the office of Surgeon General to the Militia of the Commonwealth, Aug. 5, 1818.

99. Corresponding member of the Academia dei Georgofili at Florence, in Italy, whereof Philip Gallizioli is Secretary, and T. D. Naoni, Vice President, Nov. 17, 1818.

100. Makes a Report to the Commander in Chief, on the Medical Aspect of the Militia, which the latter submits to the two houses of the Legislature, Feb, 4, 1818.

101. Member of the Cæsarian Academy of Naturæ Curiosorum at Moscow, of which the Emperor Alexander II. is Patron, Prince

Obolensky, President, and Gotthell Fischer, and Stephen Manslow, Secretaries, Feb. 15, 1819.

102. Commission from the council of Appointment, as Surgeon General, Feb. 15, 1819.

103. President of the New York Institution for instructing the Deaf and Dumb, whereof Samuel Akerly is Secretary, May 22, 1819.

104. Vice President of the District Convention which met at Philadelphia, for preparing a National Pharmacopœia, whereof Thomas Parke was President and Lyman Spalding, Secretary, June, 1, 1819.

105. Honorary member of the Agricultural Society of North Carolina, whereof John Branch is President, and Joseph Gales, secretary, June 20, 1819.

106. Honorary member of the Western Museum Society at Cincinnati, whereof Daniel Drake is Secretary, July 13, 1819.

107. Honorary member of the Medical Society for the District of Columbia, whereof Henry Hantt is Corresponding Secretary, Nov. 20, 1819.

108. Member of the American Geological Society at New Haven, in Connecticut, whereof William Mc Clure is President, and T. Dwight, Recording Secretary, Dec. 30, 1819.

109. President of the Convention which assembled at Washington City for the purpose of forming a National Pharmacopœia, whereof Thomas T. Hewson is Secretary, Jan. 1, 1820.

110. Corresponding member of the Physico-Medical Society at New Orleans, whereof Wm. N. Mercer is Corresponding Secretary, March 6, 1820.

111. Professor of Botany and Materia Medica, on a further improvement of the Medical College, by the Regent of the University, March 22, 1820.

112. Honorary member of the Tennessee Antiquarian Society at Nashville, whereof Francis B. Fogg is Corresponding Secretary, March 27, 1820.

113. Attends the public examination of the Cadets at the Military Academy, on the request of the Secretary at War, June 1820.

114. Vice President of the New York County Agricultural Society, with Commodore Chauncey as President, July 27, 1820.

115. Sends forth a Circular Epistle to the Officers of the Medical Staff, on certain professional objects, Nov. 3, 1820.

116. Orator for the Agricultural Society at their Semi-anual Fair, Nov. 4, 1820.

117. Honorary member of the Lyceum at Hudson, whereof Elisha Jenkins is President, and Austin Abbott, Secretary, Feb 1, 1821.

118. President of the State Medical Society at Albany, Feb 6, 1821.

119. Honorary member of the New York Nautical Institution

and Ship Masters' Society whereof Samuel C. Reid is President, and John Bulkley Secretary, April 9, 1821.

120. Receives a Splendid Diamond Ring from the Emperor of all the Russias, brought by Capt. Josiah Barker, through Mr. Pinckney the American Charge d'affaires at St. Petersburg, pursuant to the request of the Minister, Count Nesselrode, May 23, 1821.

121. President of the New York County Medical Society, whereof Peter C. Tappen is Secretary, July 4, 1821.

122. Made Doctor of Laws, by the Allegany College, at Meadville, Penn. July 4, 1821.

123. Delivers the annual Oration to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Union College, Schenectady, July 24, 1821.

124. Is received a member of the same.

125. Made a member of the Adelphi Society there.

126. Gives the public introductory Lecture in the College of Physicians, &c. on the Life and Writings of their late President Samuel Bard, by appointment of the Trustees, Nov. 5, 1821.

The principal Portraits of him are the following:—One by Dunlap, in London, when he was quite young; one by Ames, in Albany; one by Boyle, in Washington; one by James, for Quebec; one by Jarvis, for S. L. M. himself; and one by Williams, for Boston. Another, done by Jarvis, and presented by him to the Literary and Philosophical Society, is considered a very fine piece.

A long time ago, Scoles executed a small engraving of him from a pencil miniature by Weaver.

Of Busts.—The ingenious Mrs. Platt once took his likeness in wax. Afterwards Coffee moulded one in clay. Latterly, Professor B. Dewitt caused one in gypsum to be prepared for the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Thus we see the generous professor has not only immortalized himself, but even every clerk of every institution in which his name has been recorded on its books, besides the Emperor Alexander 2d, Prince Obolensky and Gotthelf Fischer. *O! terque, quaterque Centum vir!*

ART. VIII.—*Letter from* Granville Sharp, Esq. *to a friend of the* Abbe de Mably.

[Mr. Oldschool.—I have seen in former numbers of the Port Folio some notices of the late Granville Sharp, and if you think the enclosed letter from him to a friend of the Abbe de Mably worthy of insertion in the Port Folio, it is at your service. Yours, F.

Old Jewry, 30th December, 1784.

DEAR SIR.—Herewith I send you another copy of my Tract on Congregational Courts, &c. that you may present it to the Abbe de Mably; together with four other copies for any of your other friends; and you shall be welcome to more for any gentlemen

whom you suppose may be likely to give themselves the trouble of candidly examining the subject, and of promoting the doctrine, if they find it right.

I forgot to mention to you that the Abbe de Mably's Letters have been translated into English by a Dutch clergyman at Amsterdam, and were there printed in a small 12mo. volume, with an introduction, by the translator, containing very pertinent remarks to guard the American readers against some of the Abbe's opinions which have been advanced without due information, and yet allowing him the full merit of his benevolent intentions, and good advice in general.

The letters have also been translated by an English gentleman, and printed in an 8vo. volume in London. The English translator, Mr. Kent, has added some very judicious and sensible corrections of the Abbe's opinions in the true spirited stile of an English commentator, who is urged to promote the dignity of human nature in other men, by the competent share of it which has been cultivated in his own breast.

According to the Dutch edition, at page 75, the Abbe says —in whatever view "I examine the legislation of your republics, I cannot discern those relations, which unite the interests, and the inclinations of the citizens. I perceive not that harmony which preserves all the departments of the state in a kind of equilibrium and gives them one common spirit."

These desiderata of the worthy Abbe, which he has sought for in vain throughout the American constitutions, I am persuaded he will very readily discern in the system of *frankpledge*, which is the true bond of fellowship to unite a whole nation in an uniform capacity of exerting its will (i. e. the sense of the majority) with one common spirit—"that harmony" of just proportions (see page 53 of my tract) in the arrangement of the several parts, from which the whole must necessarily obtain the most exact equilibrium and regularity in the motion of every department, so long as the said harmonic proportions are duly maintained by annual renewal! Frankpledge, even under a monarchy, would have the same happy effects of peace and safety to the whole community, if the prudent regulations of our English "Act of Settlement," in its original state (see "the claims of the people" sent herewith) were added to preserve a due limitation in the executive power.

Though I have written a book on frankpledge, I may venture to commend the system, without fearing the imputation of any unseemly selfishness; because it is only an adoption of mine, and not the child of my own conceptions, but includes the wisdom and experience of many—many ages and nations!

It is a very sensible and just exclamation of the Abbe—"how much care is necessary in every free state," says he, "to render the citizens good soldiers, and yet to prevent their abusing their power." And he remarks on the Laws of New York and Pennsyl-

vania, respecting this point,—"that it seems as if the legislator had confined his view to the end proposed, without considering the means of obtaining it," &c. But the Abbe himself has not pointed out "the means" of this necessary arrangement.—He need not now, however, have recourse to study and invention to remedy this defect by contriving "the means." The system of the "tithing and hundred divisions is "an effectual means," if the rotation of watch and ward is duly maintained "to render the citizens good soldiers"—without the least danger of "abusing their power,"—because no man, under this happy regulation, is permitted to become a mere soldier; since there will be no soldiers, but what "are citizens," under the immediate control of the civil magistrates; and yet the peace officers of the state will preserve the most ample powers of defence and peace that a most numerous army can afford them; because, on the other hand, there will be "no citizens but what are soldiers," the very magistrates themselves being military commanders. Thus the power of national defence may be enlarged to the utmost possible extent by the accumulating aid of every individual of the state; so that there will be no citizens to defend, but those who, in return, can afford mutual defence to their neighbours and country; except such as are incapacitated by bodily infirmities or the extremes of youth and age. The Abbe's opinion (in p. 68 of the Holland edition) concerning "the majority of Mankind," that "they are a heap of children who have no ideas of their own, whom no absurdity shocks, and whose memory is their whole understanding," is not at all consistent with the real nature of man—but is apparently drawn from the unhappy state of nations, oppressed under the baneful power of bestial authority in the kingdoms of the two beasts wherein the lower ranks of the people are held in absolute slavery; and are thereby prevented from exercising and improving (according to St. Paul's directions) that "knowledge of good and evil," which the Scriptures inform us is inherited by all mankind from our first parents, and which would enable them to discern good from evil, right from wrong, and to be ample judges, not only of their own private affairs and of the due limitation and control of power in the governments under which they live, but also would enable them, (I mean such as are Christians) to "judge the world," to judge not only men but angels! In this the true dignity of man consists. And the multitude of the poor are equally entitled with the rich and mighty, to this hereditary knowledge, and its improvements by Religion, and by the exercise of judgment and legislation, the rights of which are deemed in law "the most valuable property" among men, (see the "appendix to the legal means of political reformation," sent herewith, p. 12 to 15): we must, therefore, necessarily disapprove of the Abbe's opinion of the Pennsylvanian declaration of rights, which he censures in p. 26 for asserting—that "the people have a right to assemble

together to consult for their common good, to instruct their representatives, and to apply to the legislature for redress of grievances, by address, petition, "or remonstrance."

This declaration of Pennsylvania is perfectly consistent with the English constitution, and is plainly borrowed from it. The rights of holding frequent folkmotes on all occasions is the very basis of king Edward's laws;* and these popular assemblies (whilst due order was maintained in them by the regularity of the tything divisions in frankpledge) never had, nor ever can have, any bad effects; the omission of them only has been baneful to this kingdom!

I do not clearly understand the Abbe's censure of the American constitutions—for ordaining that judges "shall be continued in their offices during their good behaviour." In this they have preserved the sense and spirit of the English constitution—declared in an Act of 12 and 13 Wm. III. whereby judges are secured in their appointments "quamdiu se bene gesserint." The mere will of any man or private junto of men, is not the arbitrator (as in France) of what may be deemed "good behaviour" or the contrary:—nothing but a legal conviction of some notorious breach of law, or the requisition of both Houses of Parliament, could justify the removal of judges: so that they were perfectly independent of all power except that of the whole representative body of the nation and the power of justice itself, even before the Act of 1 Geo. III. c. 23, and they might be said, therefore, to hold their offices on as eligible terms as other men do their lives and fortunes, notwithstanding the "demise of the crown;" for though it was customary to renew their patents or commissions at the beginning of each reign, yet I never heard of any judge being refused that right of renewal; and, in case there had been any such refusal, the clause "quamdiu se bene gesserit," would have justified a claim of continuance by legal process in the same manner as for any other right of personal property; for it is surely equivalent to a patent for life; I mean for the life of an honest man.

Though I have far exceeded the length of an ordinary letter, yet, I cannot think of putting my book into the hands of a professed Roman Catholic, without earnestly warning him to discriminate between the great severity of my expressions against the errors of the papacy, and my personal disposition of love and charity towards individuals who profess the papal doctrines. And I must beg you to refer him to a note in page 74 for my apology on this head.

I remain with great esteem, Dear Sir,
Your affectionate friend and humble Servant,
GRANVILLE SHARP.

* By king Edward's laws, even the Counts, or Earls, and Barons, &c. (all that sit in the Upper-House) were elected in the popular courts called folkmotes.

ART. IX. *American currency, from* De Grand's "*Revenue Laws and Custom House regulations.*"

Antwerp, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and all the Netherlands, f. or Guilder	$0	40 c.	Thus fixed by law.
Batavia, Rixdollar		75 c.	
Bengal, Rupee		50 c.	Thus fixed by law.
Bombay, do.		50 c.	
Bremen, Rixdollar		75 c.	
Calcutta, Rupee		50 c.	Thus fixed by law.
China, Talc	$1	48 c.	Thus fixed by law.
N. B. Invoices from China are invariably made in dollars and cents, which our Custom House rates the same as our own dollars and cents.			
Denmark, Rixdollar	$1—Thus fixed by law.		
Denmark, Blue Dollar or current dollar, according to the rate of Exchange on London; or to the value, at the moment, of rixdollars, compared to blue dollars.			
England, *L.* sterling	$4	44 c.	Thus fixed by law.
France, Franc		18¾ c.	
———Livre, (which is no longer in use)		18¼ c.	Thus fixed by law.
Halifax, *L*	$4		
Hamburg, Mark Banco———		33⅓ c.	Thus fixed by law.
Rixdollar	$1		
Holland, F. or Guilder		40 c.	Thus fixed by law.
India, Pagoda	$1	84 c.	Thus fixed by law.
Ireland, *L*	$4	10 c.	Thus fixed by law.
Italy, Ounce	$2	40 c.	
Leghorn, Pezzo		90 c.	
Leghorn, Livre		15½ c.	
Portugal, Mill reas	$1	24 c.	Thus fixed by law.
Russia, paper rouble, is calculated according to the rate of exchange on London, at the time and place of shipment.			
Russia, silver rouble		75 c.	
Smyrna, Piastre, varies according to the rate of exchange on London, at Smyrna, at the time of shipment.			
Spain, Real of Plate		10 c.	Thus fixed by law.
———Real of Velon		5 c.	Thus fixed by law.

Spain, another Real of Plate, or 1-8 of a dollar 12½ c.
Sweden, rixdollar $1
Trieste, Specie Florin, which is the specie Florin of Bohemia, and other parts of the Austrian dominions. 48 c.
Paper Florin of Trieste, and other parts of the Austrian dominions, varies according to its value, at the time, when compared with the Specie Florin, or with Exchange on London.

Parts of the monies above named.

N. B.—The fluctuating value of Exchange on London, at the time and place of shipment, is the standard which the treasury and the collectors take, for most of the monies not rated specifically by law.

Antwerp, and all Holland, and the Netherlands—The Guilder was formerly divided into 20 Stivers, and each Stiver into 16 Pfenings. Since the 1st January, 1821, it is divided into 100 cents. Invoices frequently come from Holland, made out in the Currency of Bohemia, France and other places, where the goods shipped in Holland, may have been purchased; such invoices are, of course, taken as of the currency in which they are made out.

Bengal and Calcutta—The Rupee is divided into 16 Annas, each Anna into 12 Pice.

Bombay—The Rupee is divided into 16 Annas, and each Anna into 12 parts.

Bremen—The Rixdollar is divided into 72 Grotes.

Denmark—Goods from Denmark are generally invoiced in the currency of the places where manufactured, and not in Danish currency.

England—Ireland—Halifax—The *L.* is divided into 20 Shillings; each Shilling into 12 Pence.

France—The Franc is divided into 100 Centimes.

Hamburg—The Reichsthaler or Rixdollar is three Marks Banco, or 48 Shillings.

India—The Pagoda is divided into 24 Fanams and each Fanam into 60 cash. Invoices from Pondicherry are generally in Pagodas and Fanams.

Italy—The Ounce of Sicily is divided into 30 Tari, and each Taro into 20 Grani.

Leghorn—The Pezzo (Pezza) is divided into 20 Soldi di Pezzo, and 240 Denari di Pezzo. The Lira (Livre) is divided into 20 Soldi di Lira, and 240 Denari di Lira.

Portugal—The Milrea, is 1,000 Reas.

Russia—The Rouble is divided into 100 Copecks.

Smyrna—The Piastre is divided into 40 Paras.

Sweden—The Rixdollar, in the invoices, is usually divided into 48 Skillings. Each Skilling into 12 Pfenings or Ocres. Invoices are often made in British *L.* sterling.

Trieste—The Florin is divided into 60 Creutzers.

It is to be observed that, for the monies specifically designated as fixed by law, it is in vain to appeal, from the value thus fixed, to any authority short of the congress of the United States. For the other values, the Treasury are doubtless open to conviction, if any considerable real difference should be found.

The value fixed by the custom house is a totally independent thing from the commercial par, so called, and from the real par, gold against gold, and silver against silver:—for instance, the custom house value of *L.* 1 sterling is $4 44; the commercial par is $4,44 4-9; and the intrinsic par, gold against gold, $4 57. For instance also, the law having made no distinction between the Banco Guilder and current Guilder of Holland, the custom house par is 40 cents per Guilder, while the real value of what is now the only actual currency of Holland (current Guilder) is 38½ cents. Again, the Hamburg Mark Banco rated by law, for the custom house value, at 33 1-3 cents, is, in reality, intrinsically worth 35 cents.

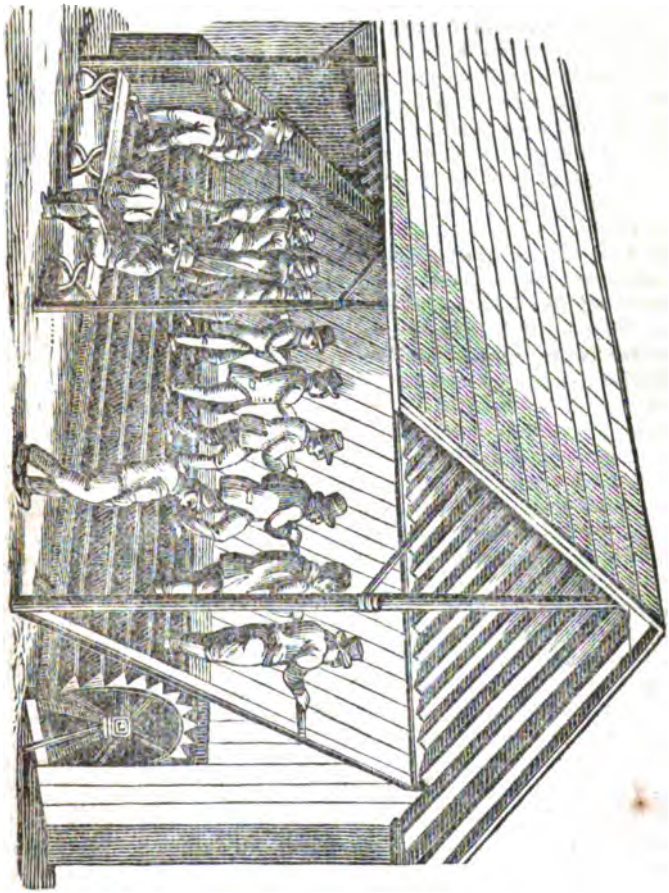
ART. X. *Description of the Tread Mill, recommended by the Society for the improvement of Prison discipline.*

[We lay before our readers a description of a new mode of punishmnet which has been introduced into many of the English prisons, and will be adopted, as we learn, in the Penitentiary of this commonwealth. By the politeness of the editor of the *American Daily Advertizer* we are enabled to illustrate the subject more completely by means of a wood-cut, which represents the prisoners as at work. A recent paper from London announces that the dread of these tread Mills had already contributed to diminish the number and enormity of those offences which they are intended to punish.

We can scarcely suppress a smile when we hear of societies to alleviate the miseries of public prisons. They should rather be denominated societies for preventing the operation of the law. A prison is not a proper theatre for the exercise of benevolence. Such feelings will find abundant objects of commiseration in the streets, which, by judicious management, may be kept out of confinement.]

The attention of the society for the improvement of Prison discipline has long been devoted to the adoption of some plan for the effectual employment of prisoners. All attempts of this nature have heretofore been attended with considerable difficulty, but it is confidently anticipated that this invention will not only afford suitable employment, but act as a species of preventive punishment. Although but very recently introduced into practice,

the effects of its discipline have in every instance proved highly useful in decreasing the number of commitments; as many prisoners have been known to declare that they would sooner undergo any species of fatigue, or suffer any deprivation, than return to the house of correction, when once released.



The annexed engraving exhibits a party of prisoners in the act of working one of the tread wheels of the Discipline Mill, invented by Mr. Cubitt, of Ipswich, and recently erected at the House of Correction for the county of Surrey, situated at Brixton. The view is taken from a corner of one of the ten airing yards of the prison, all of which radiate from the Governor's house in the centre, so that from the window of his room, *he commands a com-*

plete view into all the yards. A building behind the tread wheel shed is the mill house, containing the necessary machinery for grinding corn and dressing the flour, also rooms for storing it, &c. On the right side of this building a pipe passes up to the roof, on which is a large cast iron reservoir, capable of holding some thousand gallons of water, for the use of the prison. This reservoir is filled by means of forcing pump machinery below, connected with the principal axis which works the machinery of the mill: this axis or shaft passes under the pavement of the several yards, and working by means of universal joints, at every turn communicates with the tread wheel of each class.

The wheel, which is represented in the centre of the engraving, is exactly similar to a common water-wheel; the tread-boards upon its circumference are, however, of considerable length, so as to allow sufficient standing room for a row of from ten to twenty persons upon the wheel.* Their weight, the first moving power of the machine, produces the greatest effect when applied upon the circumference of the wheel at or near the level of its axle: to secure, therefore, this mechanical advantage, a screen of boards is fixed up in an inclined position above the wheel, in order to prevent the prisoners from climbing or stepping up higher than the level required. A hand-rail is seen fixed upon this screen, by holding which they retain their upright position upon the revolving wheel; the nearest side of which is exposed to view in the plate, in order to represent its cylindrical form much more distinctly than could otherwise have been done. In the original, however, both sides are closely boarded up, so that the prisoners have no access to the interior of the wheel, and all risk of injury whatever is prevented.

By means of steps, the gang of prisoners ascend at one end, and when the requisite number range themselves upon the wheel, it commences its revolution. The effort, then, to every individual, is simply that of ascending an endless flight of steps, their combined weight acting upon every successive stepping board, precisely as a stream of water upon the float-boards of a water wheel.

During this operation, each prisoner gradually advances from the end at which he mounted towards the opposite end of the wheel, from the last man, taking his turn, descends for rest (see the plate) another prisoner immediately mounting as before to fill up the number required, without stopping the machine. The interval of rest may then be portioned to each man, by regulating the number

* The wheels erected at the House of Correction at Coldbath-fields, are each capable of containing forty or more prisoners, and the joint force of the prisoners is expended in giving motion to a regulating fly, which, by expanding itself in proportion to the power, will keep any number of men, from twenty to three hundred and twenty, at the same degree of hard labour.

of those required to work the wheel with the whole number of the gang;—thus if twenty out of twenty-four are obliged to be upon the wheel, it will give to each man intervals of rest amounting to twelve minutes in every hour of labour. Again, by varying the number of men upon the wheel, or the work inside the mill, so as to increase or diminish its velocity, the degree of hard labour or exercise to the prisoner may also be regulated. At Brixton, the diameter of the wheel being 5 feet, and revolving twice in a minute, the space stepped over by each man is 2193 feet, or 731 yards per hour.

To provide regular and suitable employment for prisoners sentenced to hard labour, has been attended with considerable difficulty in many parts of the kingdom; the invention of the Discipline Mill has removed the difficulty, and it is confidently hoped, that as its advantages and effects become better known, the introduction of the mill will be universal in Houses of Correction. As a species of prison labour, it is remarkable for its simplicity. It requires no previous instruction; no taskmaster is necessary to watch over the work of the prisoners, neither are materials or instruments put into their hands that are liable to waste or misapplication, or subject to wear and tear; the internal machinery of the mill, being inaccessible to the prisoners, is placed under the management of skilful and proper persons, one or two at most being required to attend a process which keeps in steady and constant employment from ten to two hundred or more prisoners at one and the same time, which can be suspended and renewed as often as the regulations of the prison render it necessary, and which imposes equality of labour on every individual employed, no one upon the wheel being able, in the least degree, to avoid his proportion.

The arrangement of the wheels in the yards radiating from the Governor's central residence, places the prisoners thus employed under very good inspection, an object known to be of the utmost importance in prison management. At the Brixton House of Correction, with the exception of the very few confined by the casualties of sickness or debility, all the prisoners are steadily employed under the eye of the Governor during a considerable part of the day.

The *classification*, also, of the prisoners according to offences, &c. may be adhered to in the adoption of these discipline wheels; the same wheel or the same connected shafts can be easily made to pass into distinct compartments, in which the several classes may work in separate parties. In the prison from which the annexed drawing is taken, a tread-wheel is erected in each of the six yards, by which the inconvenience and risk of removing a set of prisoners from one part of the prison to another is obviated.

As the mechanism of these Tread Mills is not of a complicated nature, the regular employment they afford is not likely to be fre-

quently suspended for want of repairs to the machinery: and should the supply of corn, &c. at any time fall off, it is not necessary that the labour of the prisoner should be suspended, nor can they be aware of the circumstance; the supply of hard labour may therefore be considered as almost unfailing.

With regard to the expense of these machines, it may be observed, that although their original cost may, in some instances appear heavy, the subsequent advantage from their adoption, in point of economy, is by no means inconsiderable, and it is derived in a manner which must be most satisfactory to those who have the important charge and responsible control of these public establishments, viz. from the diminution in the number of persons committed. Such have been the results already experienced at those prisons where this species of corrective discipline is enforced. The saving to the country (in consequence of the reduction in the number of criminals) in the public charges for their apprehension, committal, conviction and maintenance, cannot but be considerable.

It is unnecessary to occupy much time in proving the advantage which the invention of the Stepping Mill presents as a species of *preventive punishment*. Although but very recently introduced, and hitherto but sparingly brought into action, the effects of its discipline have in every instance proved eminently useful in decreasing the number of commitments. As a corrective punishment, the discipline of the Stepping Mill has had a most salutary effect upon the prisoners, and is not likely to be easily forgotton; while it is an occupation which by no means interferes with, nor is calculated to lessen the value of, those branches of prison regulation which provide for the moral and religious improvement of the criminal.

By a contrivance of machinery which we cannot here illustrate by a plate,

When the machinery of the mill has attained its proper speed, certain balls rise by their centrifugal force, so as to draw a box below the reach of a bell handle, which will then cease to ring a bell, placed in some convenient situation for the purpose. But should the men at the wheels cease to keep up the requisite speed in the mill work, the balls will descend, and a projecting pin on the box, striking the handle, placed in the propor situation for that purpose, will continue to ring the bell till they go on again properly; and, by this means, a certain check will be kept on the labourers, and the governor or task master apprized, even at a distance, that the full work is not performed.

For the Port Folio.

ART. XI.—*Memoirs of William Pinkney, Esq.* (With a Portrait.)

WILLIAM PINKNEY was born at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland, on the 17th March, in the year 1765. His extraordinary natural capacity was quickened and improved by a liberal education, in which his predilection for the classical writers of antiquity was conspicuous. At a suitable age, he was placed, as an apprentice, with a druggist in Baltimore. Here he was found by the late Judge Chase, who, discerning in some of his juvenile efforts, the promise of future excellence, proposed to him the study of that profession of which he was hereafter to become a brilliant ornament. His indentures were cancelled with great cheerfulness, by his employers, who found their gallipots neglected whenever a book presented its powerful attractions. To what extent the kindness of Mr. Chase was exercised, we are not able to state, but there is reason to believe that the obligations of Mr. Pinkney were of no ordinary description. With unwearied industry he cultivated the advantages of this invaluable patronage; and on his admission to the bar, in 1786, he was perhaps unrivalled in legal learning, and the more elegant embellishments of polite literature. In these luxuries he indulged to the latest period of his professional career; fascinating some by the richness of his diction, and delighting all by the variety and splendour of those illustrations, by which he enlivened the most elaborate arguments.

In our country, a seat in the legislature of the state, is one of the first steps, which is taken by a young man of ambition, in the career of fortune and fame. Accordingly, we soon find Mr. Pinkney adding to the business of expounding laws, the more important duty of framing them. He was one of the convention, which, on the part of his native state, adopted the present Constitution of the Union. He was a member of the legislature from the year 1789 until 1792, when he was promoted by that body, to a seat in the Executive council. Here he presided until the year 1795, when he was returned a delegate from Anne Arundel county.

In the year 1796, the British treaty was ratified by the president, notwithstanding the clamour which was excited against it,

by the opposition of that day; and it was faithfully carried into effect, although the same party in the House of Representatives, contended that "they had a right, by withholding appropriations when they saw proper, to stop the wheels of government." The wise and upright men who then regulated the machinery, would not sanction a doctrine so subversive of order. They considered a treaty which had been properly concluded as a law of the land, which the house was bound to obey; and they did obey it.

One of the provisions of this treaty, requiring the services of an agent in London, Mr. Pinkney was appointed by general Washington, a commissioner for that purpose. While in that city, he brought to a conclusion, a negotiation between the state of Maryland and the bank of England, respecting a sum of money which the latter had received by way of deposit, from the *colony* of Maryland, before the Revolution. It had been commenced by judge Chase and would have been successfully concluded by that gentleman, we believe, but for the commencement of hostilities, or some other cause which compelled him to leave Great Britain.

Mr. Pinkney returned to his native country in 1804; greatly improved by the intercourse which he had maintained with many of the eminent men who adorned that period of English history. In his official business, he did not forget the more important claims of professional character. He was still a hard student, as every one must be, who aspires to become a finished lawyer; and he learned the severe discipline of an English court by a constant attendance at Westminster Hall. It was therefore not surprizing that when he resumed his seat at the bar, no one could perceive in him any want of readiness, in the most intricate conjunctures. In every case he took care to be fully prepared; if he was not, it was difficult to force him into the trial of a cause. He was too well versed in the ways of the law, not to be able to obtain, when necessary, the friendly aid of a little delay. A single day would generally be sufficient; but that day, and most of the intervening night, would be devoted to his object, with a degree of assiduity from which nothing could divert him. It is not intended to assert that he was inattentive to business or that when called upon, he was slow of apprehension. Our own observations concur with the more enlarged experience of others, in regarding him as unsurpas-

sed in promptness, regularity and diligence, in his office; no one more quickly perceived the strength or weakness of a cause; and his mind, at once rapid and comprehensive, was so thoroughly embued with legal principles, that he could instantly apply them to the case in hand; but when he entered upon the trial of a cause, he seemed to consider it as a public exhibition, in which public applause as well as a verdict was to be obtained. To accomplish these objects all his powers were severely tasked. In the most palmy state of his fame, he seemed, on every such occasion, to disdain all that he had previously acquired and to contend as if he were then wrestling with fortune, for the first time, under the most desperate contingencies.

In the month of May 1806, Mr. Pinkney was appointed a Minister Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States, in conjunction with Mr. Monroe. Their letters of credence authorized them to treat with the British government concerning the maritime wrongs which had been committed by the subjects of that power, and the regulation of commerce and navigation between the parties. When they arrived in London they found Mr. Fox's party* at the head of affairs. The illness and subsequent demise of that statesman, presented serious obstacles to the progress of the negotiation. Lords Holland and Auckland were at length appointed to meet our Plenipotentiaries; and a treaty was concluded with them, on all the points which had formed the object of their mission, and on terms which they supposed their government would approve. But the arrangement did not suit the views of Mr. Jefferson, who was then the chief magistrate of this country, and he returned the treaty without showing even so much consideration for the judgment of our ministers as to communicate the result of their negotiations to the Senate of the United States.

On the 8th March 1808 the secretary of state transmitted to Mr. Pinkney, a commission, as successor to Mr. Monroe, in the

* "A most desperate and unprincipled faction:"—as they are justly denominated in a letter from the king to Mr. Pitt Vide Tomline's *Memoirs of the life of Mr. Pitt.* Vol. 1. p. 266. The party will never forgive the bishop for the publication of this letter.

legation at London. It is not our intention to follow him through all the perplexities in which this mission was involved. After endeavouring, in vain, for the space of three years to obtain another treaty, he returned to his native country; and in 1812 he was appointed attorney general of the United States.

From that period, he pursued his profession, with signal success, until 1816, when he was once more sent abroad, in a diplomatic capacity. The courts of Naples and Russia, formed the scenes in which his ardent mind was once more brought into collision with the stratagemsof European statesmen. From these missions, he soon returned to his favorite pursuits.

He was a member of the senate of the United States for a short period; but with this exception, the embassy to Russia, was the last of his public employments.

The public missions in which Mr. Pinkney was emplyed, occupied seven years of his life, for which he received about $120.000.

In the latter end of February, 1822, he was seized with a fit of illness, occasioned by the great exertions which he had made in a cause, in which he was then actually engaged. It is said that he had employed himself a whole night in preparing for the labours of the ensuing day. He contracted a severe cold and was not able to deliver what had cost him so much toil and privation. He endeavoured to surmount these obstacles; but the struggle was too violent; he burst the cords of life; and fell on the theatre of his greatness and in the plenitude of his fame!

ART. XII.—*Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c.*

WHEN Mr. Henry James Pye was created Poet Laureate great expectations were entertained from his learning and genius. His first ode, however, on the king's birth, was full of allusions to the *vocal groves, feathered choirs,* and such prettinesses.

George Steevens read it, and immediately exclaimed:

"And when the PIE was opened
The birds began to sing,
And wasn't that a pretty dish
To set before a King!"

A French Handbill.—Le Sieur Barthelemy aubergiste a Hieres, a l'hotel St. Pierre, croit devoir avertir le public qu'il vient de faire de tres grandes reparations a cet Hotel, les personnes qui leur feront l'honneur d'aller loger chez lui peuvent etre persuadées qu'elles y seront reçues a leur satisfaction.

On y trouvera de grandes Ecuries et des Remises pour toute sorte de voitures.

Cette auberge a vue sur la mer et sur les jardins.

"Mr. Barthelemy, having eating house to Hyeres at the Hotel St. Peter, believe of his dubty, to advise the gentlemans that have make great reparations to his hotel.

The gentlemans, whom shall favorize him to come in his house, can be persuaded to have one entirely satisfaction.

They will find great stable and house for all coach sorte.

This eating house have the sight upon the sea and gardens.

A Scene in Court.

Up rose Mr. ———, when D——— sat down,
And stammer'd and stuck in the mud like a clown.
"*Nay give him some law,*" cried a friend, "and he'll plead"—
"Pray do," said the Judge, "for he wants *it* indeed!"

The Lawyer's Patron.—Saint Evona, a lawyer of Britain, went to Rome, to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers a patron; the Pope replied, that he knew of no saint not disposed of to some other profession.—His Holiness proposed, however, to Saint Evona, that he should go round the church of *San Giovanni di Laterano,* blindfold, and after saying a certain number of Ave Marias, the first saint he should lay hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer undertook, and at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at the altar of St. Michael where he laid hold, not of the saint —but unfortunately of the *Devil,* under the saint's feet, crying out——*This is our saint, let him be our patron!*

A Tipler's Epitaph.

Here lie the remains of a jolly good fellow,
Who, while he was living, still lov'd to be mellow;
Whose only employ, 'till by death's arrow slain,
Was to go to the cellar, and thence, back again.

Crab Fishing.—Brickell, in his "History of North Carolina," gives the following instance of the extraordinary cunning manifested by the racoon. It is fond of crabs, and when in quest of them, will stand by the side of a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water; the crabs mistaking it for food, are sure to lay hold of it; and as soon as the beast feels them pinch, he pulls them out with a sudden jerk. He then takes them to a little distance from the water's edge, and in devouring them, is careful to get them crosswise in his mouth, lest he should suffer from their nippers.

More Faithful than Favoured.—Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the Earls of Litchfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with the least

particular attention from his master, and was retained from his utility alone, and not from any particular regard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his faithful valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed him, up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bed-room. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out: which being done, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement could not check his intended labour of love, or rather providential impulse; he returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff with a wag of his tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there. To save farther trouble, but not from any partiality for his company, the indulgence was allowed. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from his sleep; the dog sprung from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot! All was dark; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, all raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind; and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated only by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interference of Providence.

How else could the poor animal know the meditated assassination? How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant services; and finally seize and detain a person, who, it is probable, had shown him more kindness than his owner had ever done. It may be impossible to reason on such a topic, but the facts are indisputable. A full length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favoured," are still to be seen at the family seat at Ditchley, and are a lasting monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.

Dog and Goose.—A Canadian goose, kept at East Barnet in Hertfordshire, a few years ago, was observed to attach itself in the strongest and most affectionate manner to the house-dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel except in rainy weather; whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning they were turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard-gate, but sit there the whole day in sight of the dog. At length orders were given that she should no longer be molested; being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and what was particularly remarkable, whenever the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated in his having saved her from a fox, in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not a pan of corn been set every day close to the kennel. At this time, the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's, or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel; and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

A Calculating Crow.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1816 states, that a carrion crow, perceiving a brood of fourteen chickens, under the care of the parent hen, on a lawn, picked up one; but on a young lady opening the window and giving an alarm, the robber dropped his prey. In the course of the day, however, the plunderer returned, accompanied by thirteen other crows, when every one seized his bird, and carried off the whole brood at once.

Are Beasts mere Machines?—Dr. Arnaud d'Antilli one day talking with the Duke de Liancourt upon the new philosophy of M. Descartes, maintained that beasts were mere machines, and had no sort of reason to direct them; and that when they cried or made a noise, it was only one of the wheels of the clock or machine that made it. The duke, who was of a different opinion,

replied, "I have now in my kitchen two turnspits, who take their turns regularly every other day to get into the wheel; one of them, not liking his employment, hid himself on the day that he should work, so that his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead, but crying and wagging his tail, he made a sign for those in attendance to follow him, he immediately conducted them to a garret, where he dislodged the idle dog, and killed him immediately."

A Good Finder.—One day, when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a six livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked from its hiding place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn, in the Rue Pont-aux-choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece, when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller supposing him to be some dog that had lost or been left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him; he gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches, than they were seized by the dog; the owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew.

The traveller posted after him with his night-cap on, and literally sans culotte. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him, "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them, money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself,

sir," rejoined the other, smiling, "without doubt there is in your purse a six livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness, and such an unpleasant chase.

Art. XIII.—*Poetry.*

For the Port Folio.

To my Violin.

The time has been thy magic strain,
Could kindle mirth, and banish pain,
Could Passion's angry course restrain,
And calm her frantic revelry.
By jolly boys surrounded,
Thy chords so sweetly sounded,
That every bosom bounded,
With the sound of thy joy.

But when the heart is wounded sore,
It feels thy harmony no more,
Thy languid lay it must deplore,
And mourn thy nerveless melody.
By sadness then surrounded,
Thy tuneless chords confounded,
Can ne'er again be sounded,
To thy wounded master's joy!

VALERIUS.

Wrightsborough, Ga.

From the Enquirer.

*Ode to Philobombos.**

"*Unci Puer monstrator Aratri.*"— Virgil.

Great PHILOBOMBOS! When wilt thou prepare

* This ode was written in April 1819, on reading a letter said to have been addressed to the EMPEROR of RUSSIA, by a celebrated character in New York, together with a PRESENT OF A PLOUGH; as published in the New York papers about that time. By a late article in the papers from the same quarter, it appears, that the *learned gentleman* by whom the *present was made* has, (as was expected by the *Author of the Ode*, at least,) received in *return*, a present of a costly

Another present for the Russian Bear;†
And, like *Triptolemus*, drawn through the air,
In chariot light, by snakes,‡ a pair!
Fly over land, and seas, the precious gift to bear?

Or hadst thou, rather, by *Sea Serpents* drawn,
Plough up the ocean, and destroy the spawn,
Of codfish, lyng, and herrings, and white shad?
(Enough to make the Yankees all run mad!)
Or coupled to the tail
Of that no *fish*§ of *thine* a *whale!*
Great *Neptune* and his *Tritons* all defy,
With THEE, in ploughing the great deep to vie?

Great POLYMATH! I see thee, yoking to thy plough,
Old *Bruin's* shaggy race, with savage brow;
Lions and tigers, elephants and moles;‖
And all that live in dens, or live in holes!
Thy GEORGICAL UTENSIL proud to draw,¶
All shall at once renounce great Nature's law,
The *Hippopotamus* his waters quit,
And e'en the MAMMOTH to THY PLOUGH submit.

PUPIL of CERES! if thou could'st but yoke
The Bear and Lion to the plough,

diamond ring from the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, valued at about 10,000 roubles, or ONE THOUSAND AMERICAN GOLDEN EAGLES!!!——Thus has the plough yielded one good crop already.

† The RUSSIAN BEAR being one of the titles, formerly bestowed on the CZAR, PETER THE GREAT, by English authors, there can be no doubt it must be acceptable to his illustrious representative, the present AUTOCRAT.

‡ For the flight of *Triptolemus*, over Europe and Asia, in a chariot drawn by serpents, see Ovid's Metam. lib. v. fab. 11.

" *Geminos Dea fertilis angues,*
" *Curribus admovit,*" &c.

§ " Of that no *Fish* of thine, a WHALE."——The present generation has been informed, by the great personage to whom this ode is addressed, that " A WHALE IS NOT A FISH"!

‖ *Moles* appear to have a natural talent for ploughing; as Philobombos is a great anatomist, as well as *every thing else*, perhaps some valuable improvement in the construction of ploughs, might be made by an accurate examination of the *snout*, or georgical utensil of the *mole*.

¶ " Thy GEORGICAL UTENSIL proud to draw."—This classical and most appropriate denomination for the instrument which stupid rustics call a *plough*, will be found in the elegant letter of PHILOBOMBOS to the AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

(And, not to joke!) [BOYS turn;
KINGS, EMPERORS and AUTOCRATS to PLOUGH-
And all that countries waste and cities burn;
Thou would'st deserve the praise and acclamation
Of every civilized and peaceful nation:
But, if thine only purpose be to flatter
CROWN'D HEADS and AUTOCRATS;
Or if thy *liberal heart* doth burn
For ROYAL PRESENTS, *in return*,*
I'd rather see thy plough destroy'd by rats,
And hear ten thousand hungry blackbirds chatter,
Than read, again, thy FULSOME LETTER!

ANTI-PARASITUS.

* "Or if thy liberal heart doth burn.
For ROYAL PRESENTS in return." &c.

"On a certain occasion when it was customary to make some little present to the *Sovereign*, as a token of attachment and respect, the celebrated poet *Euripides* did not appear among the crowd of *flatterers* and *courtiers*, who were eager to acquit themselves of their *duty* towards Archelaus, then king of Macedon: and when Archelaus slightly noticed his neglect, Euripides replied, "When a poor man *gives* he *asks*."—Travels of Anacharsis, vol. 4, 15.——The late king of Hayti, of African memory, may also be referred to as understanding a present, on a *similar occasion*, with that which gave occasion to the preceding Ode, in the same manner as *Euripides*, and the present EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, appear to have done. The sage Doctor may now say with the Athenian miser to whom Horace alludes in one of his Satires:

"*Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo,*
——"*simul ac numeros contemplor in arca.*"

which, for the information of the unlearned vulgar, may be thus translated!

"The people HISS! but cannot STING:
"I LAUGH;—and WEAR MY DIAMOND RING."

1*st*. QUÆRE.—Hath the lucky doctor entered his diamond ring at the custom-house, and paid, or secured the duties upon it, according to its *estimated*, or real value? Or are *valuable presents* made by great monarchs to great philosophers supposed to be exempted from those burthens, which every importer of a *metal button* or a *nail*, is compelled to pay, according to its value? If so, in what act of Congress can this exemption be found?

2*nd*. If this valuable present hath not been entered at the custom-house, as all articles of *jewelry*, (as well as *metal buttons* and *nails*) are directed to be entered, and the duty thereon paid or secured to be paid, is not the ring itself forfeited to the United States, for a breach of the laws respecting customs and duties, on foreign goods, imported into the United States—Or, in other words, for a fraud upon the customs?

May 21, 1821. ANTI-PARASITUS.

The old Maid's Prayer to Diana.

ATTRIBUTED TO LADY ELEANOR BUTLER,
One of the Ladies of Llandgollyn.

Since thou and the stars, my dear Goddess decree
That old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I offer to thee;
For to bear it must be my endeavour.
From the grief of my friendship all drooping around,
Till not one that I loved in my youth can be found;
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young, and the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say—
Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her.
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humour uncheck'd, that most obstinate elf,
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever—
From the vapourish freaks, hypocritical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in other's affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachment of desolate souls,
From the love of Spadille, or of Matador boles,
Or of lap-dogs, or parrots, and monkeys, and owls,
Be they ne'er so uncommon or clever;
But chief from the love with all loveliness flown,
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,
Oh! Diana, thy servant deliver.

From spleen at beholding the young more caress'd,
From pettish asperity tartly express'd,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all, thy true servant deliver!
Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot,
Let her sing if at ease, and be patient if not,
Be pleas'd if remembered, content if forgot,
Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever!

For the Port Folio.

Sweet and Sour.

I love to rise at morning dawn,
When fragrant flowers their sweets unfold,
To trip it o'er the dewy lawn,
But then—I always catch a cold!

I love with Mary by my side,
When dusty roads prevent our walking,
To start upon a pleasant ride,
But then my horse is always baulking!

I love to skim along the lake,
And watch my sail-boat's rippled track,
But soon the tide arrests the wake,
And then—I have to row her back!

I love in sultry summer's day,
When sleep sits heavy on my eyes,
To lay me down and nap away—
But then—I'm eaten up with flies!

I love the cold delightful glass,
Of sweet ice-cream, and iced sweet cake;
But often eating it alas!
My head is always sure to ache!

I love to taste the bottle's joy,
The brandy's ruby tint to view;
But even this has its alloy,
I drink too much—and then I'm blue!

VALERIUS.

Wrightsborough, Ga.

EPIGRAMS.

Cease, fairest Julia, lovely railer, cease,
Of Edith's faults the number to increase;
Into her failings with less rigour pry,
Nor view her beauties with so keen an eye.
'Tis clearly seen, and you'll allow 'tis true,
Her greatest fault is not resembling you.

A man in France
Began to dance
Because one said fiddle—de—dee;
When another would know
Why he did so;
He replied, "why fiddle did he?"

"So *gross* a rascal,
As Mr. Mascall,"
Cries Tom, "did you e'er know, Sir?'
Then I said in surprise
"Bless me, where are your eyes?
In the streets you'll see many a grocer."

ART. XIV.—*Literary Intelligence.*

For the Port Folio.

Miss Wright's *Views* of *Society and Manners in America*, finds no quarter among the critics of her own country. They are incensed and disgusted at the malevolence which is betrayed by the lady when she speaks of the land of her birth. The Quarterly Review attributes the book to one of those wretched hirelings, who, under the assumed name of travellers, supply the radical press with the means of mischief. Ridiculous and extravagant as may be some of her panegyrics on the government and people of these states, and detestable as the feelings are, which she manifests towards her own country, we are not apprehensive that her VIEWS will do any harm at home. What the English suffer is felt too acutely in every man's business and bosom to need a prompter in Miss Wright, and the advantages, by which these evils are balanced, are no less evident.

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Mr. Thomas M. Palmer, an accurate and industrious Printer of this city, has completed a very ingenious chart of "the constitutions of the United States." We have no doubt that the author has taken the proper pains to secure the praise of fidelity to his work.

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Mr. William Henry Ireland, who made himself pretty notorious, some years ago, by his "genuine remains" of Shakespeare, for which he will never be forgiven by the English critics who were deceived by his forgeries, has lately published a singular tissue of absurdity, under the title—"France *for* the Last Seven years; or the Bourbons." He represents Napoleon weeping over the duke of Enghein,—declares that the Dauphin is still alive—and attributes the death of Ney, the double traitor, to the Duke of Wellington's jealousy! In his dedication he thus addresses the Spaniards.

"Cortez! Spaniards! hear ME: and may the lesson I inculcate sink deep into your hearts. I would warn you of the Bourbons: your king is of the stock: therefore let the following unvarnished truths stand forever recorded as foremost in your remembrances, which" (remembrances?) "demonstrate the policy of that Royal House from the year 1789 to 1822."

The indefatigable pen of Mr. Southey is employed upon a life of the Protector.

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From both public and private sources we learn that our countryman, Geoffrey Crayon, continues to enjoy the friendship and the munificent patronage of the British people. He is a good humoured gentleman, who sees every thing about him with a disposition to be pleased; and therefore no man is better entitled to chant the words of the old song "My mind to me a kingdom is." His varied excellencies have been extolled by all parties:—even the radicals of the Examiner, and the whigs of the Edinburg, have for once exchanged the whine of complaint for the notes of praise.

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The memoirs of the life and writings of Lord Byron, with anecdotes of some of his cotemporaries, is a contemptible catch-penny.

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The Rev. A. Bishop has published "Unitarianism a Perversion of the Gospel of Christ." On this subject we should suppose that Dr. Miller's "Letters" had left nothing further to be said. His book is emphatically a *replique sans reponse.*

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Halidon Hill, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, has excited great attention in the critical fraternity of England. It is extravagantly praised by some writers, whilst others condemn it as altogether unworthy of the distinguished author. We do not agree with either class of these critics. The character of Swinton is sketched with the hand of genius; that of Gordon is too feminine for an aspiring young knight, and the Regent is represented in such a light as to inspire the reader with contempt. He has no sense of honour or feeling in his composition. The dialogue is feebly conducted, and if it were not for some animated descriptions of "the tented field," we should seek in vain for the spirit-stirring strain of Sir Walter's muse, and that richness of invention which irradiates the dialogues of the Waverley novels with a perpetual sunshine of wit and humour.

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The *British Review* speaks in the following manner of Graydon's Memoirs, which we have repeatedly recommended to public notice;—We now lay aside this piece of auto-biography, with our best thanks to the unknown author for the amusement and information he has afforded us. He has spoken some truths, which, though not likely to be very popular among his countrymen, are not on that account, the less useful. His candid spirit towards this country deserves our acknowledgments. Happily, circumstances have so greatly changed since his volume was first published that we would hope some of his remarks will soon become ob-

solete. The despot of Europe is no more; England and France are no longer embattled in arms, and even their policy is, or ought to be, scarcely at variance. The same pacific relation exists between us and our transmarine descendants in the new world. MAY NOTHING SHAKE THIS MUTUAL AMITY!* Let the United States be content with their own peace and prosperity; let them wisely concentrate their union, and extend their commerce, and promote their rising agriculture and manufactures, without mixing in the affray of European contests, or increasing their already too widely stretched territories by an ill-advised ambition. If they are ambitious, let their ambition take a nobler range, let them exhibit to Europe a pattern of virtuous dignity and unperturbed peace; let them aspire above the artifices of foreign or intestine faction; let them expend their energies in promoting the morals, and education, and piety of every hamlet in the Union, and not content even with this, let them stretch northward and westward a friendly hand, not to destroy, or melt away, the pacific aborigines of their territories, but to extend among them the arts of civilized life, and the blessings of that holy religion, which their own ancestors carried with them from these happy shores!"

A complete translation into French of Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, is now, for the first time, printing in Paris. The strong and massy sense of the moralist, arrayed in the light idiom of the gay nation, will certainly offer a curious speculation to the student. We are pleased to observe the eagerness with which the sound literature of all parts of Europe is sought, and, by means of translations, carried to the closet of every reader. In proportion as this useful intercourse is cultivated, national prejudices will disappear, and public writers become ashamed of ministering to the worst passions of human nature by partial and exaggerated exhibitions of national depravity.

* An aspiration in which the critics will be joined by every man of sound head, and sound heart, in both countries. Ed. P. F.

MOVEABLE SKIN LODGES of the KASKAIAS.

THE PORT FOLIO,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—Cowper.

Vol. II. DECEMBER, 1822. No. 6.

For the Port Folio.

Art. I.—*The Bachelors' Elysium.*

Mr. Oldschool,

I passed an evening lately in company with a number of young persons, who had met together for the laudable purpose of spending a merry Christmas; and as mirth exercises a prescriptive right of sovereignty at this good old festival, every one came prepared to pay due homage to that pleasant deity. The party was opened with all the usual ceremonies; the tea was sipped, the cakes praised, and Sir Walter Scott's last novel criticised; and such was the good humour which prevailed, that although our fair hostess threw an extra portion of bohea into her ter-pot, not a breath of scandal floated among the vapours of that delightful beverage. An aged gentleman who happened to drop in, at first claimed the privilege, as "an old *Revoluter*," of monopolising the conversation, and entertained us with facetious tales, told the fiftieth time, of Tarleton's trumpeter, general Washington's white horse, and governor Mifflin's cocked hat, with occasional pathetic digressions relating to bear-fights and Indian massacres. The honest veteran, however, who was accustomed to retire after smoking one pipe, soon grew drowsy, and a similar affection, by sympathy I suppose, began to circulate among his audience, when our spirits received a new impulse from an accidental turn of the conversation from

three-cornered hats and horses, to courtship and marriage. The relative advantages of married life and celibacy were discussed with great vivacity, and as there were a number of old bachelors and antiquated maidens present, who had thought deeply and feelingly on the subject, and were therefore able to discuss it with singular felicity, the ladies' side of the question had greatly the advantage. A gentleman who had reluctantly left the card-table to join the ladies, gave his opinion that life was like a game of cards—a good player was often *eucred* by a *bad partner*—he thought it wise, therefore, to *play alone*. "Perhaps," said a fair miss, "a good partner might assist you." "Thank you, madam," said he, "courting a wife is nothing more than *cutting for partners*– no one knows what card he may turn." My friend Absalom Squaretoes gravely assured us that he had pondered on this subject long and deeply, and it had caused him more perplexity than the banking system, or the Missouri question; that there were several ladies whom he might have had, and whom, at one time or another, he had determined to marry, "but," continued he, arching his eyebrows with a dignity which the great Fadladeen might have envied, "the more I hesitated, the less inclination I felt to try the experiment, and I am now convinced that marriage is not the thing it is cracked up to be!" Miss Tabitha Scruple, a blooming maid of three score, confessed that, for her part, she was very much of Mr. Squaretoes' opinion—it was well enough for honest pains taking people to get married, but she could not see how persons of sentiment could submit to it—"unless, indeed," she admitted, "congenial souls could meet, and, without mercenary views, join in the tender bond—but men are so deceitful, one runs a great risk you know!"

Mr. Smoothtongue, the lawyer, who had waited to hear every other opinion before he gave his own, now rose, and informed the company that he would *conclude the case*, by stating a few points, which had occurred to him in the course of the argument. He began by informing us the question was one of great importance, and that much might be said on both sides.—("Twig the lawyer"! said Squaretoes.) He said that so great a man as lord Burleigh, treasurer to queen Elizabeth, had written ten rules of conduct, which he charged his son to observe and keep next to the ten laws of Moses, and that the very first of them related to the choice of a wife. He pointed out all the unfortunate husbands mentioned in history, from Adam down to George the fourth, and, after detailing the relative duties and rights of *baron* and *femme*, as laid down in Blackstone, concluded with sundry extracts from Pope, whose works he declared he set more *store to* than those of any writer in the English language, except Mr. Chitty.—He was interrupted by a young lady, who declared that Pope was a nasty censorious old bachelor—so he was. The lawyer replied, that as Mr. Pope's general character was not implicated in the present question, it

could not be properly attacked, nor was he called on to defend it—and that, as long as his veracity was unimpeached, his testimony must be believed, which he offered to prove from 'Peake's Evidence,' if the lady desired him to produce authority. The lady assured him that she was greatly edified by his exposition of the law, and had no desire to see the books—but confessed that though she admired his speech very much, she was still at a loss to know which side he was on. "Madam," said he, with great gravity, "I admire marriage as a most excellent civil institution, but have no inclination to engage in it, as I can never consent to tie a knot with my tongue which I cannot untie with my teeth."

These opinions, coming from such high authority, seemed to settle the controversy, and the question was about to be carried *nem. con.* in favour of celibacy, when an unlucky Miss, whose cheeks, and lips, and teeth, reminded one of pearls, and cherries, and peaches, while all the loves and graces laughed in her eyes, uttered something in a loud whisper about "sour grapes," which created a sensation among a certain part of the company, of which you can form no adequate idea, unless you have witnessed the commotions of a bee hive. I now began to be seriously afraid that our Christmas gambols would eventuate in a tragical catastrophe—and anticipating nothing less than a general pulling of caps, was meditating on the propriety of saving my own curly locks, by a precipitate retreat. Fortunately, however, another speaker had taken the floor, and before any open hostilities were committed, drew the attention of the belligerents, by a vivid description of Fiddlers' Green. This, he assured us, was a residence prepared in the other world for maids and bachelors—where they were condemned as a punishment for their lack of good fellowship in this world, to dance together to all eternity. Here was a new field for speculation. A variety of opinions were hazarded; but as the ladies all talked together, I was unable to collect the half of them. Some appeared to regard such a place as a paradise, while others seemed to consider it as a pandemonium. The ladies desired to know whether they would be provided with good musick and good partners; and I could overhear some of the gentlemen calculating the chances of a snug loo-party, in a back room. On these points our informant was unable to throw any light. The general impression seemed to be that the managers of this everlasting ball would couple off the company by lot, and that no appeal could be had from their decision. Miss Scruple declared that she had a mortal aversion to dancing, though she would not object to leading off a set occasionally with particular persons; and that she would rather be married a half a dozen times, than be forced to jig it with any body and every body. Mr. Skinflint thought so *long a siege* of capering would be rather *expensive on pumps*, and wished to know who was to *suffer*. Mr. Squaretoes had no notion of using pumps; he thought moccasins would do; he was for *cheap fixings* and

strong. Miss Fanny Flirt was delighted with the whole plan, provided they could *change partners;* for she could imagine no punishment more cruel than to be confined for ever to a single beau. Mr. Goosy thought it would be expedient *for to* secure partners in time, and begged Miss Demure to *favour* him with her hand for an *eternal* reel. Little Sophy Sparkle, the cherry lipped belle, who had nearly been the instrument of kindling a war as implacable as that of the Greeks and Trojans, seemed to be afraid of again giving offence; but, on being asked her opinion, declared that it was the most charming scheme she ever heard, and that she would dance as long as she could stand, with any body or nobody rather than not dance at all.

During all this time I was lolling over the back of a chair,—a lazy habit which with many others I have caught since my third sweetheart turned me off—and was rolling and twisting the pretty Sophy's handkerchief—for I can't be idle—into every possible form and shape. I was startled into consciousness by the dulcet voice of my fair companion, as she exclaimed, "la! Mr. Drywit how melancholy you are! how can you look so cross when every body else is laughing? pray what do *you* think of the grand ball at Fiddlers' Green?" "I never trouble myself, madam, to think about things which do not concern me." "Oh dear! then you have no idea of going there?" "Not I indeed,—I go to no such places."—"And not expecting to inhabit the paradise of bachelors it is a matter of indifference to you how your friends enjoy themselves?" "No indeed; I sincerely hope that you may caper into each others good graces, and romp yourselves into the best humour imaginable with the pains and pleasures of "single blessedness;" as for my single self, I intend, unless some lady shall think proper to stand in her own light, to alter my condition." Having uttered this heroic resolution I made my bow and retired. But the conversation of the evening still haunted my imagination, and as I sunk to sleep, general Washington's white horse, Sophy Sparkle, and Fiddlers' Green alternately occupied my brain, until the confused images settling into a regular train of thought, produced the following vision.

I thought that the hour of my dissolution had arrived, and I was about to take my departure to the world of spirits. The solemnity of the event which was taking place did not affect me, however, as it would have done, had the same circumstance occurred in reality; for my mind was entirely filled with the conversation of the previous evening, and I thought, felt, and died like a true bachelor. As I left the clay tenement which I had inhabited so long, I could not avoid hovering over it for a moment, to take a parting view of the temple which had confined my restless spirit, and for which, I must confess, I had a high respect. I could now perceive that time had made ravages in the features which had lately been mine, that I had not been aware of while living, and

that the frame which had carried me through a stormy world, was somewhat the worse for the wear, and I really felt a joy in escaping from it, similar to the emotions with which the mariner quits the shattered bark that has braved the billows through a long voyage. Still, however, I felt something like regret in quitting my ancient habitation, and was beginning to recal to memory the conquests I had made in it, and the sieges it had withstood, when I was obliged to take my departure. I had always thought that spirits flew out of a window, or up the chimney, but I now found that whatever might have been the practice of others, mine was a ghost of too much politeness to withdraw in this manner from a house in which I had been only a boarder; and accordingly I walked deliberately down stairs, and passed through the parlour where several of my female acquaintance were talking of me. The curiosity which we have all inherited from our first mother, would have induced me to stop, had I not recollected that it would be very ill bred in me to listen to the discourse of those who were not aware of my presence, and that, according to the old saw, "listeners never hear any good of themselves." I therefore passed on, but could not avoid observing that the current of opinion was rather in my favour, and that those who allowed me no good quality while living, now confessed that at least I had no harm in me. As soon as I reached the open air, my spirit began to ascend for some distance, and then floated rapidly towards the north. It was a brilliant evening, and as the stars shone with uncommon lustre, I could not help fancying them the eyes of millions of beauties, who, having made it their business to teaze the beaux in this world, were doomed to light them to the next.

I do not know how long I had been journeying when I discovered the sea beneath me, filled with mountains of ice, and I perceived that I was rapidly approaching the North Pole. I now congratulated myself upon being able to determine, by actual observation, whether the Poles are flattened as some philosophers imagine, together with other questions of like importance to the happiness of mankind. But how great was my surprise when, on arriving at the place, I found that all the philosophers in the world were mistaken, except captain Symmes, and discovered only a yawning cavern, into which I was suddenly precipitated!

I now travelled for some distance in utter darkness, and began to be very fearful of losing my way, when I suddenly emerged into a new world, full of beauty, melody, and brightness. I stood on the brink of a small rivulet, and beheld before me an extensive lawn of the richest green, spangled with millions of beautiful flowers. Clusters of trees and vines were scattered in every direction, loaded with delicious fruit. Birds of the loveliest plumage floated in the air, and filled the groves with melody. The garden of Eden, or the Paradise of Mahomet, could not be arrayed by a poetick fancy with half the charms of this Elysium.

While I stood enchanted with delight, a strain of musick stole along the air, resembling that which proceeds from a number of violins, tambourines, and triangles, and I was not a little surprised to recognise the well known air of "Oh dear what can the matter be!" At the same moment I perceived a female figure advancing with a rapid motion resembling a *hop, step, and jump.* I now cast a glance over my own person, as a genteel spirit would naturally do at the approach of a female, and discovered, for the first time, that, although I had left my substance in the other world, I was possessed of an airy form precisely similar to the one I had left behind me, and was clad in the ghost of a suit of clothes made after the newest fashion, which I had purchased a few days before my death. I mechanically raised my hand to adjust my cravat, but felt nothing, and sighed to think that I was but the shadow of a gentleman. As the figure came near, she slackened her pace, and struck into a graceful *chasee forward,* at the same time, motioning to me to cross the rivulet, which I no sooner did than I involuntarily fell to dancing with incredible agility. The fair stranger was by this time close to me, and we were *setting* to each other, as partners would do in a cotillion, when she presented her right hand, and *turned* me, as she welcomed me to Fiddlers' Green. I was now more astonished than ever; for although when I took the lady's hand, I grasped nothing but air—"thin air"—yet she spoke and acted with precisely the grace, manner, and tone, of a modern fair belle. She was exceedingly happy to see me at the Green—hoped I had left my friends well—and desired to know how I had been for the last twenty years—since she had seen me. I assured the lady that she had the advantage of me—that I was really so unfortunate as not to recollect my having had the honour of her acquaintance, and that I was totally ignorant of any thing that had occurred *twenty years ago,* as that was before my time. She told me that it was useless to attempt to conceal my age, which was well known at the Green, and equally unpolite to deny my old acquaintance. Upon her mentioning her name, I recognised her as a famous belle, who had died of a consumption at the introduction of the fashion of short sleeves and bare elbows.—Having thus passed the compliments of the morning, my fair companion desired to conduct me to the principal manager of the Green, by whom my right of admittance must be decided, and, offering both of her hands, whirled away in a *waltz.*

We soon came to a part of the lawn which was crowded with company, all of whom were dancing, and I was about to advise my conductress to take a circuitous course to avoid the throng, when she directed me to *cast off,* and *right and left* through it, a manœuvre which we performed with admirable success. On our arrival at the bower of the principal manager, the centinels danced three times, *forward and back,* then *crossed over,* and admitted us into the enclosure. My conductress now presented me to an officer

of the court, who, after cutting *pigeon wing* higher than my head, led me to his superior. The manager was a tall graceful person, dressed in a full suit of black, with silk stockings, shoes, and buckles; an elegant dress sword glittered by his side, but he wore his own hair, and carried a *chapeau de bras* gracefully under his arm. He is the only person in these regions who is permitted to exercise his own taste in the ornaments of his person. He was beating time with one foot, not being obliged, like the others, to dance; I was informed, however, that he sometimes amused himself with a *minuet*, that step being appropriated solely to the managers, as the *pigeon wing* is to the officers of inferior dignity. On such occasions, an appropriate air is played, and the whole company are obliged to dance *minuets*, to the great perplexity of those ladies and gentlemen who have not studied the graces in the upper world. He received me with a polite bow, and desired me to amuse myself on the Green for a few moments, as he was not then at leisure to attend to me; by which I perceived that dancing gentlemen are every where equally fond of putting off business.

On my return to the plain, I was attracted by the delicious appearance of the fine clusters of fruit that hung from the trees, and reached my hand to pluck a peach—but I grasped nothing! My fair companion was again at my side, and condescended to explain the mystery. "Every thing you see here," said she, "surprises you. You have yet to learn that marriage is man's chief good, and they who neglect it are sent here to be punished. In the other world we had the substantial and virtuous enjoyments of life before us, but we disregarded them, and pursued phantoms of our own creation. One sought wealth, and another honour, but the greater number luxuriated in idle visions of fancy. We were never happy but in imagining scenes of delight too perfect for mortals to enjoy. The heart and mind were left unoccupied, while we were taken up with frivolities which pleased the eye and ear. In the affairs of love, we were particularly remiss. Its fruits and flowers hung within our reach, but we refused to pluck them. Ladies have danced off their most tender lovers, and many a gentleman has gambled away his mistress. The flurry of dissipation, and the soft emotions of affection will not inhabit the same breast. We were to choose between them, and we chose amiss—and now behold the consequence! We are here surrounded by fruits and flowers that we cannot touch—we have listened to the same melody until it has become tedious—we are confined to partners not of our own choice—and the amusement which was once our greatest delight is now a toil. When alive our fancies were busy in creating Elysian fields—here we have an Elysium,—and we lead that life which maids and bachelors delight in—a life of fiddling, dancing, coquetry, and squabling. We now learn that they only are happy who are usefully and virtuously employed." This account of the place which I was probably destined to inhabit, was

rather discouraging; but my attention was soon drawn, by fresh novelties. I was particularly amused with the grotesque appearance of the various groupes around me. As the persons who composed them were from every age and nation, their costumes exhibited every variety of fashion. The Grecian robe, and the Roman toga, the Monkish cowl, the monastick veil, and the blanket and feathers of the Indian, were mingled in ludicrous contrast. Nor was the allotment of partners less diverting. A gentleman in an embroidered suit led off a beggar girl, while a broad-shouldered mynheer flirted with an Italian countess. But I was most amused at seeing queen Elizabeth dancing a jig with a jolly cobbler, a person of great *bonhommie*, but who failed not to apply the *strap* when his stately partner moved with less agility than comported with his notions. When she complained of his cruelty, he reminded the heard-hearted queen of her cousin Mary and lord Essex. Several of her maids of honor were dancing near her with catholick priests, and I could perceive that the latter took great delight in jostling the royal lady, whenever an opportunity offered. My attention was withdrawn from the dancers by the approach of a newly deceased bachelor, whose appearance excited universal attention. He was a tall, gaunt, hard featured personage, whose beard had evidently not known the discipline of the razor for a month before his decease. His feet were cased in mocasins, and his limbs in rude vestments of buckskin; a powder-horn and pouch were suspended from his shoulders, and a huge knife rested in his girdle. I knew him at once to be a *hunter* who had been chasing deer in the woods, when he ought to have been pursuing *dears* of another description. I determined to have a little chat with him, and approaching, asked him how he liked Fiddlers' Green. "I don't know, stranger," said he, scratching his head. "I'm rather *jubus* that I've got into a sort of a *priminary* here." I expressed my surprise at his not admiring a place where there were so many fine ladies. "Why as to the matter of that," said he, "there's a *wonderful smart chance* of women here,—*that are a fact*,—and female society *are elegant*,—for them that likes it—but, for my part, I'd *a heap rather camp out* by the side of a cane-brake, where there was a good *chance* of bears and turkeys." "But you forget," said I, "that you have left your flesh and blood behind you." "That are a fact," said he, "I feel *powerful weak*—but I don't like the *fixens* here, *no how*—I'm a *'bominable* bad hand among women—so I'd thank 'em not to be *cutting their shines* about me." "But, my friend, you will have to turn in directly, and dance with some of them." "I reckon not," said he,—"if I do, I'll agree to give up my judgment,—but if any of 'em have a mind to *run* or *jump* for a *half pint*, I'd as *leave go it* as not." This gentleman was followed by another, who came in a still more "questionable shape." The polite ghosts could not suppress a smile, while the ill-bred burst into peals of obstreperous laughter. I easily

recognised him to be a *dandy;* and as he, with several other newly arrived spirits, were hastening to the manager's court, I repaired thither also, in hopes of obtaining an audience.

(*To be Continued.*)

ART. II.—*Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. during the years* 1817, 1818, 1819 *and* 1820, *by* SIR ROBERT KER PORTER; *with numerous engravings of Portraits, Costumes, Antiquities, &c.* 2 vols. 4to. London: Longman & Co. 1821.

THE present volume contains an account of a journey from Petersburg southward to the frontiers of Russia, thence through Georgia and Persia, as far as Shiras. The author set out from Petersburgh 6th August, 1817, and arrived at Shiras on the 2d July in the following year. He had resolved to pursue his journey farther; but was prevented by the state of his health, which had suffered by a long and continued exposure to a hot sun. He was in consequence obliged to return to Ispahan.

Such a journey, as every one will at once perceive, must have afforded ample opportunities both of observation and remark, and these opportunities Sir R. has certainly not neglected. His work contains much curious and interesting information,—all that we could possibly expect from a passing traveller, whose survey of the objects which he describes must be slight and superficial, sufficient no doubt for the delineation of what can be actually seen, but not equally so for any accurate estimate of the national character or resources. Of these he may no doubt catch occasional traits; but to estimate a people, we must not merely travel through their country—we must reside among them, and any thing, therefore, beyond a general notice of their manners or character resting on any other basis than that of long and patient observation, must be in some degree speculative and uncertain. Sir R. does not however attempt any minute or highly finished delineations of local manners. He confines himself to general sketches of the habits and character of the numerous nations through which he passed, and in many cases, his views are striking and important. His account of the policy of Russia in these remote provinces, which she has wrested from Turkey and Persia, in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, and of the mountain range of Caucasus, and of the energy with which she is establishing the empire of law and order in these distracted countries, is particularly interesting. Equally so are the descriptive sketches which he gives of the mountain scenery of those wild regions, and of its inhabitants, who are rude and lawless in no common degree. But the wretched habits of Asiatic turbulence and disorder, under which those countries have been long suffering, are fast disappearing; European laws and manners have already taken root, and are making rapid progress;

a vigorous system of military police has been established for the preservation of order and peace; the unhappy natives are laying aside their predatory habits, the exercise of which is becoming every day more inconvenient and dangerous; and with the protection given to property by the vigorous arm of a just and impartial government, industry and commerce begin to flourish, and the whole country to assume a new appearance of civilization and improvement. All that the author relates of the great changes which the Russian conquests have introduced into those remote countries will be found highly instructive and important; and whether it be that this subject is in itself so full of interest, we are disposed to rest on this with greater satisfaction and pleasure than on any other part of his valuable work. In advancing into Persia, beyond the verge of European manners, every thing connected with the people assumes a new and less inviting appearance. Every where we find the civil institutions of society more defective—imperfect, ill-devised, and tyrannical modes of policy and government—Oriental despotism in full rigour, and not softened by the state of manners, which oppose no barrier against the lawless exercise of power. We find, according to our author's account, a prince, humanely disposed, but totally destitute of the necessary helps for the enlightened administration of public affairs. We find a rich and splendid nobility, and the people starving, beggarly, and licentious—the crimes of robbery and murder frequent in many of the public roads, notwithstanding all the precautions of the government, and its barbarous modes of punishment. Among all classes we remark a lower tone, and a remarkable callousness, indeed, of moral feeling—no regard paid to justice or humanity, and deeds of gross cruelty openly tolerated and practised, the bare notion of which would be shocking to Europeans. In visiting Persia, this traveller's chief object seems to have been to survey the precious remains of antiquity which are scattered over its surface. He accordingly proceeded to the chief seats of ancient magnificence, he examined with great diligence the ruins of Persepolis, and took accurate sketches on the spot, of the different statues, figures, and bas-reliefs, with which he found the palaces and other edifices highly ornamented. He visited different places in which were ancient tombs, one of which he conjectures to have been the tomb of Cyrus, cut out of the rock. Of these he gives sketches, and an elaborate description; and such wonderful remains of antiquity would appear to be well worthy of investigation. It would be interesting to see light thrown upon them by those who are skilled in this kind of lore; and illustrations of history and of manners, might, we have no doubt, be drawn from them. But it is unnecessary to add, that such investigations require to be conducted with great patience and persevering study, and that without a large accumulation of previous knowledge, it seems impossible that the light of history can ever be kindled up from these materi-

als. Sir R. K. Porter does not seem to be always very felicitous or conclusive in his antiquarian speculations; conjecture frequently supplies the place of sound reasoning; and, instead of extracting evidence from the authentic facts of history, he ranges amid the popular traditions of antiquity, and indulges in the most improbable fancies. His descriptions of scenery and manners form the most interesting portion of his journal.

Such being, according to our estimate, the general character of this work, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers a brief abstract of the information which it contains.

Sir R. having quitted Petersburgh on the 6th August, 1817, as already mentioned, arrived at Odessa, on the Black Sea, about 1220 miles distant from the Russian capital. His road lay through the boundless plains called *steppes*, into which this part of the Russian territory spreads out, or through wild forests, with here and there occasional spots of cultivation. These *steppes* are vast tracts of grazing ground, covered with innumerable kinds of horned cattle, sheep, and horses, but giving nevertheless to the traveller a singular impression of loneliness. The cottages of the inhabitants were generally thatched and white-washed; but, as far as could be judged from their inmates seen at the doors, their interior appearance did not seem to correspond to their cleanly exterior. Odessa is a flourishing place, containing 30,000 inhabitants. It was founded in 1796, and in 1817 was declared a free port. Its commerce, particularly in grain, is extremely flourishing. Rapid fortunes have been already made by several of its merchants. Wages are high, and all articles of living are consequently dear.

Travelling along the Black Sea, and visiting the different ports situated on its shores, namely, Nicolaieff, Cherzon, &c. Sir R. crossed the Dnieper, and arrived on the Don at New Tcherkask, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated count Platoff. In the course of his journey he met with the same dreary wilderness as before; and here he encountered a new and alarming phenomenon, namely, the conflagration for miles around of the high grass dried under the heat of the sun, and prepared from the smallest spark to burst into an unquenchable flame. Such fires, it is well known, often threaten destruction to the unwary traveller in the parched plains of America. On the vast *steppes* of Russia, fires of this nature continue their ravages for many days, consuming all the outstanding corn, racks, cottages, and every thing which is found in its destructive path. One of these grass fires is thus described by our author.

"This spectacle was even more awful than the one I had formerly witnessed. Then we viewed it at a distance, here we were in its very centre. The actual road was free from conflagration, having nothing for the burning element to feed on; but all around, the whole surface of the earth was covered with a moving mass of

flame. The effect produced was an apparently interminable avenue, dividing a sea of fire. The height of the flame could not be more than two or three feet from the ground; and on either side of our path the smoke was so light as to enable us to discern this tremendous scene, stretching to an endless distance. Not a breath of wind disturbed the atmosphere; hence it eat its devastating way over the face of the country with the steadiness and majesty of an advancing ocean. During the course of my journey afterwards, I observed many blackened tracts, from fifty to sixty wersts in length, which had been so marked by one of these calamitous ignitions."

The towns through which he passed were mostly flourishing. That of Nicolaieff contains already 6000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in size and population under the judicious administration of Admiral Greig. It has a dock-yard, on which our author saw one 74 gun-ship and one frigate, which are on the stocks. An arsenal of this kind is, it appears, absolutely necessary to maintain a navy on the Black Sea, the ships' bottoms being liable to be corroded by the worm so well known in the tropical seas for its destructive effects. The town of Nicolaieff contains also a museum. This country has in general excellent pastures, on which are bred numbers of sheep from the original Merinos,—a speculation that has proved extremely profitable, the climate being found exceedingly favourable, and the fleeces equal to any in Spain. The road from Nicolaieff to Kherson is generally over pasture plains, and is excellent. Kherson is a considerable town, and a naval depot, with an arsenal completely furnished with naval stores of every description. The country towards the Don appeared lonely and dismal. Not a living creature was to be seen, and the post-houses established at convenient stations contained only rude inhabitants, generally a father and his sons, who, being appointed to this duty for a certain time, wait at each post till they are relieved, when they return to their families. These reside in some of the clusters of cottages which are seen scattered at intervals on the banks of the Don. On arriving at St. Demetry and Rostow, our traveller found that they were celebrating their annual fair, which he describes as a scene full of gayety and business. "I drove "along," he observes, "amongst Cossacks, Kalmuks, Turks, Tar-"tars, Russians, &c. all in their genuine costumes, bargaining over "every variety of purchaseable merchandise, spread out upon the "ground. Oxen, horses, and cart-wheels, seemed to be the great ob-"jects of sale." Wood also appeared in great estimation, and in many places enormous piles of it were reared up so as to block up the road. Cart-wheels were of every description and size, and were piled up in pyramids. Being anxious to meet Count Platoff, Sir R. left Rostow, which is a place of considerable importance, in consequence of its lying on the road from Moscow, and other great towns, towards the coasts of Azoff and the Black Sea, and arrived the same evening at New Tcherkask, the capital of the country.

He was most kindly and hospitably received by Count Platoff, who expressed the strongest feelings of gratitude for the reception he had met with when in England, adding that he considered himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into his country, as it gave him an opportunity of evincing his gratitude. His palace is a fine building. A guard of Cossacks kept the gate; others with drawn swords were standing at the entrance, while officers in waiting, orderlies, with all the apparatus of military and princely state, occupied the passages and anti-rooms. Count Platoff's mode of living was in the best style; he dined at five o'clock; the wines which he chiefly used were from the Greek islands, although the count boasted, not without reason, of the red and white champaigne of the Don, which, when old, Sir R. observes, is not inferior to the same wines in France. He commends also another sort of red wine which he drank here, as not inferior to any from Bourdeaux. It was made by a family of Germans, who had been brought for this purpose from the Rhine. From these specimens our author seems to have little doubt that the vineyards of the Dnieper and the Don would, with due application of care and skill, produce wines to rival those of France or Germany. If such a valuable commodity could be produced, it would form an admirable staple in the commerce of the country, with which the valuable manufactures of Britain could be purchased to any extent. Game of all kinds is abundant, particularly bustards, pheasants, partridges, &c. Fish is in equal plenty, and good cheer of every description is procured in great abundance, at a moderate expense.

While our traveller was with Count Platoff, he was visited by his imperial highness the Grand Duke Michael, and, as may be supposed, every effort was made to do honour to the royal guest. On this occasion the warlike manners of the people were conspicuous. The whole town was in motion; nothing was to be seen but men and horses running to and fro, and squadrons of artillery moving in every direction; so that the whole had the appearance of preparations for the reception of an enemy rather than of an honoured prince. The road was lined by dismounted Cossacks; and at the gate of the city a splendid tent was pitched, which contained Count Platoff and his suite. The plains were covered with a mixed population of all ages, sexes and conditions, Tartars, Kalmuks, Russians, on foot, in carriages, in waggons, or on horseback. The arrival of the prince was celebrated, according to the usual forms observed on these occasions, by the firing of cannon, by military reviews, dinners, balls and suppers. The prince set out early on the morning of the third day after he arrived, and our author resolved also, without farther delay, to prosecute his journey into Persia. Count Platoff promised to farther his views, and to guarantee the security of his route as far as Teflis, the capital of Georgia.

Our author accordingly set out on his laborious journey on the 23d September, and here his hardships may be said to have commenced. Crossing at Nishnoy Egorlisky, into the government of Caucasus, the country and the inhabitants begin to assume a new and more wild character. At the village of Tergifskoy, two Cossacks were given him for an escort; they were of low stature, of rugged visages, and their garb was after the most savage fashion. They had on their heads a small cloth cap, bound with sheepskin or fur; and on their body a thick vest, which, falling to the knee, met a pair of loose trowsers which were stuffed into their boots. Their arms were a musket slung across their shoulders, and protected from the damp by a hairy case; a straight sword fastened to the left side by a belt around the waist; and a dagger of great breadth, from which depended a large knife. Their horse accoutrements are the same as those of other Cossacks; and both man and horse are in some measure protected from the weather by a sort of cloak made of the mountain goat, and manufactured in the country. On quitting this village, and ascending the height beyond it, the mountain range of Caucasus first burst upon their view, and filled their minds with the most sublime emotions of wonder and delight. We select the following description.

"No pen can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborous, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain; their size was mountainous, but being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them, they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them."

On approaching the mountains, the weather, which had been gradually darkening, turned into a continued and drenching rain, in the midst of which they arrived at the town of Alexandroff. The aspect of the country, as well as that of the inhabitants became gradually more wild and savage. The natives of these mountains are habituated to a life of plunder; they lurk in the mountain passes, and among the huge rocks; and sally out on the unprotected traveller, whom they overpower and murder before he is aware. There is no travelling here in safety without an adequate escort; and at certain distances along the valley which borders the Cau-

casus, and along its vast chain, guards of Cossacks are stationed, who watch day and night. A small hovel is built, near which is erected a sort of stage about 12 feet high, on which a Cossack guard takes his daily and nightly station to look out, and, on the least alarm, the horses picqueted beneath are ready for their masters.

At Mozdok, which is a flourishing little town on the banks of the Terek, a caravan sets out with a proper escort to cross the mountains of the Caucasus for Teflis in Georgia. The road is dangerous from the predatory habits of the natives, who are all mountain robbers, lurking in impenetrable fastnesses, from which they sally out upon their prey. Since those countries have come under the power of Russia, her firm and vigilant administration has in some degree repressed these banditti; but they are still formidable, as they associate in large bands, and are more than a match for any body of unprotected travellers. From the wild inhabitants of this country, bordering on the Caucasus, Russia has formed a corps of Cossacks, known by the general name of the Cossacks of the line of the Caucasus, whose business it is to escort travellers, caravans, &c. and they are universally reported to discharge their duty with singular valour and fidelity.

On reaching the spot where the convoy for Teflis was to halt for the night, every thing bore the face of military watchfulness. The officer had taken a good position; arms were distributed among the troops, who had all their posts assigned them; they consisted of 100 chasseurs, and 40 Cossacks, with a six-pounder. Fifty chariots of salt, and as many of European merchandize; ten or twelve travellers on horseback, half a dozen carriages, and Sir R. K. Porter's calache, and another, closed up the rear. The road lay along the Terek, through steep hills and gloomy ravines, breaking into a thousand wild and abrupt ascents and descents, and exhibiting all the wild varieties of mountain scenery. Our author's description of these sublime and rugged prospects is lively and striking; and from his account of this Alpine country, it appears to be singularly picturesque and terrible.

"On our right (he observes) rolled the Terek, breaking over its stony bed, and washing with a surge, rather than a flowing stream, the rocky bases of the mountains which rise in progressive acclivities from its bold shores. The day had begun to clear about noon, and the dark curtain of vapours which had so long shut these stupendous hills from my sight, broke away into a thousand masses of fleecy clouds; and, as they gradually glided downwards, exhaled into ether, or separated across the brows of the mountains, the vast piles of Caucasus were presented to my view—a world of themselves—rocky, rugged, and capped with snow, stretching east and west beyond the reach of vision, and shooting far into the skies."

After a laborious journey through these dreary regions, Sir R. scaled this sublime range of mountains, and arrived on the 12th October, at Teflis, the capital of Georgia. In the course of his toilsome march he suffered extreme hardship—from the wretched and mountainous roads often lying through precipices—from the state of the towns and military posts on the route, which had no decent accommodations—and from the severity of the weather, which was alternately tempestuous, with either rain or snow, or keen frost. Of the numerous tribes which are scattered through these wild regions, of their rude and predatory habits, of the general insecurity which attends travelling in such places, and of the vigorous and persevering efforts of Russia to improve the country, and to reclaim its inhabitants to industry and peace, he gives a most interesting account. These provinces, it is well known, have been but lately acquired by the victorious arms of Russia. They are inhabited by a barbarous and disorderly race, who from time immemorial, have lived by plunder, and who are still averse from every peaceable occupation. The nature of the country, rugged and wild, full of impenetrable fastnesses and mountain passes, known only to the natives, is favourable to such a mode of life, as it affords to those who know it, and are inured to scale its frowning heights, excellent opportunities for way-laying and plundering defenceless travellers, and for afterwards escaping with their booty. The natives were accordingly a lawless race of banditti, who pursued robbery and murder as a trade, which was handed down from father to son, and in which the youth were trained as to honourable war. Under the feeble and ill-regulated administration of Turkey or Persia, all these disorders had full scope, and robbery became the settled pursuit of the whole community. On obtaining possession of these provinces, it was the first care of Russia firmly to repress all outrage, and to control the turbulent propensities of its new subjects by a strict system of European police. This, however, was no easy task. Their disorderly habits had taken deep root, and were also greatly promoted by the wild and savage state of the country, in which there were no communications except such as were established for the convenience of robbery and murder, and were known only to the lawless people who inhabited it. Under the vigilant policy of Russia, roads, passable for horses and carriages, have been carried over these mountains; in many parts they have been cut through the solid rock with immense labour. Forts have been constructed at convenient stations to overawe the turbulent; and military officers, of known talents and of high rank, are appointed to the administration of these provinces, who are constantly at their post, superintending and encouraging the necessary measures for the peace of the country. By this wise policy some progress has been made towards the establishment of good order. A Russian fort is a rallying point for those who are disposed to industry and peace, and under its protection a village is quickly formed,

which is gradually increased by new settlers. These, pursuing cultivation for a subsistence, acquire comforts and conveniences which they never before enjoyed; and hence it is expected, that their example may diffuse more humane manners to the distant tribes. This however must be the work of time. The present race must pass away before any great change can be effected on the face of the country, and in the habits of the people, and it can only be by a perseverance in the present wise and energetic measures that this result can be produced.

Teflis, the capital of Georgia, is distant about 1680 miles from Petersburgh. The town is situated on the banks of the Kur, at the foot of a line of dark and barren hills, which gloomily overshadow it, and the whole aspect of the place seems to partake the dismal hue of the surrounding heights.

"The hoary battlements above," says Sir R. "and the still majestic towers of the ancient citadel; the spires of Christian churches, and other marks of European residents; even their testimonies of past grandeur and present consequence, and what is more, present Christian brotherhood, could not for some time erase the horrible dungeon-impression of Asiatic dirt and barbarism received at first view of the town."

The streets are narrow, intolerably filthy in wet weather, and dusty, in dry. The present governor, however, is improving the place by paving the streets, and by directing all the ruinous houses to be either repaired, or to be replaced by new ones. Our author visited the hot baths for which Teflis is celebrated. The water is procured from hot springs, which flow from the rocks at the bottom of a deep ravine, with which mingles a mountain stream. There are two ranges of baths, one for men, the other for women; the chambers which serve for the bath are excavated out of the solid rock, over whose surface the water originally flowed; and these are divided, under one vaulted roof, into different apartments, which are gloomily lighted by means of lamps. Sir R. went through the whole of these, and he gives a most disgusting account of the heat, filth, and stench which arose from such an indiscriminate collection of all classes, mingled together in those confined prison-like apartments. He afterwards visited the baths alloted for the women, in which he was admitted without the least scruple, but from which, however, he soon retirud, no way delighted with the exhibitions to which he was a witness.

Sir R. remarks, that since this country of the Caucasus, including Georgia, &c. has come under the power of Russia, a change, and one not the most favourable, has taken place in the manners of the women. They have, it appears, lost their Asiatic reserve, without acquiring European modesty. The disuse of that rigid seclusion and reserve which withheld them from the other sex, seems to have relaxed in their minds the obligations of female virtue. They have thrown off the bonds imposed on them by for-

mer customs, while they are totally insensible to the delicate restraints of European manners. The great security to virtue is thus withdrawn. The introduction of the Russians has subverted one system of manners without establishing any other. The Asiatics have acquired, not freedom, but licentiousness, and this disadvantage must be felt, until the change which is now going on be completed, until the manners become thoroughly European, and until the necessary restraints and correctives grow up, to regulate that free and easy intercourse of the sexes which prevails in Europe.

Our author describes at length the manners and customs of the Circassians and Georgians; and his descriptions are lively and interesting. But we have no room for long extracts, and must refer our readers to the work itself for farther details on this subject. He gives also a most striking account of the tremendous scenery of these mountain deserts, where every thing appears to be on a greater scale than in any of the Alpine countries of Europe. The falling of a great mass of snow, dislodged by its own weight, or by long continued rains, is a phenomenon well known in mountainous regions, and is always attended with destructive effects. But the destruction occasioned by these *avalanches*, in the mountains of Caucasus, far exceeds what we ever before heard of. On the higher mountains, and among the immense and abrupt precipices with which this region abounds, the snow accumulates in the course of centuries, until the load, gradually increasing, either sinks down by its own weight, or becomes too heavy for the rocks on which it rests, in which case the whole falls down with a dreadful crash, and with wide destruction, into the lower valleys. In June, 1776, the course of the Terek was stopt by one of these falling masses of snow, and its impeded waters rose to the height of 258 feet, when, suddenly bursting through the rocky barrier which hemmed them in, they rushed forward in a wasting flood, spreading destruction far and wide. A similar scene took place in 1817, by the falling of an immense mass of snow, from the mountain of Derial. The following is the description which is given of this dreadful calamity.

"As the avalanche rushed on, huge masses of rock rifted from the mountain side were driving before it; and the snows and ice of centuries, pouring down in immense shattered forms, and rending heaps, fell like the fall of an earthquake, covering from human eye, villages, valleys, and people! What an awful moment when all was still! When the dreadful cries of man and beast were heard no more, and the tremendous avalanche lay, a vast motionless, white shroud, on all around.

"The magnitude of the destruction will readily be comprehended, when it is understood that the depth of the snow which thus rolled downwards in sight of the appalled inhabitants of the valley, was full twenty-eight fathoms, that is, 186 feet, and its extent more than six wersts, or four miles English. It immediately blocked up the course of the Terek, whose obstructed waters beating up

in immense billows, foaming and raging against this strange impediment, seemed at times ready to overtop it, but still repelled by the firmness and height of the snow, it fell back on its bed with a roaring that proclaimed the dreadful scene to a vast distance. The overcharged waters then formed themselves into a lake, which spread down the whole valley on the river side of its tremendous barrier, thus completely barring all communication with Wlady Caucasus. Nearly twelve days elapsed before the river had sapped its way through so immense a body of consolidated snow, but when it did make an opening, its flood and fury, and devastating consequences, fell not far short of the dreadful ruin occasioned by the cause of its obstruction. Bridges, forts, every thing contiguous to its path were washed away in the torrent."

Other risks besides those described beset the unfortunate traveller in these mountainous defiles. In summer the rocks which project from the steep face of the precipices, being loosened by heavy rains, or the melting of the snows, tumble suddenly down, knocking off others in their fall, and crushing all beneath them.

Sir R. set out from Teflis on the 7th November, and arrived without any accident at Erivan, within the Persian frontier, his road being through a rugged and mountainous country, covered in many parts with snow and inhabited by an equally barbarous race as that through which he passed. The ancient memorials of past greatness were scattered about, and in this wild and savage region there were some happy tracts, full of villages, and distinguished by fertility, industry, and wealth. In some of these spots, our traveller found the most hospitable entertainment, being plentifully regaled with milk, eggs, butter and the most exquisite honey. Arrived at Goumri, a post on the extremity of the Russian frontier, the European or Cossack escort was exchanged for one consisting entirely of natives, which the Russian general Yarmilloff, whose attentions Sir R. strongly commends, took care should be sufficient for his security. Of this escort, which consisted of ten horsemen, we have the following picturesque description.

"These men were all well armed, and capitally mounted, and, I doubted not, could be desperate fellows should occasion call them forth, at least, so I might gather from their garb and faces, for never since I set foot amongst the Caucasus had I beheld a more murderous looking band of villains. Their chief was a brawny determined-visaged man, and wore round his neck a medal of the Emperor Alexander, which had been hung there with a ribband of St. George as a badge of his superior bravery during the late war between Persia and the Russian Empire. A pair of long Turkish pistols were stuck at his girdle, from which was suspended his sabre and a large knife. These, with a carabine slung across his shoulders, completed his arms. His dress was a mixture of Georgian and Turkish, and his horse, which was as wildly and efficiently caparisoned, seemed to possess equal fire with his master. The

whole of my escort under his command were armed in much the same way, and each carried four or five pouches filled with balls, cartridges, &c. The morning being cold, several of them were wrapped in their bourkas, which greatly increased the savage air of their appearance."

With this escort Sir R. went to visit Anni, one of the ancient capitals of Armenia, and within the Turkish frontier. This once splendid city is now a heap of ruins, and a lurking place for robbers. Before arriving at the city, its towers were seen spreading to a vast extent along the horizon. On the south and east, the city was defended by a deep ravine, through which flows the Arpatchai. On the south and west it was defended by high walls and towers of the finest masonry. Over the outer gate was sculptured a leopard or lion-passant; and on the flanking towers several large crosses were carved on the stone, and richly decorated with exquisite fret-work. Within the city, the ground was covered with hewn stones, broken capitals, columns, shattered but highly ornamented friezes, and other memorials of ancient magnificence. On the western extremity of the city, stretching nearly along its whole breadth, is the ancient palace of the Armenian kings, "so superbly "decorated," says our author, "within and without, that no de-"scription can give an adequate idea of the variety and richness "of the highly wrought carvings on the stone, which are all over "the building, or of the finely executed Mosaic patterns, which "beautify the floors of its countless halls." The farther that our author examined this city, the more was his admiration excited of its great magnificence. The capitals of the pillars, the nice carvings of the intricate ornaments, and arabesque friezes, surpassed whatever of the kind he had ever before seen, and he would have remained longer, but he was warned by the approach of night to depart; for, however strongly guarded, and however bravely he might be defended, he might still be attacked and overpowered by a larger body of banditti, of whom he was assured there were numerous bands in the neighbourhood. Taking leave, therefore, with regret, of those ruins, among which lie hid such precious treasures of antiquity, he took a last look of the majestic relics of Anni, lying a vast solitude on the gray and wintry plain.

His journey was through a depopulated country, once the seat of wealth and improvement, now covered with the ruins of great cities, towns, villages, &c. and the haunt of savage banditti. These districts being on the common frontier of Turkey, Persia, and Russia, and a sort of border land, are naturally resorted to by robbers, as the most favourable scene for the exercise of their occupations, and until the authority of Russia be pushed farther south, they must continue, as they at present are, a frightful wilderness.

As he journied in this direction, our author had a clear view of Mount Ararat, of which he gives a splendid description. The icy

peaks of its double heads, (he observes,) "rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens; the sun blazed bright upon them, and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance, equal to other suns." The inaccessible summits of this far-famed mountain have never been trodden by man since the days of Noah; and though various attempts have been made to scale its tremendous pyramids, they have all failed. The distance between the commencement of the snowy line and the summit, is so great, that no person could make his way through the snows and glaciers of this frightful region. He must perish with cold long before he could reach the summit. The two heads of this mountain are separated by a wide cleft, or rather glen. The larger head shows to the north-west, a broken and abrupt front, opening about half way down into a stupendous chasm, deep, rocky, and peculiarly black.

Erivan being the first Persian town of consequence at which Sir R. K. Porter had arrived, he lost no time in waiting upon those in authority, for the purpose of making known the object of his visit, and claiming protection. He was conducted through a variety of wretched streets to the fortress, and passing along through several bye-alleys, to the governor's palace, he was ushered along two square courts, whence passing through a very small door-way, he ascended a few ruinous steps, crowded with natives. Having passed under a curtain which was raised for the purpose, he found himself in presence of the Sardar or the commandant, who gave him the most favourable reception, and sent to him an officer called a mehmandar, with orders to provide him with every facility for prosecuting his journey. Erivan, having been so often the scene of devastation and massacre, has declined from its ancient magnificence, and had this melancholy resemblance to all the other places visited by our author, in his way from Wlady Caucasus, namely, that ruins mingle every where with the habitable parts of the town. Its inhabitants, under the united effects of war and other calamities, have dwindled down to a scanty remnant, not exceeding 15,000 persons.

At Tabreez, whither our author proceeded by the shortest course, he was introduced to Abbas Mirza, the heir apparent of the Persian throne. This city, which is the capital of Azerbijan, is situated in 38° 4′ lat. It has undergone many vicissitudes, having suffered both from war and from natural convulsions. In 1686, according to Chardin, it contained half a million of inhabitants; but such had been the devastations of war, with its attendant calamities of famine and pestilence, that in the year 1727, when the city was totally destroyed by an earthquake, it is estimated that not less than 70,000 persons lost their lives; and at the succeeding shock, which happened 60 years afterwards, only 40,000 remained to be destroyed by this calamity. The prince, Abbas Mirza, who resides at it, is doing all in his power to strengthen the place, and give it military importance. To restore it to its for-

mer grandeur is even beyond his despotic power. The cause of all the devastations which have overspread this part of Asia, and laid waste its flourishing towns, must be sought for in the barbarous character of those by whom it has been overrun. War in Europe, calamitous as it may be, is not attended with these deplorable consequences, because it is conducted according to more humane maxims. We have seen the capitals of the different European powers occupied by each others' arms; but no destruction followed; no useless vengeance was inflicted on the conquered enemy; far less were the people or the monuments of art which they had raised, given over to be wasted by the soldiery. In Europe the rage of war is thus tempered by policy; all is reckoned lawful which tends to reduce and weaken the enemy; but what merely tends to harass and distress is held to be without the limit of civilized contests.* The Asiatics, on the contrary, carry on war in the spirit of savages. They show no mercy to their enemies, but rob and spoil without bounds, and in a moment destroy the labours of ages. As a great historian observes, peace with them is without confidence, and war is without mercy. They want knowledge to appreciate the value of what they thus destroy. Such outrages would not be tolerated in Europe. Their authors would draw down upon their heads the vengeance of surrounding states, who would unite to repress such violations of the rules of war. It is to the ignorance and cruelty of the people, therefore, that we are to trace the degraded and depopulated state of the country.

This city, like most of the modern cities of Persia, has but a mean appearance. Nothing is to be seen on either side of the narrow streets, but long mud-walls of different heights, generally low, and perforated here and there with small mean-looking doors, the domes of mosques, the towers of an old citidel, or scattered ruins, being all that remains to diversify the dike-like traverses of the towns. All the houses of Persia, whether they belong to rich or poor, have the same outward appearance, and within, there are several courts or quadrangles, round which are disposed the apartments of the house, which are large or small according to the wealth or consequence of the owner. The open courts are either paved, with fountains in the middle, or planted as a garden. In these fountains are several leaden pipes, even with the surface, which spout up water to the height of 16 or 18 inches. The Persians are particularly fond of this luxury, and generally contrive to have the tank so close to the open window of the great public room, that it breeds innumerable swarms of insects, which fill the room, and torment the visiters with their stings. The palace of the prince is hardly to be distinguished from the obscurest mansions, and its apartments are arranged in the same manner.

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, how wantonly this rule was violated by the British in the last war with the United States.

Sir R. having examined all the other parts of the palace, was anxious to inspect the apartments provided for the women. He was accordingly conducted to the quadrangle of the prince's palace alloted for them. Their sitting apartment was magnificent and spacious, occupying nearly the whole length of one of the sides of the square. The windows were particularly splendid, their frames being subdivided into a variety of principal forms or patterns, such as stars, circles, &c. flowing gracefully into each other, while the separations were filled with the most brilliant stained glass of every possible colour. He examined the room in which were the baths. It is a spacious saloon of an octagon shape, its dome supported by four columns. It is lighted by a circular opening from above, covered with a thin slab of Tabreez marble, perfectly transparent. A door on the left leads to the great bath, which is one immense hall, covered with marble, both walls and floor, and from this chamber diverge several marble recesses. At one end is the interior bath, with about four feet depth of water. Beneath is the boiler, whence a pipe conveys the heated water into the receiver above. Heated air is also diffused by means of tubes into the saloon and the recesses. The walls are adorned with a profusion of mirrors, and there are benches covered with the finest carpets for the bathers to repose on. The bath in Persia is a most elaborate process, which consists not merely in immersing the body in water, but of various other operations, such as rubbing and brushing the body in various ways, also in pinching and pulling with so much force and pressure as to produce a violent glow over the whole frame. "Some of the bathers," Sir R. observes, "delight in "having every joint in their bodies strained till they crack, and "this part of the operation is brought to such perfection, that the "very vertebræ of the back are made to ring a peal in succession."

The bath is regarded by the Persian ladies, who live in constant seclusion, as a great rendezvous for gossip and scandal. They often pass seven or eight hours together in the carpeted saloon, relating anecdotes, eating sweetmeats, and decking out their beauty in all the fancied perfection of the east. Sir R. K. Porter afterwards visited the general saloon of audience of the prince, which is a spacious room, and open entirely to a fine garden from the roof to the floor. The room is ornamented with gilding, flowers, and arabesque devices; also with the pictures of former shahs, gorgeously mounted in magnificent frames, and with a profusion of splendid mirrors. The floors are covered with the finest carpets, and with carpet cushions, which constitute the whole furniture both of rich and poor; the distinction between the different ranks being merely in the fineness of the materials.

Our author, while in Tabreez, was invited to a Persian entertainment by one of the ministers of state, of which he gives rather a ludicrous description. They were shown into an extensive saloon, richly carpeted as usual, and furnished with cushions, on which they sat cross-legged. The room was lighted by two huge,

heavy, and ill-proportioned candalabras, in which oil was burnt. In a small chimney at one end of the room blazed a lively wood fire, the weather being cold, and at another extremity was placed a broken dish full of glowing charcoal. Coffee, tea, and kalioons for smoking tobacco, &c. were first served, after which we have the following account of the entertainment.

"Several servants immediately entered, bearing a long narrow roll of flowered cotton in their arms, which they laid down and spread before the whole company, who now occupied both sides of the room. This napery was placed close to our knees.

"The next service was, to set a piece of the thin sort of bread or cake I formerly described, before each guest, to be used as a plate and napkin. Then came a tray, between every two persons, containing the following articles of food: two bowls of sherbet, each provided with a wooden spoon of delicate and elegant workmanship; a couple of dishes of pillau, composed of rice soaked in oil or butter, boiled fowls, raisins, and a little saffron; two plates with melon sliced; two others, containing a dozen kebbobs, or morsels of dry broiled meat; and a dish, presenting a fowl roasted to a cinder. The whole party along the extended web, being in like manner supplied, the host gave the sign for falling to, a command that seemed to be understood literally, for every back became bent, every face was brought close to the point of attack, and every jaw, in an instant, was in motion. This is done by a marvellous dexterity in gathering up the rice, or victuals of any kind, with the right hand, and almost at the same moment, thrusting it into the mouth. The left hand is never used by the Persians but in the humblest offices; however, during meals at least, the honoured member certainly does the business of two, for no cessation could be observed in the active passage of meat, melon, sherbet, &c. from the board to the mouths of the grave and distinguished assembly. I must say, I never saw a more silent repast in my life, nor one where the sounds of mastication were so audible. In some countries it may be 'merry in the hall, when beards wag all,' but here, I could only think of a similar range of respectable quadrupeds, with their heads not farther from the troughs than ours were from the trays. For my part, whenever I wished to avail myself of the heaps of good provinder on mine, at every attempt to throw a little rice into my mouth, it disappeared up my sleeve; so that after several unsuccessful essays, I gave up the enjoyment of this most savoury dish of the feast, and contented myself with a dry kebbob or two."

After the entertainment was finished, the company rose to take their leave, a movement which our author obeyed with great difficulty, his limbs, owing to the posture in which he had been so long constrained to sit, being so cramped, that he could scarcely walk.

The king of Persia was absent at the time Sir R. arrived at Tabreez. He was introduced to him afterwards, and met with a most

favourable reception. His Majesty even invited him to travel in company with him to Teheran, the present metropolis of Persia, adding that he would be much better accommodated along with him than if he was journeying alone. This offer our author gladly accepted, and he set out along with the royal cavalcade for Teheran on the 3d March. They travelled the journey on horseback, the ruggedness of the roads not admitting of carriage travelling, and towards the end of March they reached Teheran. In the course of this journey, the whole party, though in the 35th degree of north latitude, suffered most grieviously from the cold. The ground was covered with snow, and the winds were bleak and piercing. This intense degree of cold would imply a considerable elevation of the ground.

Sir R. K. Porter, while travelling, was admitted to very familiar discourse with the king, whom he describes as amiable in his manners, and enlightened in all his notions. He was according to his account, duly sensible of the inferiority of Persia to Europe in all the valuable arts and improvements of life, and was extremely anxious to meliorate the condition of his own country. But, like all despotic sovereigns, he seemed not altogether aware that such improvements are of slow growth, and cannot be brought about at the mere fiat of absolute power. Having been well received by the prince, he is disposed to go the utmost length of courtly compliment in his praise. In the mean time, however, he lets out the important fact that the king is fond of money, and that to gratify this passion he extorts it from his subjects. This example is not lost on the nobility, who all join in fleecing the people; and it does not appear that these have any protection against such oppressions. We have no account from Sir Robert of the civil institutions of the country—whether there exist any tribunals to which the oppressed can fly for relief—or whether the evil consists in the perversion of justice by the power of the aristocracy. Any information on these important points would have been highly interesting—fully more so than the account which we have of all the idle pageantry of the court—the horse-racing—the annual festival, and rejoicings, &c. All these routs and amusements, which are got up for the entertainment of the mob, are much the same in all countries, consisting merely of noise and clamour, the effect being produced by drums, trumpets, the firing of cannon, and the shouting and hallooing of men collected into noisy cavalcades. Of all these Sir Robert has given a most elaborate description, which, though rather long, is certainly amusing.

The condition of the women in Persia, as indeed in all eastern countries, must exercise a most unfavourable influence in the state of manners. They are secluded, it is well known, from public view, and are not, as women ought to be, the free and equal companions of their husbands, but are kept for his pleasure. They are merely valued for their personal charms, and when these begin to

fade away, they are cast aside by their husbands for a younger mistress, both custom and law allowing the man as many concubines as he can afford to maintain. Such a life of selfish licentiousness is not calculated for the improvement of either party. It tends to reduce the women to the lowest state of debasement, while in the other sex it checks the growth of every manly or generous feeling.

Teheran is situated in lon. 50° 52′ east, lat. 35° 37′ north, at the foot of the Elborz mountains, from which numerous torrents falling saturate the ground below, and render it during the rainy seasons an unwholesome marsh, insomuch that during the heat of summer the town is evacuated by the great body of its inhabitants. The rich retire to other houses more pleasant and more healthy, and the poor betake themselves to tents, where they spend the summer months. The streets of this, like all other Persian towns, are extremely narrow, and full of mud or dust according as the weather is wet or dry. When a great man goes out he is generally on horseback, followed by about thirty or forty ill-apponted servants on foot. "Successions of such groups, loaded camels, mules, "asses, and not unfrequently one or two of the royal elephants, "are continually passing to and fro; sometimes jamming up the "streets to the imminent hazard of life and limbs both of man "and beast." In the construction of all the cities of the east, the great object seems to be to compress the greatest quantity of inhabitants into the smallest given space. One reason given for the narrow streets, and the confined character generally of the town, is that they afford shelter from the violence of the summer sun. Sir Robert seems to think that this apology is a mere pretext; and that the supposed advantage of narrow streets is far outweighed by the confined heat, by the crowd, and the odious smells produced, where human beings are crowded together in this manner without space to turn themselves.

The present royal family rigidly enforce the Mahometan prohibition against the use of wine. They themselves practise the strictest abstinence in this particular; and so great is their abhorrence of any unlawful indulgence, that the chief officers of the town are ordered, whenever they discover the wine of Shiraz, to see the jars which contain it broken to pieces. Under these superstitious prohibitions the fine vineyards of the country are neglected, and the wine of Shiraz, formerly so celebrated, has quite degenerated. No attention being paid to the manufacture of an article proscribed by law and religion, it is with great difficulty that it can be procured genuine. This strictness does not, however, extend to foreigners, who are allowed the most liberal indulgence in the use of wine; and a wine-shop is licensced in the city, for the special use of the Russians who are in the service of the Great King. In the decline of life, it is alleged, that many of the natives

secretly apply to this cordial as a restorative. In public, however, any such indulgence would be visited with a severe flogging.

Having spent some time in visiting the interesting ruins of Rhey, Sir Robert set forward for Ispahan on the 13th May. The king appointed his mehmander, or purveyor, and gave him also a paper empowering him to forage for provisions, and extort them from the wretched inhabitants in every part of the Persian empire. Of this privilege, our readers may readily believe, Sir Robert was not very forward to avail himself. He reached Ispahan, the former capital of Persia, on the 25th May, having passed through various towns which had once been flourishing, but which now bore the marks of decay and ruin. Occasionally he lodged at caravansaries, some of which were spacious and magnificent. The places for the reception of travellers are farmed out to individuals by the government. The keeper of the caravansary pays annually two hundred tomaums, equal to four hundred and forty-four dollars, for an exemption from all hospitable imposts on the part of the crown, so that the power which our author received to forage for provisions was of no use here. The same individual has also the exclusive privilege of selling provisions in his neighbourhood. Some of these caravansaries are very large. The one at the village of Guz is an exact square of one hundred yards on each side. In the middle is a large court or area, around which are disposed the apartments for the accommodation of travellers, and behind, there is another range of buildings for the accommodation of servants, muleteers, and other persons who may wish to be near their cattle,

We derive little information from the present work respecting the nature of the public revenues, or the mode of collecting them. It is obvious, indeed, that the people are oppressed; but whether by the weight of the government imposts, or by vicious modes of taxation, does not appear. At the village of Guz, which is described as exceedingly prosperous, and surrounded with flourishing cultivation, corn, barley, cotton, melons, water-melons, &c. covering the country as far as the eye can reach, our author mentions that there is a tax imposed on the use of the water, which is brought by artificial channels for the irrigation of those lands. The produce of this tax is considerable; but he states that it would be greater were the dues collected by the government agents faithfully accounted for. It appears, that owing to an ill-digested system of collection, a small proportion of what is levied from the people ever reaches the treasury, while every one of the state extortioners adds as much as possible to the tax for his own private gains, until, the traveller adds, "the poor labouring wretch is made to dig the gold out of his very veins; to pour it out with his sweat and his blood, and giving his last handful of grain this year, with all his means of subsistence, to these hard task-masters, he leaves the land and the royal dues to shift for themselves in the next."

Farming and monopoly appear to be the wretched expedients adopted for bringing the taxes into the treasury.

"Hence the plough and the loom are often abandoned in despair, and the poor rack-rented husbandman or mechanic flies to some distant province, to seek less oppressive exactors of some less exorbitant impost. Thus do villages, and even districts, not unfrequently become entirely deserted; and on inquiring what inroad of Tartar or Turcamen had rendered the houses tenantless, and left so many fine tracts of land without culture, we are surprised with the information, that some avaricious governor, or more likely his rapacious satellites, had passed that way, and the besom of destruction could not have swept surer."

Ispahan, formerly the capital of Persia, and well worthy that pre-eminence, from its wealth and splendor, presents now the melancholy spectacle of depopulation and decay. What was formerly streets and squares is uow covered with ruins of every description. Sir Robert gives the following spirited sketch of its former splendor.

"During his (Shah Abbas) reign, nearly a million of people animated its busy streets, and the equally flourishing peasantry of more than fourteen hundred villages in its neighbourhood, supplied by their labour the markets of this abundant population. Its bazars were filled with merchandise from every quarter of the globe, mingled with the rich bales of its own celebrated manufactures. Industry, diligence, activity, and business-like negociations, were seen and heard every where. The caravansaries were crowded with merchants, and goods of Europe and of Asia, while the court of the great Shah was the resort of ambassadors from the proudest kingdoms, not only of the east but of the west. Travellers thronged thither to behold its splendors, and to enjoy the gracious reception bestowed by its monarch on the learned and ingenious of all lands and religions."

The following is the reverse of the picture, and unhappily applies to its present condition.

"Its people are reduced to scarcely one-tenth of the just computed numbers; the streets are every where in ruin; the bazars silent and abandoned; the caravansaries equally forsaken; its thousand villages hardly now counting two hundred; its palaces solitary and forlorn; and the nocturnal laugh and song which used to echo from every part of the gardens, now succeeded by the yells of jackalls, and the howls of famishing dogs."

The government, both of the city and districts of Ispahan, is at present administered by the second minister of the Persian king, and, according to our author's account, he exerts himself most anxiously for the improvement of the country. Without calling in question his zeal, we may observe, that it is out of the power of kings and ministers to promote the prosperity of a country otherwise than by letting it alone. Countries, once flourishing, are

ruined by the merciless devastations of war, or by the pernicious exactions of governments, and there is no way of reviving industry but by freeing it from the intolerable load which oppresses it. Take away the weight which keeps down the spring, and it will start up with all its natural elasticity. When kings and ministers, however, endeavour by artificial encouragements, to force forward things against nature, which is the usual policy of all despotic countries, they are apt to retard in place of accelerating the progress of industry; and their anxious and busy superintendence of commerce is often the most pernicious visitation which can befal a country. According to our author, however, this is not the case in Ispahan, the country having since produced to government the increased sum of between six or seven hundred thousand tomiaums annually, or between three or four hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Sir R. K. Porter enters into a full description of all he found worthy of observation in Ispahan, namely, the palace of the forty pillars, the royal pleasure grounds, the environs of the city, the manners and customs of the people, &c. Our limits only permit the following account of the front aspect of the palace.

"When we drew near, I found the entire part of the building open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double range of columns, the height of which measured eleven Persian yards, (a Persian yard being 44 inches,) hence they rose upwards of forty feet. Each column shoots up from the united backs of four lions of white marble; and the shafts of the columns rising from these extraordinary bases, were covered with arabesque patterns and foliages, in looking-glass, gilding, and painting; some twisting spirally, others winding in golden wreaths, or running into lozenges, stars, connecting circles, and I know not what intricacies of fancy and ingenious workmanship. The ceiling was equally iris-hued with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and even couching tigers in gold, silver, and painting, amidst hundreds of intermingling compartments of glittering mirrors. At some distance within this open chamber, are two more pillars of similar taste to the range; and from their capitals springs a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a vast interior saloon, in which all the caprices, and labours, and cost of eastern magnificence have been lavished to an incredible prodigality. The pillars, the walls, the ceiling, might be a study for ages for designers in these gorgeous labarynthine ornaments. The floors of both apartments were covered with the richest carpets of the era in which the building was constructed, the age of Shah Abbas, and were as fresh as if just laid down; there needs no other proof of the purity of the climate."

The climate at Ispahan was far from being oppressive. Sir R. K. Porter, who rode about a good deal in the city and its environs, found no inconvenience from the heat, the thermometer in the shade seldom exceeding 75 degrees of Fahrenheit. The evenings

were oppressively close, followed by nights extremely cold and sharp.

He left Ispahan on the first June for Shiras, where he arrived on the 2d July, being greatly exhausted by the exertions which he made in this part of his journey, under the unshaded heat of the summer sun, to explore the precious remains of antiquity to be found at Morgaub, the ancient Pasargadæ, at Persepolis, and in other parts of the country.

When leaving Ispahan, he mentions a fact which places in a striking view the wretchedness of this once prosperous people. He was passing through the ruinous quarter of the town, which had formerly been inhabited by the court silversmiths and jewellers, and which was now the asylum of hundreds of starving wretches, who sprung up in every quarter assailing the passing travellers with unceasing clamours for relief; "whole families," Sir R. adds, "from the aged and crippled grandsires, to mothers with their infants at their breasts, surrounded us on all sides, with scarce a rag to hide their emaciated and almost blackened limbs. This (he adds with great feeling,) was indeed the worst ruin I had seen in Ispahan."

The road lay through a rugged and impracticable country, haunted by robbers, of whom, however, they encountered none. Several of the villages they met with appeared also to be in a prosperous state. Others exhibited every mark of filth and poverty. In the course of this journey, Sir R. mentions a circumstance which completely illustrates the backward state of industry, and of all the mechanical arts in this wretched country. Having been kindly entertained at one of the villages by a priest, he made him a present, by way of return, of an English pocket-knife, which overwhelmed him with joy, as such an article is not to be procured in Persia on any terms. On another occasion of the same nature, he repaid the civilities of a Persian surgeon, who was accustomed to bleed with the point of a very indifferent pen-knife, by making him a present of a lancet. When it was put into his hand, and was told it was for himself, "he looked at me (says Sir R.) and at it, with his mouth open, as if he hardly comprehended the possibility of my parting with such a jewel. But when I repeated the words it is yours, he threw himself on the ground, kissed my knees and my feet, and wept with a joy that stifled his expression of thanks"—a plain proof this of the ignorance and poverty of the country, which can neither manufacture these articles of constant utility, nor produce any other article for which they can be procured in exchange.

At Morgaub, supposed to be the ancient Pasargadæ, Sir R. stopt to examine some interesting ruins. These appeared to have formed the platform of a building, and consisted of a mass of hewn stones, raised nearly to a level with the summit of a rocky hill, to whose side it adheres. The materials were of a white marble, put

together with extreme nicety, the stones being clamped together with iron. The height of the front is 38 feet 5 inches, and is formed of 14 blocks of marble, beautifully chiselled. Various other fine remains of antiquity were examined by Sir R., namely, pillars of marble, ornamented with bas relief, in the purest taste and execution—ruined temples—ancient tombs, supposed to have belonged to Cyrus, king of Persia; and other precious relics equally beautiful and interesting. He then proceeded to the ruins of the ancient Persepolis, which he diligently examined. The result of his researches is interesting; but we have no space to enter into the details of his discoveries. The first object of his investigation was the mountain of sepulchres; the tombs which it contains are supposed to have been designed by the ancient Persian kings. The outside is beautifully ornamented with pillars, and with bas reliefs, of which accurate sketches, by Sir R. accompany the present work. They consist of carved work—and of various figures, both on foot and horseback, executed with great spirit, and many fanciful devices, suitable to the genius, religion, or manners of the age. He gives a most magnificent account of the ancient palace of Persepolis, ornamented as it was with the most exquisite decorations, with a profusion of bas reliefs and figures of every description, from the exactest copies of nature to the wildest and most fanciful devices—with the finest marble columns—with the most splendid stair-cases of white marble, and covered with a variety of the most tasteful ornaments. For these interesting details of ancient magnificence we must refer to the work itself.

He left Persepolis on the 1st July for Shiras, where he arrived, much exhausted with the fatigues he had undergone, and the heat of the climate. His servant also fell ill of the fever. Under all these circumstances, he deemed it prudent to defer for the present the farther prosecution of his journey. His first plan was to have proceeded to places of interest still farther eastward. He now resolved to relinquish altogether the eastern journey, and to direct his attention to the re-establishment of his health; after which he resolved to visit Hamaden, the ancient Ecbatana, and thence journeying along the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates to examine the ruins of ancient Babylon. With these objects in view, he left Shiras for Ispahan, in the end of July. The account of this second journey is reserved for another volume, which has not yet appeared; but from which, judging by the present specimen, we are disposed to anticipate some interesting information respecting these ancient countries.

For the Port Folio.

ART. III.—*Napoleon in Exile; or a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his life and government, in his own words. By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. his late surgeon.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, printed. Philad. reprinted by Carey and Lea. 1822.

MORE last words from St. Helena! This has been signalized as the age of discoveries; and we think it not among the least of them, that a man who, for many years, was vehemently suspected of being a malignant and ferocious tyrant, should turn out, at last, to be a very amiable and kind-hearted gentleman:—possessed, as the newspapers phrase it, of every qualification necessary to render the marriage state happy. He whose footsteps were marked, as we thought, by a remorseless profusion of human blood; who was accused of having sacrificed upwards of four millions of his fellow creatures to gratify an inordinate personal ambition,—is now, by the irresistible influence of the press, about to be converted into a peaceable and benignant sovereign, who endured the penalties of royalty only that he might promote the happiness of his subjects!! In the midst of that terrific scene of havock and plunder, which, to our simple apprehensions, appeared to be his own peculiar element, we are now informed that this calumniated individual was engaged in forming schemes of rural felicity: that nothing would have pleased him so much as to be enrolled among *the humblest citizens of England*, and that he sighed for the calm enjoyments of *some retired spot in her domains!!!* Nay, he even condescended to extend an eye of complacency to our republican shores, at one time, and would gladly have exchanged the shouts of the Palais Royale for an undisturbed retreat in the wilds of America!!!! "The emperor," we should recollect, "loves the Americans. Their prosperity and their commerce, enter into the views of his policy." There was a time when we shuddered at his boast, that he was "clement and merciful after the manner of God;" but who can doubt the tender mercies of this illustrious conqueror, after reading his frank and open explanations with Mr. Surgeon O'Meara? "In all my political careeer," says this much abused personage, "I never committed a crime."* We have read

*His highness, Pope Pius VII, entertained a different opinion, when he held the following language to the emperor, before he excommunicated him from the Holy Catholic Church:—"you have torn from our bosom our counsellors, who aided us in conducting the affairs of the catholic church, and the ministers of justice; you have even kept us prisoners in our apostolic residence, while our people were trod upon by your soldiers. We even appeal to yourself, to pronounce your own conduct marked by *a contempt of all the rights of nations, of your sacred duties and your people.* We appeal even to you as a man whom we have consecrated, and *who had sworn to repair the losses* and to maintain the rights of the church."

of one who acknowledged himself to be the chief of sinners; and it is written in a book,—which is yet held in some reverence, notwithstanding Napoleon's preference of the Koran,—"if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and THE TRUTH IS NOT IN US." But the glories of patriarchs and apostles must fade before the lustre which irradiates the Corsican coronet. The illustrious saints who purchased their crowns by meekness and long suffering, must now hide their diminished heads before the unspotted name of the successor of Mahomet. "Let the people know," said this man without sin, "that ever since the beginning of the world, it was written, that after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism, and *broken in pieces the cross,** I should arrive from the uttermost part of the west to fulfil my appointed task. Open the Koran, and prove to the multitude by more than twenty passages of *that sacred book*, that what has now happened, and what is yet to come to pass by me, is there foretold."

Now, if, in that, or any other book, this Corsican musselman had been permitted to look forward a few brief years, and behold himself in the island of St. Helena, eating mutton chops without the aid of a knife or fork, by way of being sociable; pulling midshipmen by the ears, in a frolick; prattling with children and gossiping with old women, in order to indulge his excessive good humour,—what would he have said of the *sacred* Koran? Who could dream that he who once possessed the most gigantic power that ever fell to the lot of a mortal, should live to envy the sequestered life of an English country gentleman?

Yet such is the man who is depicted in the pages of those renowned sons of Esculapius, O'Meara and Warden. There was another "Voice from St. Helena," some few years ago, in which it was proclaimed that "Ali Pasha was a much more respectable scoundrel than Napoleon Bonaparte;" and there were not a few who thought the comparison was well founded. That grim-visaged infidel, however, never had the advantage of telling his own story, like his brother usurper. If he had been heard in defence of himself, by some such honest chronicler, as either of these Galenicals, his protestations would have been fully as loud and his varnishing quite as specious. He, too, could resort to the tyrant's defence and boldly justify his enormities under the plea of—necessity. He, too, would swear that he had never rifled the purse of Turk or Christian; and, in his last moments he would have been equally ready to maintain that he had lived without fear and without reproach.

Of all those heroes on an inferior stage, who ended their days at Tyburn, few, perhaps, were not as competent to frame a plausible tale as the prisoner of St. Helena. It may appear paradoxi-

* It is a remarkable coincidence, that Joel Barlow should have pitched upon this very idea as symbolical of "the end of all prejudices."

cal that men who riot in crime and who laugh at public opinion, during a long career of prosperous villainy, should yet be anxious to leave a fair name behind them. Such, however, is our nature. The false splendor of guilty deeds cannot endure the cold grasp of death. In his own "Valley of Silence," Bonaparte shuddered as he retraced the events of his life; he shrunk from the execrations of the world; and we behold him, in this book, going down to the grave, with many a desperate falsehood in his right hand.

It has been remarked of this wonderful man that he possessed an admirable skill in selecting fit instruments for his purposes. This talent did not forsake him when he assigned to Dr. O'Meara the task of preserving his auto-biography for the benefit of posterity. Two more *cullible* amanuenses, than the surgeons, Warden and O'Meara, could scarcely have been found. They who can swallow such fables as these men have gravely recorded, might saddle a hypogrif and vow that the camelion lives on air. They would aver the centaur to be not fabulous and become the compurgators of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. They are fit companions for captain Symmes on his expedition to the north pole, or they might be employed to indite ballads on that miracle of our own days—the yankee blue lights. No tale can be too improbable or too absurd for men of such credulity.

But in the eagerness of Dr. O'Meara to vent his spleen against sir Hudson Lowe and asperse the government of his country, he does not seem to be aware how much he degrades the character of the hero, whom he has been employed to gloss and glorify. That the upstart emperor was a very extraordinary man, in the field, we shall not attempt to deny; but we do not think that he shines in conversation. He is tediously dull, consummately vain, and sometimes grossly indecent, like all the rest of the mushroom tribe. There is nothing exalted or generous in his sentiments, which is another characteristic of a narrow and vulgar mind. In him, we see every thing absorbed in self. His opinions are too often the result of resentment, hatred or prejudice. He is guilty of the meanness of sneering at the "imbecility" of lord Castlereagh, and he has the folly to ascribe the success of Wellington, at Waterloo, to his "destiny." Mortified vanity is a conspicuous trait in the pages of these imperial memorabilia. Bonaparte does not seem to know what are the ingredients of true greatness. He betrays an incessant repining after the pomp and pageantry of his departed greatness, in a manner not more dignified, than the regrets of a giddy belle who has missed a splendid ball. Moreover we are disgusted by the constant endeavours of the emperor to disparage the character of others; in which he displays great baseness of feeling towards those devoted followers whose blood was poured out in his schemes of self-aggrandizement.

Every syllable of these conversations may have proceeded from the person who is here represented as having uttered them. But we have no confidence in the assertions of that individual. We protest against so enormous a violation of the rules of evidence, as that of acquitting an accused person, on his own denial. The charges which are discussed in these volumes, have been gravely preferred, at different times, in various countries, and by credible persons, who had no means of forming a conspiracy for that purpose. The crimes of Napoleon Bonaparte are as well authenticated as the butcheries of Nero or the bloody conquests of Ghengis Khan: the unprincipled ambition of "the Macedonian madman," or the reckless selfishness of "the Swede."

We shall add a few words concerning sir Hudson Lowe and his alleged treatment of Bonaparte. This gentleman was certainly placed in no enviable station, when he took charge of the emperor and his suite. Very soon after his arrival, we find him stating to O'Meara that the French made a great many complaints without any reason; and that they abused the liberal treatment which was practised towards them. This is not contradicted by the surgeon. We find, also, that at a very early period, Bonaparte conceives a dislike to sir Hudson, in whom he discerns "neither wit nor grace," and declares that he is fit to be *un capo di sbirri*, a keeper of galley slaves, &c. &c. but not a governor. Then we have a dismal complaint from the emperor, that he was obliged to put up a pair of sheets as curtains, &c. This may be taken as a pretty fair specimen of the nature of the disputes between the prisoner and his keeper. The former is prodigiously incensed, forsooth, at the conduct of the latter, "in selecting what things he pleased," from those articles which had been received from England, "and sending them up in a contemptuous manner, *without consulting us*, as if he were sending alms to a set of beggars, or clothing to convicts."

In their first interview, the ex-emperor conducted himself with as much insolence as if he had been in the Thuilleries; he insulted sir Hudson Lowe, and thus made the first advance in a war of petty squabbles, which, for the honour of both parties, should never have been given to the world. Overtures of accommodation were made by the governor; but they were rejected with childish resentment by the other, who seems to have been willing to suffer himself if he could thereby increase the perplexities of the person in whose custody he was detained. (See vol. 1. p. 50, 51.) The second interview is described by Bonaparte himself, at p. 60. By his own account he was the aggressor; behaving with the utmost rudeness; and descending, in his puerile invective, and ridiculous rhodomontade, to a level with a common soldier. He told sir Hudson Lowe that he had never been accustomed to men of honour—that such employments as he held were never given but to men who had dishonoured themselves. He compared him to a hangman—

told him that he was a *sbirro siciliano* and not an Englishman, and reached the climax of insolence by denying that the governor had received the orders under which he professed to act!

It may readily be conceived that the haughty spirit of a British officer would not brook such intolerable language. If the Corsican upstart died on a bed of thorns he made it for himself.

Of the simple surgeon, who suffered himself to be so completely cajoled, we are not disposed to speak favourably. Although all persons were strictly forbidden to hold any communications with the prisoner, he is constantly in close intercourse with him. The details of their conversations are transmitted to one of his correspondents in London* and he refuses to communicate them to the governor. The officers of the 66th regiment, disgusted, we should presume, by his subserviency to Bonaparte and his dereliction from the duties of a British subject, *formally expelled him from the mess*, and he was soon afterwards officially removed from the station. On his return to England he was dismissed from the service, by a letter, of which the following is a copy:

Admiralty Office, Nov. 2, 1818.

Sir,—I have received and laid before my lords commissioners of the admiralty, your letter (and its enclosure,) of the 28th ult. in which you state several particulars of your conduct in the situation you lately held in St. Helena, and request 'that their lordships would, as soon as their important duties would allow, communicate to you their judgment thereupon.'

"Their lordships have lost no time in considering your statement; and they command me to inform you, that (even without reference to the complaints made against you, by Lieut. general sir H. Lowe) they find in your own admissions, ample grounds for marking your proceedings with their severest displeasure.

"But there is one passage in your said letter of such a nature, as to supersede the necessity of animadverting upon any other part of it. This passage is as follows:—'In the third interview which sir Hudson Lowe had with Napoleon Bonaparte, in the month of May, 1816, he proposed to the latter to send me away, and to replace me by Mr. Baxter, who had been several years surgeon in the Corsican rangers. This proposition was rejected with indignation by Napoleon Bonaparte, upon the ground of the indelicacy of a proposal to substitute an army surgeon, for the private surgeon of his own choice.

"'Failing in this attempt, sir Hudson Lowe adopted the resolution of manifesting great confidence in me, by loading me with civilities, inviting me constantly to dinner with him, conversing for hours together with me alone, both in his own house and

*This is no doubt the person who wrote the secret letter which was received at St. Helena, after the departure of the surgeon, addressed to "James Forbes, Esq."—but beginning—"Dear O'Meara."

grounds, and at Longwood, either in my own room or under the trees and elsewhere; on some of these occasions he made to me observations upon the benefit which would result to Europe, from the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, of which event he spoke in a manner which, considering his situation and mine, was peculiarly distressing to me."

"It is impossible to doubt the meaning which this passage was intended to convey, and my lords can as little doubt that the insinuation is a calumnious falsehood; but if it were true, and if so horrible a suggestion were made to you, directly or indirectly, it was your bounden duty not to have lost a moment in communicating it to the admiral on the spot, or to the secretary of state, or to their lordships.

"An overture so monstrous in itself, and so deeply involving not merely the personal character of the governor, but the honor of the nation, and the important interest committed to his charge, should not have been reserved in your own breast for two years, to be produced at last, not (as it would appear) from a sense of public duty, but in furtherance of your personal hostility against the governor.

"Either the charge is in the last degree false and calumnious, or you can have no possible excuse for having hitherto suppressed it.

"In either case, and without adverting to the general tenor of your conduct, as stated in your letter, my lords consider you to be an improper person to continue in his majesty's service, and they have directed your name to be erased from the list of naval surgeons accordingly. I have, &c.

(Signed) J. W. CROKER.

Mr. O'Meara, 28 Chesterplace, Kennington.

We forbear to make any quotations from these volumes, because they have been *bolted to the bran* in the newspapers; and we think, moreover, that they will soon dwindle into obscurity by the side of Mr. Warden's "Letters." We are promised more "words" from the same source; and we suppose the trade will be kept up as long as it yields a profit. We may safely predict, however, that not a single convert will be made to either side, by these publications. In despite of reason and sensation, the Corsican will be regarded by some as a paragon of excellence; while others will shudder at the very name of one who was the scourge and pestilence of the age in which he lived.

For the Port Folio.

Art. IV.—*A letter from General Wayne to General Posey.*

The following letter is from one of our most distinguished revolutionary heroes, whose martial skill is much better known to his countrymen, than the qualities of his heart or mind. In this state, particularly, the memory of Anthony Wayne is cherished with lively admiration. We delight to record any memorials, however slight, which such men have left behind them. We hope also by the publication of this letter to call the attention of some of our correspondents to the period at which it was written. The Indian war which terminated with the treaty of Greenville in 1795—which yielded hard earned laurels to Wayne, Harmar, and Butler, and clouded the fame of St. Clair with unmerited obloquy, must have produced incidents which deserve to be recorded. As yet, however, this period of our history has been but little noticed. The country where but thirty years ago, the savage was *monarch of all he surveyed*—is now occupied by a civilized population; the arts of peace are successfully cultivated, on the spots where our heroes then encamped, and the loom and the shuttle are heard instead of the yell of the panther.

Head Quarters, Greenville, 5th Dec. 1793.

Dear Sir,

I must acknowledge that it was with difficulty, I at length prevailed upon myself to grant you leave of absence, at a crisis when I was conscious that your aid and advice were extremely necessary to me—perhaps to the nation.

Friendship may have prevailed over duty on this occasion, but I have this consolation, that it may eventually be in your power, to render as essential services to your country during your absence in the Atlantic states, as you could have done in the wilderness of the west. I have only to regret the temporary absence of a friend and brother officer, with whom I have participated in almost every vicissitude of fortune, from the frozen lakes of Canada, to the burning sands of Florida.

I have therefore to request, that you will endeavour to return to your command on or before the last of March ensuing—and in the interim, I pray you to make a point of impressing every member of congress, with whom you may occasionally converse, with the absolute necessity of the immediate completion of the legion; and that you also pay a visit to the seat of government, and wait personally upon the president and secretary of war, and give them every information *viva voce*, that they may wish to receive relative to the situation of the legion, together with the motives and circumstances, which influenced our advance, and halt at this place. You will also suggest the expediency and policy of permitting settlers to take possession of it, the moment the legion takes up its line of march in the spring.

Wishing you a safe and quick passage through the wilderness, and a happy meeting with your family and friends, I am, with the truest and most lasting friendship and esteem,

Your most obt.
and very humble servt.
ANTHONY WAYNE.

Brig. Genl. Thomas Posey.

For the Port Folio.

ART. V.—*Accomplishment of a Prophecy.*

DR. RICHARDSON, who accompanied the earl of Belmore in his travels along the Mediterranean and parts adjacent, during the years 1816—17—18, relates the following remarkable instance of the fulfilment of a prediction which is recorded in the Holy Scriptures.

Askelon was one of the proudest satrapies of the lords of the Philistines; now there is not an inhabitant within its walls, and the prophecy of Zechariah is fulfilled, "the king shall perish from Gaza, and Askelon shall not be inhabited." When the prophecy was uttered, both of these cities were in an equally flourishing condition, and nothing but the prescience of Heaven could pronounce on which of the two and in what manner, the vial of his wrath would be thus poured out. Gaza is truly without a king, the lofty towers of Askelon lie scattered on the ground, and the ruins within its walls do not shelter a human being. How is the wrath of man made to praise his Creator. Hath he said and shall he not do it? The oracle was delivered by the mouth of the prophet, more than five hundred years before the christian era, and we behold its accomplishment 1800 years after that event, and see with our eyes that the king has perished from Gaza, and that Askelon is not inhabited: and were there no others on which the mind could confidently rest, from the fulfilment of this one prophecy, even the most sceptical may be assured that all that is predicted in the sacred volume shall come to pass.

ART. VI.—*Sardanapalus, a Tragedy.* By Lord Byron.

Whimsical as it may be to receive lectures on social morality from the mouth of the effeminate King of Assyria, we are content to take upon any terms what is good in this way from Lord Byron, protesting only against the probable union of such manners as history attributes to Sardanapalus, with such dispositions as are in this tragedy assigned to him by the poet. It is the regular tendency of a long course of vicious excess and effeminate self-indulgence, to harden the heart; and we take upon ourselves to say, that nothing is less common than for that commiserating philan-

thropy, which the poet has made the distinguishing feature of his voluptuous hero, to be found the inhabitant of a bosom abandoned to the pleasures of sense, and mere animal gratification. If the character of Sardanapalus had a real historical right to these attributes, we could have imputed no blame to the author for exhibiting him such as he found him. There are men, indeed, of whom Lord Byron may entertain but a contemptuous opinion, who would feel it a duty to society to abstain from the representation of characters in poetry, whether feigned or real, by which vice, in alliance with virtue, and borrowing a portion of its lustre, might appear with an attractiveness foreign to its nature. But we will submit it to our reflecting readers to say, whether the best interests of society are not betrayed by him, who incorporates in a character of his own creation such an artificial mixture of sensuality and sentiment, selfishnes and humanity, amiableness of feeling and profligacy of conduct, as is calculated to confound the authentic distinctions between vice and virtue, and unsettle the standard of moral worth. It is not in the nature or competency of a man of pleasure, as that phrase is understood by voluptuaries, to love his neighbour or delight in the diffusion of happiness; and such being the new character bestowed upon the royal debauchee whom our author has chosen for his theme, we must pronounce it an ill-conceived and unnatural combination in itself; while we complain of its tendency to remove from the conduct of the sensualist a considerable part of the odium in which it ought to stand with the sound portion of the community. History exhibits Sardanapalus as sunk in vice of the most grovelling description; it presents him, indeed, to us, in the last great scene of his life, as repelling his enemies with a desperate resolution; and at length destroying himself, and all that was held by him as next in value to himself, the instruments of his sensuality, and the whole stock of his voluptuous commerce, in the flames, to disappoint the avidity of his conquerors; but it nowhere attributes to him that amiable solicitude for the happiness of his subjects, those compassionate sentiments, and affectionate sympathies, with which the poet has varnished over his effeminate prostitution of manners. With great submission to Lord Byron, we must declare for our own parts, that we have never known a man devoted to his own appetites, that was not at the same time a zealot in the service of the devil, gratuitously engaged to multiply his subjects, and extend his conquests. We will refer his lordship to his own experience, to determine whether this remark is founded in prejudice, or correct observation.

Dissatisfied, however, as we feel with the incongruities of Sardanapalus's character, we are obliged to the poet for the good things of which he has made him the vehicle. From the sentimental ruffians, and driveling outlaws, with whom he has so long wearied us, we are glad to find an asylum, even to the imperial stye of Sardanapalus. It is true we find ourselves in company with the wor-

shippers of Baal, not certainly in an atmosphere of much spiritual purity; but, as already intimated, we must not be very scrupulous about means, where the end of Lord Byron's poetry is not decidedly hostile to human happiness. If it must be either Jupiter, Mahomet, Baal, or Lucifer, let us have the one whom it pleases the fancy of the poet to make the most respectable. We are constrained to admit in justice to the noble author, with respect to the latest productions of his pen, that something like decorum of manners, as far as mere manners are concerned, is sustained throughout, from the deified Sardanapalus to the reputed enemy of mankind; which last personage, if he at all answers to the character in which he is introduced to us by his Lordship, appears to have been somewhat underrated, being upon the whole, a very civil converser; and though a little free in his censures, not altogether without gravity and good-breeding in his vindication of himself. There may be many worthy persons who would receive with distrust, if not distaste, even a lecture of morality in such a school—who would dread these

"Danaos et dona ferentes;"

but then they may not, perhaps, have dwelt so long on Lord Byron's other characters, as we have been compelled to do in the discharge of our critical duty. Satan himself is quite decent in comparison of some of his former heroes.

Sardanapalus is the weakest of Lord Byron's performances. The morality, with which the play is, for the most part, interspersed, is not of a good keeping kind; it savours more of indulgence than discipline, of concession than control, of liberty than sacrifice. That which is drawn from the proper sources, we are sure would be found to answer better the purposes of poetry. As our author has begun to deal in the article, why content himself, while the genuine staple lies before him, with the mockeries of a spurious manufacture. The lofty muse requires it to be of a fine texture, to furnish out the wardrobe of her chaste decorations. Tragedy, that "teacher best of moral prudence," must be appropiately adorned. That which suits her state, is not the puny ethics of Lord Byron's effeminate hero, but the severest maxims by which virtue can be illustrated; the highest and most spiritual standard to which the soul can be exalted. Perhaps, in the whole compass of ancient history a character less fitted for the hero of the tragic drama could scarcely be found. Till the closing scene of his existence there is nothing in his mind or fortunes to awaken the slightest interest or solicitude concerning him; and the reader comes to the catastrophe with an apathy not removed by the extravagance of desperation in which it terminates. What the au hor attributes of good to the temperament of the monarch, is, perhaps, scarcely more than enough to neutralize his character, and to render him

an object of indifference. The concluding event possesses nothing of collateral distress, or circumstantial pathos. It creates no intensity of feeling, nor in any strong degree perturbates the affections. Its strongest incidents produce no terror. The conflagration which consumes the monarch, his mistresses, and his treasures, has little more effect upon the nerves, than a common bon-fire; it kindles no emotions. It is not by a sudden and concluding effort of magnanimity, that a character can command our sympathies, where there has been nothing in it to interest us during the course of its development. Those changes of fortune, which constitute what is called the *peripetia* of the higher tragedy, must be changed in the fortunes of *great* persons. The events and the characters must be parallel. Such was the tone and elevation of the Greek tragedy, which treated

> "Of fate, and chance, and change in human life:
> High actions and high passions best describing."

There must be the καλαι πραξεις or high actions to invest a character with that sort of atmosphere of excitement, in which none can breathe without emotion: without these the greatest incidents which the revolutions of fortune can pruduce must be defective in pathos. All should be in proportion, and every thing sufficient in strength and quality to sustain expectation and suspense from the beginning to the end. In the physical world, a storm has but half its "dread magnificence," unless the scene in which it rages corresponds with its fierceness, and is adapted to the display of its effects;—as where the ocean responds to it, or the mountain pine attests its vengeance: so if the great vicissitudes with which the drama is conversant, are to shake the bosom with alternate horrors, and the fearful agitations of change and disaster, not only must the moral element be convulsed throughout, but the tempest, to be tragically affecting, must light upon the glittering elevations of human character, and scatter in the dust the glories of real greatness

With respect to the construction of the play of Sardanapalus the author is not to be held responsible for the want of incident. He could only draw his materials from history; but he is still responsible for the choice of his subject. He does not assert the merit of having adhered strictly to the unities of the drama, if there be merit in such conformity; but he talks in his preface with some complacency, of his having *approached* the "unities,"—a compromise not very intelligible. As there is neither mystery nor unravelment in the plot, it was not easy to violate the unity of action. The sottish effeminacy of a prince that waits in passive expectation the insurrection of the two most powerful of his subjects, revolting upon no other principle, than to liberate their country from the disgrace of being governed by so unworthy a ruler, without personal motive to stir the tumultuous energy of the passions,

affords no occasion for the demonstration of skill in disposing the events in a continuity of action. Without plot, no fault can be found with the management of the fable; without rudder or rigging, no error can be committed in the navigation. With respect to the *unity of time*, the author seems to us to have sinned against it in the only way in which it could be sinned against. He has not erred by supposing a succession of events impossible to have happened within the compass of time which may be imagined to have been taken up in the representation: but he has erred in allotting a period of time for the successive transactions, involving the catastrophe of the play, within which it was impossible for them to be completed. "The necessity," Dr. Johnson well remarks in his preface to Shakspears, "of observing the unity of time, arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible that an action of months or years can be believed to pass in three hours. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality." But the same sagacious critic truly denies "that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment was ever credited." To this reasoning we perfectly assent, and where a tragedy is not written for representation, as from appearances we may presume to be the case in this instance, it possesses additional cogency. But the objection is of another sort, where the time in which the drama itself supposes the events to have happened, is such as can by no possible effort of imagination be made to square with their accomplishment. The piece before us has aimed at satisfying what is called the unity of time, by a violent compression of the incidents of the story into the compass of a day, in contempt of history and probability.

The great fault that we find with this poem is simply this,—that it is not poetry. It is only in name any thing but the dullest prose. To pick out passages for the purpose of verifying this remark, can be to us no agreeable task; and we could not produce them without freely and cheerfully acknowledging that the poetical character of this writer is so deservedly high as to afford the great expense which his reputation has incurred by the volume before us. It is not a little singular that Lord Byron, who has, if we mistake not, expressedall due contempt for the absurd ambition of simplicity which has sunk poetry below the standard of conversation, should, on this occasion have retrograded into the flattest province of prose, and outstripped all competition in the race of deteriority. We havealways indeed, been presumptuous enough to doubt the correctness of his lordship's poetical ear. He is deficient in delicacy of perception, and fineness of tact. Some conceit about varying the cadence, and dissipating the monotony of blank verse, has induced him

so to fritter and torment it, so to break up its continuity, by the interruptions and subdivisions of the dialogue, that if, metrically and mechanically speaking, it may be denominated verse, it is absolutely devoid of all pretensions to rhythm, or that stately modulation which belongs to the proper structure of this solemn measure. His lordship has a singular predilection for a pronoun, or other familiar monosyllable, at the end of his line; and particularly the capital I is so frequently found in that place, that it seems as if its columnal shape recommended it as a proper terminus.

This poet has a most merciless habit of cutting in twain the sense by the division of his lines. Thus the preposition frequently ends a line, the next beginning with the noun it governs; and the same divorce between the adjective and substantive is perpetually occurring; never was syntax made obsequious to the wants of a rhythm that deserved so little the sacrifice.

> " And can the sun so rise,
> So bright so rolling back the clouds into
> Vapours, &c."
> " And blends itself into the the soul until
> Sunrise——."
> " But on
> Condition."
> " May still hold out against
> Their present force——"
> " About
> Some twenty stadii.——"
> My country's custom to
> Make a libation."
> " When we know
> All that can come, and how to meet it, our
> Resolves, if firm, may merit a more noble
> Word, &c——"

The copulative 'and' often ends a line, and even words of still less poetical dignity, as 'if,' 'no,' 'such,' 'which,' 'with,' 'ay,' 'both,' 'is,' 'his,' 'tis,' 'has,' which, it is not too much to say, are such favourites with this poet, as to be stationed in the place where they must necessarily rest upon the ear, and acquire distinction from their very situation. But, if we were to detail all our grounds of objection to the structure and composition of Lord Byron's verse, we should be led in succession to every rule which the ear of harmony has established, and every article in which just modulation is capable of being violated. Suffice it to say that scarcely any Poet of the modern school of desultory and discordant prosody has sheltered, under the pretext of metrical freedom, a more radical want of those constituents, whatever they are, which create the capacity of the charms for rhythmical arrangement.

Art. VI.—*Woman.*

Mr. Oldschool,

Since the most remote ages, the virtues and vices of the female sex have been the subject of commendation or censure. Their imperfections have swelled the page of the satyrist, while the lines of the amatory enthusiast have acquired new attractions when their charms were blazoned in his melodious verse. But when we reflect upon the important duties which it is their part to perform in society, it deserves some attention to inquire, whether we consult our own interest, much less our happiness, in making women, heedlessly, the subject of malicious invective, sarcastic ridicule, or extravagant eulogy.

It is a vulgar notion, that women held a very degraded state in former times; and this unmanly debasement of *the last best gift to man*, is cited as a proof of the savage manner in which men lived, before they had submitted to the restraints of civilization. But the customs of ruder times, as recorded in the testimony of intelligent travellers or the pages of history, so far from giving any probability to this opinion, rather establish the contrary.

The nature of man leads him to prefer what is lovely and gentle to what is deformed and stern.

> Woman, be fair, we must adore thee,
> Smile, and a world is weak before thee. Moore.

Hence we find the wandering savage repairing with eager delight to the feet of his mistress, after he has roamed through the wilderness. There he sinks under a disdainful frown, after pursuing the chace unappalled by the yells of wild beasts, that sought his blood, and undaunted by the threats of adverse chieftians who strove to impede his course. The ferocity of the warrior is lost in the tender assiduity of the lover. He feels all those emotions of fear and hope, of anxiety and tenderness, which agitate the bosom of the most accomplished gentleman who adorns the circles of polished society. It is true, he does not besiege her with reams of sonnets, nor despoil the trees that shelter her cabin by carving her name upon their tender trunks. These are the refinements of modern courtship. But the untutored lover evinces his affection by proofs more solid and unequivocal. With a perseverance and courage which no other motive could inspire, he pursues the chace that he may tempt her with its spoils, or rushes into battle that her heart may be moved by the tale of his renown.

In all nations some resemblance to the institution of marriage is discovered; and in that union the superiority of woman is distinctly acknowledged by personal solicitation or by bribes to the parents of the female. Among the ancient Germans, whom modern refinement, less just than fastidious, has saluted with the epithet of barbarism, they attended the debates and mingled in the

counsels of the nation. They were carried to the field of battle, that the sight of them might animate the breast, and nerve the arm of the warrior, and a female hostage was considered as the most unquestionable pledge of sincerity.

To woman chiefly we owe the valour, the wildness, and the generosity of chivalry. Her charms inspired the breast of the youthful knight with noble emulation, and her love repaid the valour of his arm. The obligations were reciprocal. When a knight entered the lists, he announced, with every circumstance of pomp and parade, the name of her to whom his breast paid willing homage. Her smile inflamed his ambition, and the splendid achievements of her knight shed new lustre upon her perfections. None but the virtuous awakened the love of the brave, and he who had proved recreant in the combat, never basked in the favours of the fair.

As chivalry derived its origin from the operations of love, the beams of its glory faded when women no longer beheld the contest and rewarded the victor.

Europe became the seat of tumultuous commotions, and a long night succeeded the day of chivalric lustre. But if we descend to modern times, we shall find the female sex still maintaining its influence, either by those hidden ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, which the apostle describes, or by more striking, though less durable qualities. In France, according to the ancient Salic law, no woman could wield the sceptre; but they could govern the monarch.

I do not hesitate to extend these observations and say that women deserve to hold this rank in society, because their influence is rarely devoted to pernicious principles. They possess in an eminent degree all the virtues which adorn the mind and polish society. Their passions are not so rude and mischievous as those which tear the breast of man. I have heard it remarked, by a profound observer of human nature, that whenever he met with a great man, he had almost invariably been able to attribute his superiority to the lessons of a prudent mother.

How sacred are the duties, how anxious the feelings and how delicious the enjoyments of the mother!—In sickness and in sorrow she produces one more traveller on the thorny path of life. She has trod its mazes and she knows its difficulties. She has seen the fragrant flowers of vice which entice the weary and the heedless. A long and bitter experience has taught her that what is fair to the eye, often imparts no fragrance to the heart. She has tasted the sweets of prosperity and drunk, to its very dregs, the cup of adversity. Warned by the past and fearful of the future, how painful and yet how delicious are her reflections as she gazes on the helpless offspring that derives its nourishment from her bosom. Alternately her forboding heart is distracted and delighted as she endeavours to unveil the hidden mysteries of time. At one moment her aching

sight is dazzled by glittering prospects of future glory: in the next—but who can depict the feelings of her who anticipates evil days to her son, to the pledge of affection, the living monument of love, the stay of her declining years? That agonizing theme is imprinted on the heart of woman, and nothing but the pencil of inspiration can copy its glowing colours.

But when we contemplate the bright side of the picture, how delightful is our view. Behold the fond mother invigorating the frame and embellishing the mind of a beloved son. See him, like the parched earth imbibing the wholesome dews of virtue and wisdom. His arm is raised in defence of his country against the depredations of lawless invasion or to stem the torrent of imperious despotism. She follows him to the tented field. Neither smoke, nor tumult nor carnage obscures him from her anxious gaze. In the cries of the wounded, her heart sinks, but it is animated again by the voice of patriotism. It is that of her hero, who rallies his fainting followers, and conjures them to live free or follow their fathers to the silent tomb.

Oh! ever sacred be the character of the virtuous mother. None can know its pains but those who have suffered them; and few, alas! a very few, are doomed to taste its delights.

It is a common observation that the men who are most esteemed, are those who are found in the society of virtuous women. It is there that the licentiousness of vice is restrained, the forwardness of impudence abashed, and the buds of excellence are cherished until they expand and diffuse their genial influence through the various situations of life. There, in the enjoyment of those tranquil pleasures which result from virtuous emotions, the malice of the vindictive dares not whisper its guilty designs, and the wretched forget those consuming cares which distract the brain, and add another link to the lengthening chain of human life.

This is the current that glides with gentle murmur, and makes sweet music to the ear when its fair course is not hindered.* On its tranquil bosom we are borne through the voyage of life: when the wind whistles and the storm rages it bears us to a cheerful port. If a wreck does happen, we shall generally discover, that the waves were not treacherous, but *the mariner unskilful.*

SAMUEL SAUNTER.

CONSCIENCE, says St. Austin, is like a wife; the best of comforts, if good; the worst of naughts, if bad.

* Shakspeare.

For the Port Folio.

ART. VII.—*Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains; performed in the years* 1819-20 *by order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, secretary of war, under the command of S. H. Long, Maj. Topl. Engrs. From the notes of Maj. Long, Mr. Say and other gentlemen of the exploring party. Compiled by* Edwin James, *botanist and geologist for the expedition.* Philadelphia. Carey and Lea. 2 vols. 8vo. with an atlas.

THIS expedition was performed in pursuance of a plan conceived several years ago, by the federal administration, of exploring our western possessions. In his selection of the persons to whom this duty was assigned, the secretary of the war department was fortunate in finding agents in whom exact and various knowledge was combined with ardent zeal and untiring perseverance. The command of the party was given to Maj. Long, of the engineer corps; a gentleman whose talents for observation are happily united with that suavity of deportment which is so agreeable in polished society and so important in an intercourse with the rude and suspicious savage. The work, of which the title is placed at the head of this article, is the result of this exploratory tour. It does not aim at elegance of style, nor is the arrangement so regular as could be desired. It is a faithful and unambitious account of what the writers saw among a singular race of beings and in a country almost unknown to civilized man. Accordingly it abounds with traits of aboriginal manners and character which scarcely yield in attractiveness to the events of an Arabian tale; and they are blended with scientific information which is far more instructive.

To Dr. Baldwin was first entrusted the duty of acting as botanist for the expedition. He was required to describe all the products of vegetation; to note the diseases and observe any phenomena in our species which might deserve attention. His death, which occurred in about four months, after they sailed from Pittsburgh, deprived his associates, of an able cooperator, and a companion who had won their liveliest esteem. To the latest moment he was devoted to that fascinating science, with which his name is advantageously connected. He was honoured with the friendship and correspondence of the celebrated Bonpland; and he was a liberal contributor to the several works of his friends, Pursh, Nuttall, and the venerable Muhlenbergh.

Mr. Say was engaged, very much to his own satisfaction, and to the edification of the public, in the examination of objects in zoology. Mr. Jessup found subjects for investigation in the important branch of geology. The name of Mr. Peale will at once intimate to an American reader, that he was employed as a naturalist; and to Mr. Seymour's pencil, we are indebted for the beautiful landscapes and other pictorial embellishments of these volumes.

Lieutenant Graham and cadet Swift acted as assistant topographers and superintended the drilling of the boat's crew, in the exercise of the musket, the field piece, and the sabre. The journal of the expedition was ordered to be kept by major Biddle; but it does not appear that this task was performed, or if it was, that the compiler of these volumes derived any advantage from his labours. This is unaccountable to us, because by the general orders, journals of every kind relating to the expedition were to be placed at the conclusion of the trip, at the disposal of the commanding officer, as the agent of the government. The other gentlemen are constantly referred to and largely quoted, while Mr. Biddle is but incidentally mentioned on two unimportant occasions. In the second orders issued at "Engineer Cantonment," where they took up their winter quarters, he entirely disappears from our notice.

Although the incidents of the narrative present no very romantic features, yet a lively interest is excited in the mind of the reader, by the perilous adventures of the travellers, the diversity of scenery, the contrast of manners, and the important additions to the several departments of natural science, which are here described. What may be the ultimate condition of our tawny neighbours is a fruitful subject of speculation. Fancy may pierce the vista of their futurity and behold them transformed into a race of cultivated beings. The christian religion may supplant the mistaken though devout worship of an unknown God.* The loom may be heard on their silent prairies, and lofty spires may glitter in the place of humble cabins. Nations may contend on those noble streams which are now skimmed by the light canoe, and the plough invade the path of the hunter.

But we must awaken from these day-dreams of the imagination, in order to describe the progress of our enterprising countrymen.

Pittsburgh was selected as the place of rendezvous. At this place, the party embarked on board of the United States' steam boat, "Western Engineer," on the 4th of May, 1819.

Their outfit consisted of books, instruments, stationary, &c. together with such provisions as were deemed necessary. They proceeded down the Ohio river, making observations and surveys along the banks, thereby augmenting the stock of information, already before the world. This part of their route, however, having been often visited and described by scientific men, but little matter of a novel or interesting character could be expected. Still, an investigation of the numerous organic remains and mineral productions, which are constantly found on the shores of this beautiful stream—(*La Belle Riviere*, as it was originally called by the

* How much more wise, and honest, and humane, would it be to employ our superfluous wealth in promoting the comfort of these poor savages, instead of pouring it into the large coffers of *foreign missionary societies, to be wasted among the followers of Juggernaut.*

French) together with such an examination of the country, as is necessary to a general description of its aspect, soil and vegetable productions, were very properly considered, as not entirely foreign to the object of their appointment.

On their arrival at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, the travellers concluded to proceed up the latter stream to the Missouri; and thence up that river to the *Council Bluff*,—a remarkable bank so called by Lewis and Clark, from the circumstance of a council with the Otoes and Missouries, which was held at that place in the year 1804,—carefully improving every opportunity to extend their researches in the various branches of natural science. When they arrived at the *Council Bluff*, the season was so far advanced, that it was deemed inexpedient to proceed further until the ensuing season. The vessel was accordingly dismantled and moored in a safe harbour, and comfortable log huts were constructed for the accommodation of the party during the ensuing winter. To this spot, they gave the name of the "Engineer Cantonment." It was surrounded by various tribes of Indians and therefore offered a fruitful field for the pursuit of their inquiries. Here major Long issued new orders, enjoining perseverance and exertion; and having made every necessary arrangement, for the protection and sustenance of his party, he returned to Washington, where he made a report of his progress.

During his absence, the gentlemen of the party were engaged in making surveys of the surrounding country,—observations for determining the latitude, longitude, magnetic variation, dip, &c. The changes of the weather and other meteorologic phenomena, were carefully recorded, and such other duties performed as were incident to the nature of their employment. Mr. Say occupied himself during this season in collecting the curious traits of Indian character, which form the subjects of ch. ix. to xvi. inclusive, of the first volume.

On the voyage up the Missouri a party was detached, under the direction of Mr. Say, from the steam boat at Fort Osage, with instructions to proceed across the country by land to the Konzas village; and thence to the villages of the Pawnees on the river Platte. He was ordered to rejoin the expedition at *Council Bluff*. His detachment consisted of a dozen men and three pack-horses. Their route was a dreary one; in a westward direction, across the woodless plains, on which are found the sources of the Hay Cabin, the Blue Water, and the Warrerura creeks. The health of the party was considerably impaired by the excessive heat of the weather, and fatigue and exposure, by day and night, on the open plains. Their progress was obstructed by high and coarse grass, which tore their clothes and mockasins from their persons. Dysentery debilitated them, and in their slow and laborious march, they were at one period, unable to advance more than two miles a day. To add to their distresses, they were encountered, near the Kon-

za village, by a war-party of the republican Pawnees, by whom they were robbed of their horses and baggage. This untoward circumstance compelled them to relinquish the prosecution of this part of the enterprise. Runners were despatched with the tidings to Maj. Long; M. Gunville, a French gentleman residing with the Konzas, furnished two pack-horses, and a saddle-horse for Mr. Say, who was unable to proceed on foot, and they bent their course for the Missouri, which they reached at *Isle au Vache*, or *Cow Island*, as it is familiarly called.

On major Long's return to the wintering post at *Engineer Cantonment*, he pursued a course north of the Missouri, from a point near its mouth to that encampment, taking sketches of the country, preparatory to a topographical delineation. Indeed, the observance of courses, distances, magnetic variations, &c. were objects of particular attention, throughout the whole of this hazardous expedition.

On his arrival at the *Cantonment*, which he reached in May, 1820, preparations were immediately made for reconnoitering the country westward to the Rocky Mountains, agreeably to the orders of the war-department. The steam-boat was despatched on duties of a topographical nature, under the command of Lieut. Graham. He proceeded down the Missouri to St. Louis; thence up the Mississippi to the *De Moyen rapids;* and thence down the river to cape Girardeau, taking such astronomical observations and sketches on the voyage as were found necessary to construct a chart of that part of the river and the adjacent country. (*See the appendix to the second volume.*)

Having made the necessary arrangement, as far as circumstances would permit, the major commenced his march on the 6th of June. All the party was in good health, excepting Mr. Say, who had not yet recovered from the effects of his visit to the Konza village. Here Dr. E. James, a skilful physician, familiar with the topics of mineralogy and botany, succeeded the lamented Baldwin; and captain Bell, of the artillery, assumed the place of journalist. With these alterations, the party continued as we have already stated.

The number of horses and mules procured for the use of the party, amounted to thirty-four, including several that were the property of individuals. The indefatigable leader of the party was thus enabled to mount all his men; and he had moreover an adequate number of animals for the transportation of the baggage. In addition to the arms, ammunition, provisions and other necessaries for the tour, they were provided with what are called Indian goods, for presents; such as tobacco, knives, beads, mirrors, &c. Owing to the difficulty of carrying articles of delicate workmanship, which require great bulk in transportation, their instruments for astronomical and other observations, were necessarily restricted both in number and variety.

Every man being provided with a gun, pouch and powder-horn, and most of them with pistols, the exploring party proceeded westwardly to the Pawnee villages, situated on a branch of the Platte called *the Loup Fork:* thence southwardly to the Platte: and thence westwardly along the valley of the Platte, to the place whence it issues from the Rocky mountains. Having examined the mountains at that place, and finding the country too hilly and broken within their range, to permit them to penetrate it with horses, they shaped their course southwardly along their base, taking occasion to ascend their peaks and spurs, whenever a favourable opportunity occurred, for the purpose of ascertaining their geological character, and that of the vegetables growing upon them.

On their arrival at the Arkansa, Capt. Bell was despatched, with a small party to ascend the river as far as it was practicable to travel with horses. He accordingly proceeded nearly thirty miles, when his progress was obstructed by the mountains.

The party then descended the Arkansa about one hundred miles to a spot from which it was judged expedient, to strike upon a southwardly course in search of the source of *Red River.* They were divided into two detachments; one proceeded down the Arkansa under Capt. Bell, and the other accompanied Maj. Long, whose object was to explore the country southwardly to Red river, and thence down its valley to the upper settlements on its banks.

Capt. Bell's party with the exception of three soldiers, who deserted on the march, arrived in safety at *Belle* Point, their place of destination; having satisfactorily performed the duties assigned to him. The other detachment proceeded southwardly in view of the mountains, about one hundred and fifty miles, and arrived at a creek, which, having a southwardly course, they concluded to be tributary to *Red River.* After travelling down its valley about two hundred miles, they fell in with a party of Indians of the nation of *Kaskayas,* or *Bad Hearts,* who gave them to understand that this little stream was the *Red River* itself. Accordingly they continued their march along the margin of the river several hundred miles further, when, to their severe mortification, they discovered that it was the *Canadian* of the *Arkansa* which they had been exploring. Their unshod horses being nearly exhausted by this long journey, and the season being too far advanced to permit them to retrace their footsteps, and thus make another effort to discover the *Red River,* before the commencement of the winter, Maj. Long was obliged reluctantly to relinquish the enterprise for the present, and to direct his course to the settlements on the Arkansa. He was led into this mistake in consequence of not being able to procure a guide. Their whole dependence, in that respect, was upon *Pike's* map, which assigns to the head waters of *Red River* the apparent locality of those of the *Canadian.* They continued their march, therefore, and arrived at *Belle Point* on the Arkansa on the 13th Sept. four days after Capt. Bell.

Both parties suffered occasionally for the want of food and water; but in general they found an ample supply of game, and the water-courses along which they travelled furnished the latter. In regard to health, they were all highly favoured, except Mr. Say, who was more or less indisposed throughout the whole tour.

The deserters from Capt. Bell's party carried off some of the most valuable manuscripts. They deserted on the head waters of the *Verdigris river*, within about two hundred miles of the upper settlements of the Arkansa, taking with them three horses—the best of the troop—and a quantity of wearing apparel belonging to the gentlemen of the party.

From *Belle Point*, the exploring party proceeded across the country, in a northeastwardly direction, to *cape Girardeau*; where they arrived on the 10th of October; having been occupied a little more than four months in the performance of the tour from Council Bluff.

This may be considered as the termination of the expedition. The gentlemen repaired to Philadelphia to digest their manuscripts, and the military persons were ordered on new duties.

Having thus rapidly sketched the route pursued by our travellers, we shall now proceed to make a few extracts.

We remark, in the first place, frequent coincidences between the customs of these wild people and those whom the courtesy of history has saluted as classical nations. Some of the most revolting practices which are recorded in these volumes may be found among the lettered Romans and the polished Greeks. Our aborigines, for example, were not singular in offering human sacrifices. There is ample testimony of such a custom in the early annals of almost every nation. Among the Ethiopians, boys were sacrificed to the sun, and girls to the moon. In Egypt the blood of red-haired men was sprinkled on the altars of Osiris; and to this day they propitiate the influence of the Nile, by casting into its waters, their most beautiful virgins. (*Savary's Travels.*) In Persia, human victims were offered by inhumation. In every Grecian state their gods were supplicated by bloody sacrifices; and Plutarch and Livy concur in ascribing the same practices to the Romans. They existed among the Canaanites, and indeed universally through the ancient Heathen world. Among our untutored Pawnees, the practice was abolished by the spirited conduct of a single individual—as we learn from the following passage:

"An Ietan woman who was brought captive into the village, was doomed to the Great Star by the warrior, whose property she had become by the fate of war. She underwent the usual preparations, and, on the appointed day, was led to the cross, amidst a great concourse of people, as eager, perhaps, as their civilized fellow men, to witness the horrors of an execution. The victim was bound to the cross with thongs of skin, and the usual ceremonies being performed, her dread of a more terrible death was about to

be terminated by the tomahawk and the arrow. At this critical juncture, Petalesharoo (son of the Knife-chief) stepped forward into the area, and in a hurried but firm manner declared that it was his father's wish to abolish this sacrifice; that for himself, he had presented himself before them, for the purpose of laying down his life upon the spot, or of releasing the victim. He then cut the cords which bound her to the cross, carried her swiftly through the crowd to a horse, which he presented to her, and having mounted another himself, he conveyed her beyond the reach of immediate pursuit; when, after having supplied her with food, and admonishing her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was at the distance of at least four hundred miles, he was constrained to return to his village. The emancipated Ieten had, however, the good fortune, on her journey of the subsequent day, to meet with a war party of her own people, by whom she was conveyed to her family in safety.

"This daring deed would, almost to a certainty, have terminated in an unsuccessful attempt, under the arm of any other warrior, and Petalesharoo was, no doubt, indebted for this successful and noble achievement to the distinguished renown, which his feats of chivalry had already gained for him, and which commanded the high respect of all his rival warriors.

"Notwithstanding the signal success of this enterprise, another display of the firmness and determination of the young warrior was required to abolish this sacrifice, it is to be hoped forever. The succeeding spring, a warrior, who had captured a fine Spanish boy, vowed to sacrifice him to the Great Star, and, accordingly, placed him under the care of the magi for that purpose.

"The Knife-chief, learning the determination of the warrior, consulted with his son, respecting the best means of preventing a repetition of the horrible ceremony. 'I will rescue the boy,' said Petalesharoo, 'as a warrior should, by force;' but the Knife-chief, unwilling that his son should again expose himself to a danger so imminent, as that which he had once encountered in this cause, hoped to compel the warrior to exchange his victim for a large quantity of merchandize, which he would endeavour to obtain with that view. For this purpose he repaired to Mr. Pappan, who happened to be in the village for the purposes of trade, and communicated to him his intentions. Mr. Pappan generously contributed a considerable quantity of merchandize, and much was added by himself, by Petalesharoo, and other Indians.

"All this treasure was laid in a heap together, in the lodge of the Knife-chief, who, thereupon, summoned the warrior before him. The chief armed himself with his war-club, and explained the object of his call, commanding the warrior to accept the merchandize and yield up the boy, or prepare for instant death. The warrior refused, and the chief waved his club in the air towards the warrior. 'Strike,' said Petalesharoo, who stood near to support his

father, 'I will meet the vengeance of his friends.' But the more prudent, and politic chief, added a few more articles to the mass of merchandize, in order to give the warrior another opportunity of acquiescing without forfeiting his word.

"This expedient succeeded; the goods were reluctantly accepted, and the boy was liberated, and was, subsequently, conducted to St. Louis by the traders. The merchandize was sacrificed in place of the boy; the cloth was cut in shreds and suspended by poles at the place of sacrifice, and many of the valuables were consumed by fire. It is not expected that another attempt will be made to immolate a human victim, during the life of Petalesharoo or of his benign father."

With these traits of Indian chivalry we are obliged abruptly to suspend our observations on these entertaining volumes for the present.

ART. VII.—*Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, a dramatic Poem; The Mermaid of Galloway; The Legend of Richard Faulder: and Twenty Scottish Songs.* By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. London: Taylor and Hessey. 1822.

From the humble occupation of an ordinary stone-mason in the town of Dumfries, the talents and good sense of the author of these poems have raised him to a comfortable situation in the metropolis and to the enjoyment of the friendship and best wishes of many of his most distinguished cotemporaries. Among the twenty songs, enumerated in the above title page we recognize many which were published some years ago in an interesting collection of Scotch ballads, entitled *Remains of Nithsdale Galloway song*: having been mistaken by Mr. Cromek, in the simplicity of his heart, for the genuine offsprings of the good olden time!!

The first and most considerable portion of the volume is "Sir "Marmaduke Maxwell," a legendary story, converted into "a dramatic poem." The scene is laid on the shores of the Solway Firth, and is chiefly founded on the traditions preserved with regard to the fortunes of Maxwell family, supposed to have taken place in the course of three of the days that intervened between the death of the protector and the restoration of Charles II. The story may be thus abbreviated:—Halbert Comyne, cousin to Lord Walter Maxwell, returns, after an absence of twenty years, to his native shores, accompanied by a few followers, in the sure expectation of succeeding to the possessions of the family. Unexpectedly, however, he is introduced to a Lady Maxwell; and, in the person of Sir Marmaduke, their son, to a lineal heir "to Niths-"dale's princedom." Thus disappointed Halbert, like Richard of Gloucester, in his ambition to ascend the English throne, resolves to track his way to the possession through the blood of his kinsman. He murders Lord Maxwell, and for a time remains in the belief that the lady of that nobleman and Sir Marmaduke have also perished; but they had escaped, and two of his chosen attendants,

whilst burying the body of Lord Maxwell, are discovered by two of Sir Marmaduke's friends, and slain. After a good deal of magical and spectral exhibitions, some rather unaccountable connection with public affairs, and the appearances of "armed men," captains, troops of horse, &c. Halbert himself falls a victim to retributive justice, being slain by Sir Marmaduke. That gallant youth is accordingly left in the peaceful possession of the extensive domains of his ancestors, and the love of Mary Douglas of Cumlongan, who had not escaped the regard of the blood-thirsty though brave Halbert Comyne.

Not many years have passed away since the poverty of dramatic genius was a fruitful theme of lamentation. In the praiseworthy endeavour of removing the cause of such regret, we have been favoured with dramatic poems in abundance,—although it is necessary to add, without the desired effect, as we are unfortunately constrained to praise the motives rather than the success of the aspirants. So, in the present case, although it is impossible to open a page of this volume, and not be struck by the most undoubted tokens of poetic genius, we are quite convinced this performance will not be reckoned a successful *drama*. It is more characteristic of the last century than the disastrous times of the Covenant and civil dissension; and some of the personages introduced in it are not sufficiently developed and sustained to give the requisite interest in their fates. But we think it would be ungenerous to insist on minor blemishes, when the whole is so well planned—so calculated to afford pleasure—and its defects are mingled with so much beauty. Mr. Cunningham's failure to produce a genuine tragedy certainly does not arise from a timid and an *undaring* spirit; but we could have wished, neverthless, that, in some of the later parts, he had not given his poem that appearance of imitation which is felt by the reader when the well known scenes of Shakspeare's ghosts and witches, in Richard and Macbeth, are brought inevitably to his recollection.

The play opens with the following dialouge betwen the sea and river spirits, on the approach of the vessel containing Halbert Comyne and four of his "unblessed' companions to the Solway coast.

"ACT I. SCENE I. *Solway Shore. Night.*
Spirits, unseen.

Sea Spirit. Hail, Spirit; cease—thy pastime hillock high,
Thy multitude of waters, till the foam
Hang in the hollow heaven. I scent the course
Of a dread mortal, whom ten thousand fiends
Herald to deeds of darkness.
River Spirit. Come, my streams
Of fairy Nith, of hermit Clouden clear,
And moorland Annan—come too, gentle Ae—
And meet the Solway; and be loosed, ye winds,
Which mock the proudest cedars into dust—

Come, mar his sinful course.
Sea Spirit. Lo! now he comes;
I see him shoot through green Arbigland bay;
The smiling sea-waves sing around his prow,
Wooed by the melody, flung sweet and far,
From merry flute and cymbal. Lo! he comes;
Say, shall he go unchasten'd through our floods?
River Spirit. His helmet plume shall drink my mirkest surge.
I have no lack of waters, such as smack
Of the world's corruption. I have secret floods,
Embrown'd with cut-throats' dust; waves tumbling red
With the gore of one whose hands were never wash'd
From the blood of strangled babes.
Sea Spirit. Of every crime
That cries from earth to heaven, I have a stain;
So rise, ye surges. Are ye slow to rise
Against the homeward sea-boy, when he sees
Lights in his mother's dwelling by the foot
Of lonely Criffel? Rise, ye surges, rise!
Leap from the oozy bottom, where the bones
Of murderers fester—from the deepest den,
Where he who perish'd, plotting murder, lies;
Come from the creek where, when the sun goes down,
The haunted vessel sends her phantom troops
Of fiery apparitions. Come, as I call;
And come, too, heaven's wild wind. Pour the deep sea
Prone on yon ship that bears five unbless'd mortals—
Spirit, let us work."

The following is the soliloquy of Halbert Comyne, after discovering how matters were in his cousin's household. With all its quaintness, it is very spirited:

ACT II. SCENE I. *Caerlaverock Castle.*

HALBERT COMYNE *alone.*

Com. 'Tis said there is an hour i' the darkness when
Man's brain is wondrous fertile, if nought holy
Mix with his musings. Now, whilst seeking this,
I've worn some hours away, yet my brain's dull,
As if a thing call'd grace stuck to my heart,
And sicken'd resolution. Is my soul tamed
And baby-rid wi' the thought that flood or field
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
The airy shades of the corses they enwomb?
And what if 'tis so? Shall I lose the crown
Of my most golden hope, because its circle
Is haunted by a shadow? Shall I go wear
Five summers of fair looks,—sigh shreds of psalms,—
Pray i' the desert till I fright the fox,—
Gaze on the cold moon and the cluster'd stars,
And quote some old man's saws 'bout crowns above.—
Watch with wet eyes at death-beds, dandle the child,
And cut the elder whistles of him who knocks

Red earth from clouted shoon. Thus may I buy
Scant praise from tardy lips; and when I die
Some ancient hind will scratch, to scare the owl,
A death's he[illegible]on my grave-stone. If I live so,
May the sp[illegible]s dog my heels of those I slew
I' the gulf of battle; wise men cease their faith
In the sun's rising; soldiers no more trust
The truth of temper'd steel. I never loved him.—
He topt me as a tree that kept the dew
And balmy south wind from me: fair maids smiled;
Glad minstrels sung, and he went lauded forth,
Like a thing dropt from the stars. At every step
Stoop'd hoary heads unbonneted; white caps
Hung i' the air; there was clapping of hard palms,
And shouting of the dames. All this to him
Was as the dropping honey: but to me
'Twas as the bitter gourd. Thus did I hang,
As his rob's tassel, kissing the dust, and flung
Behind him for boy's shouts,—for cotman's dogs
To bay and bark at. Now from a far land,
From fields of blood, and extreme peril I come,
Like an eagle to his rock, who finds his nest
Fill'd with an owlet's young. For he had seen
One summer's eve a milkmaid with her pail
And, 'cause her foot was white, and her green gown
Was spun by her white hand, he fell in love:
Then did he sit and pen an amorous ballad,
Then did he carve her name in plum-tree bark;
And with a heart e'en soft as new-press'd curd,
Away he walked to woo. He swore he loved her;
She said, cream curds were sweeter than lord's love;
He vow'd 'twas pretty wit and he would wed her:
She laid her white arm round the fond lord's neck,
And said his pet sheep ate her cottage kale,
And they were naughty beasts. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . So this must pluck
Things from my heart I've hugg'd since I could count
What horns the moon had. There has been with me
A time of tenderer heart, when soft love hung
Around this beadsman's neck such a fair string
Of what the world calls virtues, that I stood
Even as the wilder'd man who dropp'd his staff,
And walk'd the way it fell to. I am now
More fiery of resolve. This night I've wiped
The milk of kindred mercy from my lips;
I shall be kin to nought but my good blade,
And that when the blood gilds it that flows between
Me and my cousin's land."

The author is peculiarly happy, though, of consequence, somewhat coarse, when he delineates the rustic manners and festivities of the peasantry—and, except it be in imitating himself, is quite original. We select the *genteeler portion* of his farm-house scene.

"ACT II. SCENE IV. *Farm house continued.*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, *and* MARY DOUGLAS, *the latter in a rustic disguise.*

Sir M. My love, thou'rt lovelier in thy russet dress
Thy trim busk'd bodice, thy corn braided locks,
Than in thy garments shower'd with gold and pearl.
Once every year when this sweet hour comes round,
Thou'lt pluck the diamonds from thy inky locks;
Cast off thy robes with riches in their hem
Might buy a baron's land; array thee in
This modest russet, and with him thou lovest
Thus enter to the dance.

Mary Douglas. Now hearken, love;
Among the snooded maidens name me not;
Nor 'mongst the white-mutch'd dames.

Graeme. Now such a sight
Might render old eyes young, and pluck the crutch
From cripples. My young lord, thrice blessed be
Thy gentleness, and blessed too this maid
Who has so white a hand. Room! ho, there! room!
And, Minstrel, waken thou thy merriest string;
Room, there! room! This proud night shall be hallowed.

Sir M. Is this thy wife, kind Simon? We shall make
Thy hall roof wag to its remotest raft;
Thou'rt welcomer than joyous-eyed fifteen.

Enter HALBERT COMYNE.

Com. (*Aside.*) So this is she who wears the russet gown?
I know her by the motion of her foot;
Those inky ringlets on her ivory neck,
Moving and shedding with her sugar breath.
Move not thy hand so; there is magic in't;
Nor look on me with those dark eyes, lest thou
Make my heart's rancour kindlier than new milk.
Lovest thou this cream-curd stripling? hast thou vow'd
Thy beauties to a ballad-maker's pen?
Reap not this green unprofitable ear,
Leaving the ripe ear to a meaner sickle;
Nor pull the green fruit, when the full fair bough
Stoops down its golden harvest to thy hand.
(*To her*) Where grows the corn this snowy hand must cut?
The flocks, where go they which these dark eyes tend?
Where stands the shealing thou dost trim at eve,
And deck with thy rare beauty?"

The following is a fair specimen of the general style of the work. It is not throughout original, but it is always poetic:

"ACT III. SCENE IV. *Cumlongan Castle. Morning.*

MARY DOUGLAS *and* MAY MORISON.

Mary Douglas. Come hither, maiden;—dost thou know a tree,
A high green tree, upon whose leafy top
The birds do build in spring? This tree doth grow

By the clear fountain, on whose virgin breast
The water lily lies. There the pale youth,
Sick in his summer beauty, stoops and drinks;
Grave matrons say, the waters have strange virtues,
Which this green tree drinks through his veins, and wide
To the joyous air he spreads his balsam'd bough.
Thou know'st it not.

May Morison. Lady, I know it rarely;
Far up the straight stem of this lovely tree
The honeysuckle climbs, and from its boughs
Flings down its clusters, till the blossoms wreathe
The passers' foreheads. 'Tis the self-same tree
True lovers swear by. I have three of its leaves
Sew'd i' the hem o' my kirtle. 'Neath its bough
Thou left's thy snood, to greet Lord Walter Maxwell,
When his fair son off-cap'd thee like a goddess.

Mary Douglas. Cease, cease thou know'st it; now be swift, and haste
Unto this tree. Fly like a bird that leaves
No stamp of its wing upon the yielding air;
Its centre stem shoots as 'twould say, Ye stars,
I'll stop when I'm among you.—See if this
Be shorn in twain by fire; and if two names,
Carved curious i' the bark, are razed out
By the lightning's fiery bolt.

May Morison. Lady, I'll go,
And come as the Scripture-dove did, when she bore
Tidings of happy sort. (*Exit.*)

Mary Douglas. Can there be truth
In the dreams of night? to the airy semblances
Of possible things can I glew (glue) on belief
Firm as my creed? for the night visions oft
Take their complexion from our troubled thoughts;
And yet wise ones have said, to favour'd men
The future woes are vision'd forth and shaped
By heavenly hand and gentle. Thus sad things
Come softly on the mind, as the dove's down
Drops on the tender grass. Though my mind's not
Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think
There are more things i' the grove, the air, the flood,
Yea, and the charnel'd earth, than what wise man,
Who walks so proud, as if his form alone
Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,
Will let a frail maid say. I'd write i' the creed
Of the hoariest man alive, that fearful forms,
Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels;
That shapes too horrid for our gaze stand o'er
The murder'd dust, and for revenge glare up,
Until the stars weep fire for very pity.
If it be so, then this sad dream, that shook
My limbs last night, and made my tresses creep
As crested adders, is a warning tongue,
Whose words deep woes will follow."

We shall only give one more extract—and have fixed on one, in

which Mabel Moran, a reputed witch, forms no secondary personage. It will not shrink from a comparison with the incantations of Norna, by our great novelist. The dialogue is thus continued between Mabel and Lady Maxwell, in a wild cave in a wood.

" Hear'st thou the rush of horses? Hark! he comes,
And you must look upon your direst foe.
Fear not—fear not; there is a hand, to which
A murderer's arm is rushes, guards thee, lady.
He comes to prove me, and to spurn me. Give
To me that garment; I must hem 't—it will
To-night be wanted, though the corse be quick
That's doom'd this shroud to fill? 'Tis a fair sark.—
Now, lady, swathe thy silken robe around thee;
Hide here, and heed my song.

THE SONG OF DOOM.

MABEL *sings.* *Enter* HALBERT COMYNE *and* SERVANT.

WHEN the howlet has whoop'd three-times i' the wood,
At the wan moon sinking behind the cloud;
When the stars have crept in the wintry drift,
Lest spells should pyke them-out o' the lift;
When the hail and the whirlwind walk abroad,
Then comes the steed with its unbless'd load:
Alight—alight—and bow and come in,
For the sheet is shaping to wind thee in.

Comyne. This lame hag whoops an ominous song—hush! hush! For she doth sing again.

Song continued.

When didst thou measure 't, thou hoary heck?
When the sea-waves climb'd thy splintering deck,
When hell for thee yawn'd grim and yare,
And the fiends stood smiling on thy despair;
And I proved my measure, and found it good,
When thy right hand reek'd with noble blood:
Alight—alight—and bow and come in,
For the sheet is shaping to wind thee in,

Comyne. Where dist thou learn this song, thou hag? What shroud Do thy long, sharp, and shrivelled fingers sew.

Song continued.

The heart is whole that maun mense this sark,
And I have been tax'd with a thankless dark:
Fast maun I sew by the gleam of the moon,
For my work will be wanted 'ere it be done;
But helms shall be cloven, and life's blood spilt,
And bright swords crimson'd frae point to hilt.
So say thine errand, thou man of sin;
For the shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

Comyne. Beware! lest one stroke of this good sharp sword Should mar thy skill in shroud-sewing—beware!
Why dost thou bend those sooty brows on me,
And measure me o'er thus?

Song continued.

Thy right hand shall lose its cunning, my lord;
And blood shall no more dye the point of thy sword;
The raven is ready, and singing hoarse,
To dart with a croak on thy comely corse:
And looks all hollow my eyes must give
On him who has got but some hours to live:
So say thine errand, thou man of sin:
The shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

Comyne. Name me the man of whom thou warblest thus;
Beldame, dost thou mean me?

Song continued.

I name not his name, let him think on my strain;
There's a curse on them that shall name him again.
I mean the man—even he who gave
A noble corse to a midnight grave;
I mean the man—name THOU his name,
Who drown'd a sweet youth, and a comely dame.
So say thine errand, thou man of sin:
For the shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

Comyne. There seems a dooms-note sounding in this song!
Old dame, who taught thee these wild words, and gave
Thee this cursed shroud to sew?

Song continued.

I learn'd my skill from those who will sever
Thy soul from grace for ever and ever;
The moon has to shine but a stricken hour,
And I maun work while the spell has power.
They are nigh who gave me this dark to do,
This shroud to shape, and this shroud to sew;
They are nigh who taught this song so me.
Look north, look south; say, what dost thou see.

Comyne. From me wild words alone no credence gain;
And I see nothing, save this dreary cave,
And thine accursed self.

Song continued.

To the heaven above—down to the earth dark,
Now look and tell me what dost thou mark.——
Appear, from the deep and darksome wave:
Appear, from the dark and dreary grave;
Appear! from your presence the sinful shall soon
Pass away, as yon cloud passes now from the moon.
The time is come now, else it never shall be,
Look east, and look west; say, what dost thou see?

Comyne. Come, come, thou dotard beldame—thy strange words
Dismay me not—things visible and felt——
(*Sees Lady Maxwell.*)
Eternal God! what form is this? does fancy
Hoodwink my reason with a dreamer's marvel?
Art thou a figure painted out of air?
Pale and majestic form, I've sinn'd against thee,

Beyond repentance' power. Is there another?
(*Sees the spirit of Lord Maxwell.*)
What terrible shape is that? Art thou a thing
Permitted thus to blast my sight---or but
The horrible fashioning of the guilty eye?
This bears the stamp of flesh and blood---but thou,
Thou undefined and fearful, thou dost make
A baby's heart-strings of my martial nerves;
I'll look on thee no longer—mine eyes ache
As if they gazed upon a fiery furnace.
Give me some drink, Macubin.
Servant. Oh! my lord.
What moves you thus?
Comyne. Dost thou see nought, Macubin?
Nought that doth make your firm knees knock like mine,
And make your heart against your bosom leap,
And make you think upon the blood you've spilt,
And make you think on heaven's eternal wrath?
Servant. I see this old dame, and thine honour'd self;
What should I see, my lord?
Comyne. O! nothing—shadows.
Such as the eye shapes to alarm the heart.
Nay, nothing—nothing. Ancient dame, I ve been
Ungentle in my speech; I've wrong'd thee much.
I will repair the folly of this hour
With a fair cot and garden—they are gone—
Perchance were never here, for the eye works
Unto the timid thought, and the thought paints
Forms from the mire of conscience, will-o' wisps
To dazzle sober reason. (*Exeunt.*)

The length to which these extracts have extended constrains us to leave unsaid what we intended respecting the Mermaid of Galloway, and the Legend of Richard Faulder; the latter of which, in particular, we have read with great interest; but we cannot resist a specimen of the beautiful songs already alluded to, the simplicity, elegance, aud tenderness of which, quite in the manner of the better class of our ancient ballads, might have easily imposed on any man's judgment as well as that of Cromek; though we must distinctly object to some of them, that they abound too much in "kisses,' and in expressions which are alike profane and contrary to good taste. Did we imagine that any thing else than a mistaken judgment about poetic license and poetic effect, had occasioned the transgressions to which we refer, we should have dealt more largely than we have done in the language of reproof; but Mr. Cunningham himself, we think, will give us credit for the sincerity and the extent of our regard for him, when we say we hope he will profit by our gentle admonition. In a foot note, at page 194, he has very properly censured Allan Ramsay for impairing some beautiful lines in his "Nannie-o", by the presence of Lais and Leda, and Jove, and Danae. Shall we

say plainly, that, for an infinitely better reason, ye have found it impossible to quote some equally beautiful lines in several of the songs of Allan Cunningham?

"MY AIN COUNTREE.

1. The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he:
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.
O! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree.
2. O! it's not my ain ruin
That saddens aye my ee,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three:
My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie,—
I've left a' my heart behind me,
In my ain countree.
3. The bud comes back to summer,
An' the blossom to the bee,
But I win back—oh never!
To my ain countree.
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon.
Frae my ain countree."

"I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

1. I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
Betide me joy, betide my pain;
I've tint my heart yon town,
And dare na gang the gate again.
The sun shall cease to thowe the snaw,
The corn to shoot wi' simmer rain,
When I gang back to yon town,
And see the gate my heart has gane.
2. Yestreen I went to yon town,
Wi' heart in pleasure panting free,
As stag won from the hunter's snare,
Or birdie building on the tree;
But ae half-hour tint all my peace.
And lair'd my soul in dool and pain,
And weary fa' the witch craft wit
That winna let it free again," &c.

"THE LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

1. The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,—
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's top of down;

The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met among the hawthorns green
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.
2. Her naked feet amang the grass
Shone like two dewy lilies fair,
Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks,
Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.
3. Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me
Where black cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
I have look'd long for a weel-faun'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
She hung her head like a dew bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.
4. I said sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and come with me," &c.

"THE MARINER.

1. Ye winds which kiss the groves' green tops,
And sweep the mountain hoar,
O, softly stir the ocean waves
Which sleep along the shore;
For my love sails the fairest ship
That wantons on the sea;
O, bend his mast with pleasant gales,
And waft him hame to me.
2. O leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walk'd in gloaming gray,
And sigh'd and look'd of love:
For faithless is the ocean wave,
And faithless is the wind—
Then, leave nae mair my heart to break,
Mang Scotland's hills behind."

Art. X.—*Infallible cures for the Gout.*

With respect to the gout, that genteel complaint, we have a few words to say. It certainly is a happy thing, in this enlightened age, that you no sooner allow that you have some complaint, than strait a thousand volunteer physicians start up, all mentioning things which are certain cures; this, even in common complaints. But in the gout, that difficult subject, there are, it appears a variety of remedies, though perhaps not supplied by the faculty. A relation of the editor happens, very unluckily for him, to have been afflicted with this disease for some years, and the following gra-

tuitous prescriptions for the cure have been generously but literally awarded, in some such ways as the following:

'How's the gout?' 'Very bad!'

'What do you take?' 'Reynolds's Specific.'

'That's a bad thing; it has killed several people of my acquaintance: you should leave it off, otherwise you will soon die.'

'Did you ever take the Eau Medicinale?' 'That has killed thousands.'

'Wilson's tincture is very good.'

'Wilson's tincture is the Eau Medicinale.'

'Wilson's tincture has killed one of my brothers; do not take that stuff.'

'You should take the carbonated soda.'

'You should take sulphur, magnesia, and gin.'

'There is nothing so good as Reynold's Specific.'

'You should take more care of yourself.'

'You should refrain from all vegetables.'

'You should refrain from all kinds of meat.'

'You should refrain from vinegar, mustard, pepper, malt liquor, wine, and spirits.'

'You should live well, eat plenty of good things, and not starve the gout.'

'You should live only on milk diet.'

'You should live upon vegetables and eat no meat.'

'Keep yourself warm with flannels.'

'You should not wrap up for the gout.'

'Drink plenty of good strong rum and water.'

'Drink plenty of good brandy.'

'You should drink plenty of Madeira.'

'You should take buck-bean tea.'

'You should go to Dr. Hogan.'

'I put cabbage leaves to the part affected.'

'My wife spreads treacle on brown paper, and lays that on the parts.'

'Apply leaches, and then a poultice.'

'Never apply leaches nor poultice.'

'Always let the gout have its own course.'

'You should use a flesh-brush.'

'You should never touch the parts affected.'

'You should not sleep when the pain is very severe.'

'You must not take too much exercise when confined to your bed.'

'You should bandage up your legs with a great many yards of calico, to keep your parts from swelling.'

'You should on no account keep the gout bound or confined.'

'You should wear a flannel dress next your skin.'

'You should not make too free with flannels, because you cannot with safety leave them off.'

'You should take the warm bath.'

'You should never take the warm bath, unless you wish to bring on the gout.'

'You should always wear a magnet in your waistcoat pocket.'

'You should wear several yards of list round your body.'

'You should bathe your feet in salt, or salt-petre water, every day.'

'You should often lose blood.'

'Bleeding is death for the disease.'

'You should steam the part over a pan of hot water.'

'You should rub the part with ice, plentifully.'

'Madeira and gooseberry wine will bring on the disease.'

'Take plenty of sulphur in your tea in the morning.'

'Be sure always to keep your feet dry.'

'Use Perkins's tractors.'

'You should take the vine of Colchicum.'

'The root of the meadow saffron, steeped in water a few days, strained off and mixed with rum, is all the go.'

'Mix some treacle, sulphur, magnesia, ginger, and guiacum.'

'You should take as much exercise as possible.'

'If you take too much exercise it will bring on the gout.'

'Eat cucumbers and onions plenty.'

'Cucumbers are too cold, and dangerous for gouty habits.'

'The white of a new-laid egg, beat up in a little warm water, taken fasting every morning.'

'Eat two hard biscuits early every morning, and drink hot water only.'

'Use plenty of æther, inward and outward.'

'Use half an ounce of æther, when the gout is in the stomach.'

'Apply castor oil to the parts affected.'

'Take the white of an egg mixed in spring water, fasting, every morning.'

'Rub in some oil of cabbage, plantain leaves, or dock.'

'Rub in the oil of swallows.'

'Rub in vinegar.'

'Rub in spermaceti.'

'Rub in horse-lard and vitriol.'

'Rub in essence of mustard.'

'Rub in hog's-lard and garlic, mixed,' &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

We have no doubt but that every other complaint is prescribed for in the same facetious way as was the gout to our humorous invalid; who has thus carefully and literally noted down the kindness of his friends.

'*For the Gout.*—"A speciall medicine for the gout: Take a young whelp in the moneth of May, and strip him out of his skin, and dresse him cleane; then take a quantity of water-frogs and put them in his belly when emptied, and sow up his belly; then roast him, and take the dripping in an iron vessel, and when it is

cold put it in a glasse, and therewith anoynt the disease, and you shall be whole, by God's grace."—This we have extracted from Ralph Williams's Physical Rarities, 1651.—Another remedy *for the gout:* "There is no presenter remedy to cease the pain of the gout, both in the hands and the feet, than a young whelp; especially of one colour, if the same be put to the grief.—(*Levinius Lemnius.*) But the whelp to be cut out, or cloven in two parts, thro' the midst of the back, and the one half with the inner-side to be laid to the grieved place; and this I know to be an excellent thing." —*Lupten's Thousand Notable Things.*

Art. XI. Skin Lodges of the Konza Indians. *From Maj. Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.*
(With an Engraving)

The travelling huts, or, as they are usually denominated, skin lodges, are neatly folded up, and suspended to the pack-saddle of the horse, for the purpose of transportation. The poles intended to sustain it, are at one extremity laid upon the neck of the horse, whilst the opposite end trails upon the ground behind. When pitched, the skin lodge is of a high conic form; they are comfortable, effectually excluding the rain, and in cold weather a fire is kindled in the centre, the smoke of which passes off through the aperture in the top; on one side of this aperture is a small triangular wing of skin which serves for a cover in rainy weather, and during the rigors of winter to regulate the ascent of the smoke. The door way is a mere opening in the skin, and closed when necessary, by the same material. They are often fancifully ornamented on the exterior, (as the reader may observe in the Plate annexed, which shows an eagle and a man's face) with figures, in blue and red paint, rudely executed, though sometimes depicted with no small degree of taste. Vol 1. page 206.

These skin lodges, are the only habitations of the wandering savages, during all seasons of the year. Those of the Kaskaias differ in no respect from those we have already described, as used by the Otoes and others of the Missouri Indians. The poles, which are six or eight to each lodge, are from twenty to thirty feet in length, and are dragged constantly about in all their movements, so that the trace of a party with lodges is easily distinguished from that of a war party. When they halt to encamp, the women immediately set up these poles, four of them being tied together by the smaller ends, the larger resting on the ground, are placed so far apart as to include as much space as the covering will surround. The remaining poles are added to strengthen the work and give it a circular form.

The covering is then made fast by one corner to the end of the last pole, which is to be raised, by which means it is spread upon the frame with little difficulty. The structure when completed is in the form of a sharp cone. At the summit is a small opening

for window, chimney, &c., out of which the lodge poles project some distance, crossing each other at the point where the four shortest are tied together. The skin lodge, of which a drawing by Mr. Peale is annexed, is greatly inferior in point of comfort, particularly in the winter season, to the spacious mud cabins of the settled Indians.

The poles necessary for the construction of these moveable dwellings, are not to be found in any part of the country of the Kaskaias, but are purchased from the Indians of the Missouri, or others inhabiting countries more plentifully supplied with timber. We were informed by Bijeau, that five of these poles are, among the Bad-hearts, equal in value to a horse. Vol. ii. p. 105.

For the Port Folio.

ART. XII.—*Frankliniana.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IT is well known that Dr. Franklin was in the habit of writing his observations in the margin of books, on whatever appeared to him worthy of comment. A pamphlet is now before me, which is literally covered with these notes.

It is entitled "The true Constitutional Means for putting an end to the disputes between Great Britain and the American colonies." London, 1769.

As some of the Doctor's notes may be interesting to your readers, I have transcibed a few, which are respectfully submitted to your judgment.

Yours,
A STUDENT.

Text. "The tax I would propose is, a tax upon all lands possessed by British subjects in America, *ad valorem* of their rents, to be forever rated by the imposition of the land tax in Great Britain," &c.

Comment. Not one American tract of land or farm in five hundred is, or ever was rented. How then is this *ad valorem* to be found? This shows the folly of thinking to make laws for a country so unknown.

Text. "Every British subject must acknowledge, that the directive influence of the British state, remains with the British legislature, who are the only judges of what concerns the general welfare of the whole empire."

Comment. The British state is only the island of Great Britain. The British legislature are undoubtedly the only proper judges of what concerns the welfare of that state. But the Irish legislature are the proper judges of what concerns the Irish state, and the American legislatures of what concerns the American states respectively. By the *whole empire*, does this writer mean all the

king's dominions? If so, the British parliament should also govern the isles of Jersey and Guernsey, Hanover, &c. But it is not so.

Text. "But the land tax which I have proposed, is in its very nature unoppressive," &c.

Comment. This writer seems ignorant that every colony has its own civil and military establishment to provide for, roads and bridges to make, churches and all other public edifices to erect, and would he separately tax them moreover with a tax on lands equal to what is paid in Britain?

Text. "By the plan of taxation above proposed, it is plain that the Americans could have no reason to complain of being exposed to a disproportionate tax."

Comment. It is plain that you know nothing of the matter.

Text. "The colonists, so far from being in that situation," (i. e. one of misery and want) "must possess a luxuriant abundance, to be able to double their inhabitants in so short a space."

Comment. How does this appear? Is not a mere competence sufficient for this purpose?

Text. "Is it at all unreasonable to require a part of this luxuriant abundance, to be paid as taxes to support the general establishment of the military and naval defence of the whole empire," &c.

Comment. If America will consent to pay thus its proportion of British taxes, will Britain pay out of the whole all the American taxes? Or is America to pay both?

Text. "We might have seen to a demonstration of, *what indeed is a new doctrine*, that a nation may prosper and become opulent, with the balance of trade annually against her, which in truth is always the case with almost every distant province in regard to the capital.

Comment. First advanced by B. Franklin. [This remark is written opposite to the words *in italics*. It is to be hoped that the authority of so acute a politician, will assuage the apprehensions of a certain class of economists, who predict starvation and bankruptcy as the inevitable consequence of our importations being greater than our exportations.—Ed. P. F.]

Text. "As instances of Virginia luxury, I have been assured, that there are few families there without some plate; and that at some entertainments, the attendants have appeared almost as numerous as the guests."

Comment. Was not the gold first purchased by the produce of his land, obtained by hard labour? Does the gold drop from the clouds *at* Virginia, into the laps of the indolent?

The very purchasing of plate and other superfluities from England, is one means of disabling them from paying taxes to England. Would you have it both in meal and malt?

It has been a great folly in the Americans, to entertain English gentlemen with a splendid hospitality, ill-suited to their circum-

stances; by which they excited no other sentiment in their guests, than that of a desire to tax the landlord.

Text. "—— the inhabitants of Great Britain, who pay above thirteen millions sterling taxes every year including turnpikes and poor's rates, two articles which the colonists are exempted from."

Comment. A turnpike tax is no burthen, as the turnpike gives more benefit than it takes.—And ought the rich in Britain, who have made such numbers of poor by engrossing all the small divisions of land, and who keep labourers and working people poor, by limiting their wages; ought these gentry to complain of the burthen of maintaining the poor that have worked for them at unreasonable low rates all their lives? As well might the planter complain of his being obliged to maintain his poor negroes, when they grow old, are sick, or lame, and unable to provide for themselves.

Text. "This last sum is a tax upon which some taxes may be raised for the general defence," &c.

Comment. The colonies are almost always considered by these ignorant flimsy writers, as unwilling to contribute to the general exigencies of the state, which is not true. They are always willing, but will have the granting of their own money themselves; in which they are right, for various reasons.

Text, "They would be content to take land from us gratuitously," &c.

Comment. What land have they ever taken from you?

Text. The Americans "possess all this extent of land, generally by the bounty of the crown," &c.

Comment. False! the lands did not belong to the crown, but to the Indians, of whom the colonists either purchased them at their own expense, or conquered them without any assistance from Britain.

Text. "I beg leave to know if the returns of any traffic on earth ever produced so many *per cent.* as the returns of agriculture in a fertile soil, and favourable climate."

Comment. How little this politician knows of agriculture! Is there any country where ten bushels of grain are generally got in for one sown? And are all these charges and advances for labour, &c. nothing? A farmer of America, in fact, makes five *per cent.* of his money. His profit is only being paid for his own labour and that of his children.

Text. "If agriculture, in a fruitful soil and thinly peopled country, be really found to afford a greater *superlucration* to a state than any manufacture, it would seem a great impolicy in such a country, to neglect to extend new settlements, while they can be extended to advantage."

Comment. Depend upon it, the Americans are not so impolitic, as to neglect profitable settlements for unprofitable manufactures; but some manufactures may be more advantageous to some persons than the cultivation of land, and these will prosecute such manufactures notwithstanding your oratory.

ART. XIII.—*Miscellaneous Articles.* From the Gazettes.

Extraordinary growth.—WE are credibly informed, that Mr. William Worden, of Russia, during the last season, has raised in his garden a double onion, weighing *two pounds and seven ounces!* We question whether

> 'Thy fields, O *Weathersfield!* of yore
> That many a pungent onion bore---"

can show a *Yankee* product of the kind, superior to this.

As our vicinity is justly famed for gigantic productions in the *vegetable*, so we are favored with some scattering specimens of the great in the *animal* world. For instance—there is an acquaintance of ours, Mr. Jacob Hovey, now living in Oppenheim, (Montgomery co.) a few miles from this place, whose dimensions are as follows—height 5 feet 10 inches; circumference of his body, 5 feet 5½ inches; of his thigh three feet 5¼ inches; and his arm, 1 foot 5 1-4 inches. Mr. Hovey, it must be owned, was a native of Norwich, Connecticut; but this county has given him residence so long, that we believe her entitled to the credit of bringing him to his present goodly bulk. He is about 60 years of age; enjoys good health, and is a social and intelligent companion.—*People's Friend.*

(*Query.* What is Hovey's system of locomotion? Does he walk? or does he roll?)

After a loud preface of—"Oh, yez," pronounced most audibly three times in the High street at New Market, the late lord Barrymore having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers:—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," said a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied lord Barrymore, "if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

Grand Jury Presentment.—The Grand Jury of the county of Lawrence, in the state of Tennessee, have recently presented Col. James Terrell as a suitable candidate to represent that district in the next congress. Signed by the foreman, and other members of the Grand Jury.

> "————————But who is she,
> Her dark hair streaming on her brow, her eye
> Wild, and her breast deep-heaving? She oft gaz'd
> At distance for the white sail, nor wept, nor spoke—
> And now is gone."

A coroner's inquest was held at West Point, on Thursday, on the body of a woman named —— M'Ginn, who was found dead among the rocks at the foot of the high cliff which overhangs the

favorite retreat or grotto of Kosciusko, where that officer was wont to regale himself and friends with wine after dinner, while stationed there during the revolution. The verdict was accidental death.

The circumstances that have marked the life of this humble woman, and her now unhappy husband, have been in some respects romantic; and her conduct, since her marriage, has afforded one of the strongest examples of constant and ardent affection; and what is most remarkable is, that it was the intensity of her affection that caused her untimely death. It appears that they were acquainted in Ireland, but as no peculiar attachment existed between them, they emigrated to this country separately and at different times. By accident they met either at West Point or near the Foundery on the opposite side of the river, a few years since; soon after which it was agreed that they should be married whenever Patrick should have raised a certain sum of money. Patrick then went away and worked hard and lived prudently, until he had accomplished that object, when he returned, and was rewarded for his toil by the heart and hand of the object of his affection. Their lot was cast in the humble walks of life, it is true, but never did a couple live more contentedly and happily than they. And whenever Patrick had been called away on business, if detained longer than was anticipated, she knew neither rest nor slumber until his return. It is but a short time since Patrick went to Newburg in a boat, where he was detained all night, and such was the anxiety of his faithful wife, that she sat upon a cliff that overhangs the river, or walked upon the edge of the rugged steep, until the boat came safe to the shore in the morning.

On the morning of the fatal day, Patrick went in an open boat to the mills at Buttermilk Falls, about two miles below, and she had prepared to visit some friends on the opposite side of the river, but would not go until his return. He was absent longer than was expected, and she repaired to the wonted place of watching, and seated herself upon a crag which shelved over the deep and dark abyss beneath. Night came on, and the faithful creature, probably overcome by fatigue and anxiety, dropped asleep, fell,—and was dashed in pieces. In the morning her shawl was found upon the rock, and her lifeless body among the fallen fragments, 170 feet below. *N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A curiosity.—About five weeks since, a parcel of alligator's eggs (14 or 15 in number) were brought to town and placed in an open keg amongst some shavings, in an exposed situation in a cooper's yard, on East Bay. On Saturday last, some agitation was observed in the keg, and on inspection it was found that one of the eggs had brought forth a young alligator, and that several others were on the eve of doing the like. Between that time and

yesterday, ten or twelve young ones had made their appearance; and being put into a tub of water, and placed in the sun, were sporting themselves with all the life and activity usually displayed by that creature when in his appropriate element—the water. The young ones are from four to six inches in length; the eggs were about the size of those of a turkey. *Charleston Courier.*

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Native Talent.—The medal, which was voted by the British Society of Arts, in London, to Mrs. Wells of Weathersfield, Conn. (formerly Miss Woodhouse) for her ingenuity in manufacturing the straw hat which was some time ago carried to England, has been lately received by that lady. It is of perfectly pure silver, about the circumference and twice the thickness of a crown; with various emblematic devices elegantly executed, on one side; and on the other a short inscription, stating who gave it, to whom it was given, and for what reason.

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A small Mirror has been lately invented in Paris called, Polymorphyscope, which reflects not only the face of the lady who looks into it, but, by means of painting, contrived in a curious manner, shows her in various kinds of dress and taste, so that she may see what becomes her best, and be guided accordingly in her choice.

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An astonishing surgical operation was lately performed with success in the hospital of St. Louis, at Paris. A peasant of the neighbourhood of La Fere was persuaded that about five years ago he had swallowed with his food some reptile, which, in an inexplicable manner, still lived, as he affirmed, in his stomach. The physicians employed various prescriptions without effect. Tortured by excruciating pains, the unhappy man resolved to go to Paris to be opened; which operation was in fact performed by making an incision just below the region of the heart, when it was ascertained that his conjecture was well founded. As soon as the animal perceived more air than it was accustomed to, it showed itself at the end of the incision, but immediately drew back; when one of the assistants put his finger into the wound and drew out a snake two and a half feet in length, and eighteen lines in circumference. It lived sixty hours. The patient felt great relief, and is in a situation which gives no reason to apprehend any bad consequences.

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The Wild Man of the Water.—There are several well authenticated accounts of individuals, who, having been separated from the rest of the human species by accidents, for which it is impossible to account, have lived in a wild state for a longer or shorter period. Among these, not the least extraordinary is the following story, which has appeared in respectable publications of the Continent, where its authenticity has never been questioned.

In the spring of the year 1776, the farmers of the fishery in the lake called Konigs-See, in Hungary, several times observed what appeared to be a kind of naked quadruped, which always ran very swiftly from the shore into the water, and disappeared before they could distinguish to what species it belonged. After many fruitless attempts, they had at length the good fortune to catch the supposed monster in their nets. When they had secured their prize, they discovered, to their astonishment, that it was a human being, whom they immediately conveyed to Capuvar, to the steward of Prince Esterhazy, who, on communicating the circumstance to his illustrious employer, received orders to take good care of this merman, and place him under a keeper. The individual, at that time a lad of about seventeen, had all the human organs of perfect form, excepting that his hands and feet were bent, because he crawled; that he had a kind of membrane between the fingers and toes, like the web-footed aquatic animals, and that the greatest part of his body was covered with scales. He was taught to walk erect. At first he was supplied with no other food than raw fish and crabs, which he devoured with great avidity; and a large tub was kept full of water, in which he took great delight to bathe. His clothes were frequently very troublesome to him, and he would strip them off, till by degrees he became accustomed to them. To boiled vegetables, animal food, and dishes prepared with flour or meal he never could be properly accustomed, because, they disagreed with his stomach. He learned to speak, pronounced many words intelligibly, worked hard, and was docile and gentle. In about three quarters of a year, when he was not so strictly watched as at first, he went one day out of the castle over the bridge, and seeing the moat full of water, leaped into it with all his clothes, and disappeared. The greatest pains were taken to catch him again, but to no purpose. He was seen indeed after some time, when an addition was made to the canal running from the Raab towards the Neusidler-See; but it was found impossible to secure him.

How to Escape the Torture.—Several soldiers of Montgomery's Highland Regiment were taken prisoners by the American Indians.—Allen Macpherson, one of them, witnessing the miserable fate of his fellows, who had been tortured to death by the Indians, and seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, made signs that he had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them, that provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk or sword, and that if they would allow him to go to the woods with a guard, to collect the plants proper for this medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strong-

est and most expert warrior amongst them. This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was immediately complied with. Being sent into the woods, he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head on a log of wood, desired the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the smallest impression! An Indian, levelling a blow with all his might, cut with such force, that the head flew off to the distance of several yards. The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own credulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him: but instead of being enraged at this escape of their victim, they were so pleased with his ingenuity, that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remainder of the prisoners.—*Stewart's Sketches.*

Brotherly Love.—The very honourable fact is mentioned, in a foreign Journal, that the Committee of the British and Foreign Society—composed of a considerable number of persons of various ranks, denominations, and habits of life, are called, at every meeting, to decide upon questions capable of eliciting much opposition of sentiment—and have never in a single instance, found it necessary to measure their strength with each other by means of a numerical division. They have uniformly found, that mutual explanation and christian concession have been amply sufficient to carry on the business of the Society, without the painful alternative of a ballot.

The conduct of the members of one of the Presbyterian Churches in this city, as lately described from the pulpit by its learned and eloquent Pastor, deserves to be mentioned in connexion with the above. Several of the members of this church were desirous of having an organ, which they offered to provide at their own cost. When they consulted with their Pastor, on the subject, he frankly stated his objections to instrumental music in a place of worship, but in that spirit of liberality which so peculiarly adorns this Servant of Christ, who is "gentle, apt to teach, and patient,"— he added that he should not object to the measure, if it were the wish of the congregation.—They then repaired to the members individually. "They found but two or perhaps three," said the Pastor, "opposed to it, and the whole project was immediately abandoned."

Theatrical Anecdote.—On the first night of Cooper's performance on the Cincinnati boards, a circumstance happened which should not be lost to the world. "Othello" was the play. The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons; and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom (not knowing her real name) we will call Peggy.

Peggy had never before seen the inside of a play-house. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the Duke and Senate of Venice: the audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage box, when a gentleman handed her in without withdrawing his eyes from the distinguished performer, and her beau, a country boy, was obliged to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about for a moment as if doubting whether she was in the proper place, till casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would not have induced her to take the *step* she did—but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal much more sociable—and as fate would have it just at that moment, Othello, looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed

"*Here comes the lady.*"

The Senators half rose, in expection of seeing the "gentle Desdemona," and Othello advanced two steps to meet her---when lo! the maiden from the country stepped from the box plump on to the stage, and advanced towards the expecting Moor! It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered—the Duke and Senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation—even Cooper himself could not help joining in the general mirth; the uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her into the box, helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation.

It was agreed on all hands that a lady never made her *debut* on the stage with more *eclat* than Miss Peggy.

Curious Typhographical Error.—The celebrated printer, Henri Ettienne, son of Robert, (both known in the learned world by the name of Stephanus, once engaged in the printing of a splended quarto Missal. The great number of subscribers seemed likely to make ample compensation for the heavy expense required by the undertaking. After the sheets had been corrected with the utmost care, the work was printed off, splendidly bound, and delivered to the subscribers. It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the learned printer, when one copy after another were returned to him, till all were sent back. He inquired the reason of this extraordinary circumstance, and was informed, that in one place the compositor had put *ici le pretre otera sa culotte.* (Here the Priest will take off his breeches,) instead of *calotte,* (small black cap,) and the error escaped the correctors of the press. In vain did the poor printer offer to make a cancel; the subscribers who were almost all ecclesiastics, positively refused to take the work

on any terms. This unfortunate affair is said to have been the first and chief cause of the derangement which afterwards caused Henri Ettienne to be confined in the Lunatic Hospital at Lyons, where he died in 1698. There is a copy of the Missal with this unlucky error, in the Royal Library at Paris.

Art. XIV.—*Poetry.*

For the Port Folio.

DELIA.

Theirs won Rome Antic, won deers spot,
Ware show sits elf aim oddest caught;
Witch tomb ice holeis we turf R
Th' anay knee well them an shuns are:
Their Deal yeas pends hers pot less lie—
Fann'd live seek your knot none toast rife.
X cluding their two awl hers X—
Herb ooze sums your noes loves FX.—
Isle viz. it their, an dew cant ell
Their ice yell knot wither long'd well?

P. O.

—

PARODY

On "Love is a Hunter Boy," by Moore.

Love is a silly boy,
To chase such airy things,
And spoil his nets of joys
With *Beauty's* wanton wings.
In vain conceal'd he lies,
She marks the urchin's snare,
In vain aloft he flies,
The rogue will jilt him there!

And sillier still, to try
To trace by snowy ways,
The nymph, whose burning eye,
Melts all beneath its rays;
Who fickle, fleet, and wind,
Through all creation darts,
And leaves no trace behind,
But in forsaken hearts!

Orlando.

From the Illinois Gazette.

Oh bid me not, Lady, to list the song,
And bid me not, plunge in the festive throng,
For this heart has been heavy and sad so long,
That it dare not go
With its weeds of wo,
Such merry smiles and bright eyes among.

Nor ask me not, Lady, to pledge again,
The gobblet that happier souls may drain,
For it sparkles, fair Lady, for me in vain;—
'Tis not Pleasure's beam,
Can chase the dark dream,
That sadly clouds and obscures my brain!

ORLANDO.

TO FANNY.

FANNY, while a lock of thine,
O'er that snowy brow shall twine,
Cupid, reckless of the snare,
Soft shall sleep a captive there.

Laughing eyes and cheeks of rose,
Charm the urchin to repose;
Sleeps he there, and ne'er will wake
Till a frown his dream shall break!

ORLANDO.

NEW ORLEANS.

BY MR. S. WOODWORTH.

YE gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if ye've time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for an opportunity,
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 'tis not often here you see
A hunter from Kentucky,
Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

We're a hardy free born race,
Each man to fear a stranger,

Whate'er the game, we join in chase,
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are 'alligator horses.'
Oh, Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his scheme repented;
For we with rifles ready cock'd,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flock'd
The hunters of Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

You've heard I s'pose, how New Orleans
Is fam'd for wealth and beauty—
There's girls of ev'ry hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty;
So Packenham, he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags
In spite of old Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was'nt scar'd at trifles;
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles,
So he led us down to Cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky,
There stood John Bull, in martial pomp,
And here was old Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

A bank was rais'd to hide our breast,
Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying;
Behind it stood our little force—
None wish'd it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They did not let our patience tire
Before they show'd their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places;
But when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop'em,
And 'twould have done you good, I think,
To see Kentucky drop'em.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight
Where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all our beauty.
And now if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is:
Just send for us, Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect ye, ladies.

ART. XV.—*Literary Intelligence.*

The eloquent discourse on the early history of this commonwealth, which was pronounced last year before the American Philosophical Society, by Mr. Duponceau, has reached Paris, where it has been favourably received. The *Revue Encyclopedique,* which is conducted by a number of eminent literati, speaks of the author as "distinguished by his scientific researches, and his active cooperation in the labours of learned institutions." To him we are indebted, they say, for valuable information on the subject of the Indian languages. On the Discourse, the following observations are made: "The author displays his French origin, by the warmth which breathes throughout it; a trait unusual in the eloquence of the Americans, who are, in general, rather argumentative and dispassionate, than lively and brilliant. Mr. Duponceau throws a rapid glance over the early history of the colony, which has since become one of the most important states in the American confederation. While he bestows a just degree of praise on the judicious and complete compilation of Professor Ebeling—(the history and geography of the United states)—and remarks on the defects of Proud's history of Pennsylvania, the orator thus expresses his hopes that this statemay yet find a historian worthy of the subject."

"Let it not be imagined that the annals of Pennsylvania are not sufficiently interesting to call forth the talents of an eloquent historian. It is true that they exhibit none of those striking events which the vulgar mass of mankind considers as alone worthy of being transmitted to posterity. No ambitious rival warriors occupy the stage, nor are strong emotions excited by the frequent descrip-

tion of scenes of blood, murder, and devastation. But what country on earth ever presented such a spectacle as this fortunate commonwealth held out to view for the space of near one hundred years, realizing all that fable ever invented or poetry ever sang of an imaginary golden age. Happy country, whose unparalleled innocence already communicates to thy history the interest of romance! Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies, and to redeem their own vices by the fancied virtues of their forefathers. Pennsylvania once realized what never existed before except in fabled story. Not that her citizens were entirely free from the passions of human nature, for they were men and not angels; but it is certain that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence and peace, as was witnessed here during the first century of our social existence."

"In another place the orator selects, as events well fitted to inspire the historian, the departure of Penn, with the Friends or Quakers for America, the arrival of this philanthropical legislator, and his contract with the Indian savages:

"See you yon gallant ship, sailing with propitious gales up the river Delaware? Her decks are covered with passengers, enjoying the mild temperature of our climate, and the serenity of our autumnal sky. They view with astonishment the novel scenery which strikes their sight; immense forests on each side, half despoiled of their red and yellow leaves, with which the ground is profusely strewed. No noise is heard around them, save that of the deer rustling through the trees, as she flies from the Indian who pursues her with his bow and arrow. Now and then a strange yell strikes the ear from a distance, which the echoes of the woods reverberate, and form a strong contrast to the awful stillness of the scene. Observe the plainness of the dress of those venerable pilgrims, and see them lift their eyes with silent gratitude to heaven. They are a chosen band of friends who have left the British shores to establish here in peace their philanthropic commonwealth; their ship is called the Welcome, Greenway commands her, and WILLIAM PENN is among them."

This article concludes with a suggestion which, we hope, will not be lost.

"It appears to us," say the reviewers, "that Mr. Duponceau ought himself to become the historian, whose future scenes he has so finely portrayed; but he assures us that this task will be performed, in a better manner, by Mrs. Deborah Logan, a descendant of James Logan who was the friend and correspondent of Penn."

The Reviewers speak of our learned orator, as having been formerly a French advocate. This we believe is a mistake. Mr. D. is one of these generous Frenchmen who came to this country

during the Revolution, for the purpose of fleshing their virgin swords in that glorious cause.

Although he was then very young, he received the appointment of aide-du-camp to Baron Steuben, in which capacity he served during the whole of the war, except the two last years, when he was employed in the office of the secretary for Foreign Affairs. On the restoration of peace, he commenced the study of the law, by the advice of Robert R. Livingston, Esq. and under the direction of the late William Lewis, Esq. of this city.

Mr. Preston is the author of certain *Reflections on the peculiarities of the style and manner in the late German writers, whose works have appeared in English, and on the tendency of their productions,*—in the eighth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Academy. He considers the admiration with which the translations from German authors, were received in England as indicative of a decline in true taste and sound morality. "I must own," he says, "it has moved my bile to mark the growth and prevalence of the strange and preposterous partiality for the Gothic productions of the German School: the distempered rage for the gloomy, the horrible, the disconnected, the disproportionate, and the improbable." He gives the following extracts from *Lady Isabella's Tragedy*, as not unworthy of the German School:

Then straight his cruel bloody hands,
He on the lady laid,
Who quivering and quaking stands,
While thus to her he said;
"Thou art the doe that I must dress,
"See here—behold my knife;
"For it is pointed presently
"To rid thee of thy life."
Oh then cried out the Scullion boy,
As loud as loud might be;
"Oh save her life, good master cook!"

What follows is in the style of *Burger.*

Oh then bespoke the Scullion boy,
With a loud voice so high,
"If now you will your daughter see—
"My lord—cut up that pie,
"Wherein her flesh is minced small,
"And parched with the fire,
"All caused by her stepmother,
"Who did her death desire."———
Then all in black the lord did mourn,
And for his daughter's sake,
He judged her cruel stepmother
To be burned at a stake.
Likewise he judged the master cook
In boiling lead to stand,
And made the simple Scullion boy
The heir of all his land.

The Editor of the Port Folio has completed the first volume of his *Journal of Jurisprudence;* which may be considered as a continuation of the *American Law Journal.*

Among the principal matters contained in this volume, the following may be enumerated:

I. A curious and learned disquisition on the manner of administering an oath, by Chief Justice Trot, of South Carolina, A. D. 1609.

II. The decision of Judge Bee, in the celebrated case of Jonathan Robbins; *now first published.*

III. Trial of William Penn.

IV. On the authority of consuls.

V. Notes on the early history of the Judiciary of Pennsylvania.

VI. Right of Aliens to hold lands in Louisiana.

VII. Translation of the title in Valins' commentary—"of Mariners."

VIII. Address delivered at the opening of the Law Academy of Philadelphia, by Peter S. Duponceau, Esq.

IX. Mr. Hopkinson's speech on the question, whether a representative is bound to obey the instructions of his constituents.

X. On Maritime Law, by Sir Leoline Jenkins.

XI. Jurisdiction of the Orphan's Court of Pennsylvania.

XII. Report of Jared Ingersol, Esq. on the Penal Code.

XIII. A discourse on the study of the law of Nature and Nation, by Sir James Mac Intosh.

XIV. An Analytical Digest of the reports of cases decided in the English Courts of Common Law and Equity, of Appeal, and Nisi Prius, in the year 1820. (To be continued.)

In addition to the above, there will be found a variety of decisions, on important questions in this and other states, by courts in which there is no regular reporter, information respecting State Laws, Reviews of Law Books, &c.

The following paragraph is from *the Federal Republican:*—In looking over some works lately published in London, we find that Dr. Rush's Medical Enquiries; Dr. Wistar's Anatomy; Seaman on Vaccination; Chapman's Therapeutics; and Biglow's Botany, have been republished there. But what pleases us most, is the information we derive from the same source, that the celebrated work on Contagion, by our esteemed and scientific fellow-citizen, Dr. Potter, has not only gone through several editions in that country, but has also been translated into French and published at Paris, and into German and published at Leipzig. The effect of this learned work has been wonderful in Europe, and must be highly gratifying to the accomplished author, whom we can assure, that in consequence of a perusal of it the learned Dr. Armstrong, of London, has renounced his opinion that the typhus fever is contagious.